

# Random PD Encyclopedia – P

## POETRY

Poetry VOL. I

A Magazine of Verse NO. 1 OCTOBER, 1912

Project Gutenberg's Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, Volume I, by Various

I

It is a little isle amid bleak seas--  
An isolate realm of garden, circled round  
By importunity of stress and sound,  
Devoid of empery to master these.  
At most, the memory of its streams and bees,  
Borne to the toiling mariner outward-bound,  
Recalls his soul to that delightful ground;  
But serves no beacon toward his destinies.

It is a refuge from the stormy days,  
Breathing the peace of a remoter world  
Where beauty, like the musing dusk of even,  
Enfolds the spirit in its silver haze;  
While far away, with glittering banners furled,  
The west lights fade, and stars come out in heaven.

II

It is a sea-gate, trembling with the blast  
Of powers that from the infinite sea-plain roll,  
A whelming tide. Upon the waiting soul  
As on a fronting rock, thunders the vast  
Groundswell; its spray bursts heavenward, and drives past  
In fume and sound articulate of the whole  
Of ocean's heart, else voiceless; on the shoal  
Silent; upon the headland clear at last.

From darkened sea-coasts without stars or sun,  
Like trumpet-voices in a holy war,  
Utter the heralds tidings of the deep.  
And where men slumber, weary and undone,  
Visions shall come, incredible hopes from far,--  
And with high passion shatter the bonds of sleep.

## A PAUSE OF THOUGHT

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems*, by Christina Rossetti

I looked for that which is not, nor can be,  
And hope deferred made my heart sick in truth:  
But years must pass before a hope of youth  
Is resigned utterly.

I watched and waited with a steadfast will:  
And though the object seemed to flee away  
That I so longed for, ever day by day  
I watched and waited still.

Sometimes I said: This thing shall be no more;  
My expectation wearies and shall cease; 10  
I will resign it now and be at peace:  
Yet never gave it o'er.

Sometimes I said: It is an empty name  
I long for; to a name why should I give  
The peace of all the days I have to live?--  
Yet gave it all the same.

Alas, thou foolish one! alike unfit  
For healthy joy and salutary pain:  
Thou knowest the chase useless, and again  
Turnest to follow it. 20

---

## PITY ME NOT!

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Some Verses, by Helen Hay

Cruel and fair! within thy hollowed hand  
My heart is lying as a little rose,  
So faint and faded, scarce could one suppose  
It might look in thine eyes and understand  
The song they sing unto a weary land,  
Making it radiant, yet because I dare,

To love thee, being weak, lose not thine air  
Of passive distance, fateful and most grand.

Pity me not, nor turn away awhile  
Till absence's cloud has caught my passion up.  
Ah, be not kind! for love's sake, be not kind!  
Grant me the tragic deepness of the cup,  
And when thine eyes have flashed and made me blind,  
Kill me beneath the shadow of thy smile.

---

## Poor Devil!

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Young Adventure, by Stephen Vincent Benét

Well, I was tired of life; the silly folk,  
The tiresome noises, all the common things  
I loved once, crushed me with an iron yoke.  
I longed for the cool quiet and the dark,  
Under the common sod where louts and kings  
Lie down, serene, unheeding, careless, stark,  
Never to rise or move or feel again,  
Filled with the ecstasy of being dead....

I put the shining pistol to my head  
And pulled the trigger hard -- I felt no pain,  
No pain at all; the pistol had missed fire  
I thought; then, looking at the floor, I saw  
My huddled body lying there -- and awe  
Swept over me. I trembled -- and looked up.  
About me was -- not that, my heart's desire,  
That small and dark abode of death and peace --  
But all from which I sought a vain release!  
The sky, the people and the staring sun  
Glared at me as before. I was undone.  
My last state ten times worse than was my first.  
Helpless I stood, befooled, betrayed, accursed,  
Fettered to Life forever, horribly;  
Caught in the meshes of Eternity,  
No further doors to break or bars to burst!

---

## THE PRAYER

Project Gutenberg's 'Twixt Earth and Stars, by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall

There stood beside the road a shrine,  
In whose quaint, vaulted shadow smiled  
With eyes of tenderness divine,  
The Blessed Virgin and Her Child.

And I, who wandered all alone,  
Along a rough and weary way,  
Felt that a great desire had grown  
Within my heart, to kneel and pray.

But lo! my voice had lost the power  
To utter words so deep and sweet,  
And so, I breathed them in a flower,  
And left it, at the Virgin's feet.

---

## PROTHALAMION

by Francis Brett Young

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Selections from Modern Poets, by Various

When the evening came my love said to me:  
Let us go into the garden now that the sky is cool;  
The garden of black hellebore and rosemary  
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool.

Low we passed in the twilight, for the wavering heat  
Of day had waned; and round that shaded plot  
Of secret beauty the thickets clustered sweet:  
Here is heaven, our hearts whispered, but our lips spake not.

Between that old garden and seas of lazy foam  
Gloomy and beautiful alleys of trees arise  
With spire of cypress and dreamy beechen dome,  
So dark that our enchanted sight knew nothing but the skies

Veiled with a soft air, drench'd in the roses' musk  
Or the dusky, dark carnation's breath of clove:  
No stars burned in their deeps, but through the dusk  
I saw my love's eyes, and they were brimmed with love.

No star their secret ravished, no wasting moon  
Mocked the sad transience of those eternal hours:  
Only the soft unseeing heaven of June,

The ghosts of great trees, and the sleeping flowers.

For doves that crooned in the leafy noonday now  
Were silent; the night-jar sought his secret covers,  
Nor even a mild sea-whisper moved a creaking bough--  
Was ever a silence deeper made for lovers?

Was ever a moment meeter made for love?  
Beautiful are your close lips beneath my kiss;  
And all your yielding sweetness beautiful--  
Oh, never in all the world was such a night as this!

---

## The Phantom Vessel

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Songs of Labor and Other Poems  
by Morris Rosenfeld, translated by Helena Frank

Now the last, long rays of sunset  
To the tree-tops are ascending,  
And the ash-gray evening shadows  
Weave themselves around the earth.

On the crest of yonder mountain,  
Now are seen from out the distance  
Slowly fading crimson traces;  
Footprints of the dying day.

Blood-stained banners, torn and tattered,  
Hanging in the western corner,  
Dip their parched and burning edges  
In the cooling ocean wave.

Smoothly roll the crystal wavelets  
Through the dusky veils of twilight,  
That are trembling down from heaven  
O'er the bosom of the sea.

Soft a little wind is blowing  
O'er the gently rippling waters--  
What they whisper, what they murmur,  
Who is wise enough to say?

Broad her snow-white sails outspreading  
'Gainst the quiet sky of evening,  
Flies a ship without a sailor,  
Flies--and whither, who can tell?

As by magic moves the rudder;  
Borne upon her snowy pinions  
Flies the ship--as tho' a spirit  
Drove her onward at its will!

Empty is she, and deserted,  
Only close beside the mainmast  
Stands a lonely child, heartbroken,  
Sobbing loud and bitterly.

Long and golden curls are falling  
Down his neck and o'er his shoulders;  
Now he glances backward sighing,  
And the silent ship flies on!

With a little, shining kerchief,  
Fluttering upon the breezes,  
Unto me he sends a greeting,  
From afar he waves farewell.

And my heart is throbbing wildly,  
I am weeping--tell me wherefore?  
God! that lovely child, I know him!  
'Tis my youth that flies from me!

---

## Preludes

Project Gutenberg's *Prufrock and Other Observations*, by T. S. Eliot

I

The winter evening settles down  
With smell of steaks in passageways.  
Six o'clock.  
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.  
And now a gusty shower wraps  
The grimy scraps  
Of withered leaves about your feet  
And newspapers from vacant lots;  
The showers beat  
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,  
And at the corner of the street  
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.  
And then the lighting of the lamps.

II

The morning comes to consciousness  
Of faint stale smells of beer  
From the sawdust-trampled street  
With all its muddy feet that press  
To early coffee-stands.  
With the other masquerades  
That time resumes,  
One thinks of all the hands  
That are raising dingy shades  
In a thousand furnished rooms.

III

You tossed a blanket from the bed,  
You lay upon your back, and waited;  
You dozed, and watched the night revealing  
The thousand sordid images  
Of which your soul was constituted;  
They flickered against the ceiling.  
And when all the world came back  
And the light crept up between the shutters,  
And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,  
You had such a vision of the street  
As the street hardly understands;  
Sitting along the bed's edge, where  
You curled the papers from your hair,  
Or clasped the yellow soles of feet  
In the palms of both soiled hands.

IV

His soul stretched tight across the skies  
That fade behind a city block,  
Or trampled by insistent feet  
At four and five and six o'clock  
And short square fingers stuffing pipes,  
And evening newspapers, and eyes  
Assured of certain certainties,  
The conscience of a blackened street  
Impatient to assume the world.  
I am moved by fancies that are curled  
Around these images, and cling:  
The notion of some infinitely gentle  
Infinitely suffering thing.  
Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;

---

The worlds revolve like ancient women  
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

---

## POTPOURRI

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sun-Up and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge

Do you remember  
Honey-melon moon  
Dripping thick sweet light  
Where Canal Street saunters off by herself among quiet trees?  
And the faint decayed patchouli--  
Fragrance of New Orleans  
Like a dead tube rose  
Upheld in the warm air...  
Miraculously whole.

---

## MY PEOPLE

By Langston Hughes  
from

*The Crisis* 1923-24

[http://www.archive.org/stream/crisis2324dubo/crisis2324dubo\\_djvu.txt](http://www.archive.org/stream/crisis2324dubo/crisis2324dubo_djvu.txt)

Are

Singers,

Story-tellers,

Dancers,

Loud laughers in the hands of Fate —

My People.  
Dish-washers,  
Elevator-boys,  
Ladies' maids,  
Crap-shooters,  
Cooks,  
Waiters,  
Jazzers,

Nurses of babies,  
Loaders of ships,  
Porters,  
Hairdressers,  
Comedians in vaudeville  
And band-men in circuses —  
Dream-singers all,  
Story-tellers all.  
Dancers —

God ! What dancers !  
Singers —

God ! What singers !  
Singers and dancers,  
Dancers and laughers.  
Laughers?

Yes, laughers laughers laughers-

Loud-mouthed laughers in the hands

Of Fate.

---

## PLATO

429-347 B.C.  
The Project Gutenberg EBook of Love, Worship and Death, by Rennell Rodd

I

### A GRAVE IN PERSIA

Far from our own Ægean shore  
And the surges booming deep,  
Here where Ecbatana's great plain  
Lies broad, we exiles sleep.  
Farewell, Eretria the renowned,  
Where once we used to dwell;  
Farewell, our neighbour Athens;  
Beloved sea, farewell!

---

## LEGEND OF THE PUENTE DEL CLÉRIGO

Project Gutenberg's Legends of the City of Mexico, by Thomas A. Janvier

This priest who was murdered and thrown over the bridge, Señor, was a very good man, and there was very little excuse for murdering him. Moreover, he belonged to a most respectable family, and so did the gentleman who murdered him, and so did the young lady; and because of all that, and because at the best of times the killing of a priest is sacrilege, the scandal of that murder made a stir in the whole town.

At that time--it was some hundreds of years ago, Señor--there lived in the street that now is called, because of it all, the street of the Puente del Clérigo, a very beautiful young lady who was named Doña Margarita Jáuregui. And she, being an orphan, dwelt with her uncle, this priest: who was named Don Juan de Nava and was a person of rank, being a caballero of the orders of Santiago and Calatrava. In those days there were few houses upon that street, which was the causeway between the City and the Indian town of Tlaltelolco; and for the greater safety of the Spaniards dwelling in the City there was a wide ditch, that this bridge crossed, between them and the Indian town. Long ago, Señor, Tlaltelolco became a part of the City; and the ditch, and the bridge over it, are gone.

Now it happened that at the court of the Viceroy was a noble young Portuguese gentleman, who had great riches and two titles, named Don Duarte de Sarraza; and the Viceroy, who was the Conde de Salvatierra, very much esteemed him because he was of a loyal nature and of good heart. Therefore this noble young gentleman fell in love with Doña Margarita, and she with him; but her uncle, the Padre Don Juan, knowing that Don Duarte was a vicious young man--a gambler, and in other ways what he should not have been--forbade his niece to have anything to do with him. So things rested for a while on those terms, and Don Duarte did not like it at all.

Well, it happened on a night, Señor, that Don Duarte was at the window of Doña Margarita, telling his love for her through the grating; and while he was so engaged he saw Padre Don Juan coming home along the causeway by the light of the stars. Then that wicked young man went to where the bridge was, and when the Padre was come to the bridge he sprang upon him and drove his dagger deep into his skull. The dagger was nailed so fast there, Señor, that he could not drag it loose again; and so he bundled the dead priest over the wall of the bridge and into the water with the dagger still sticking in the skull of him; and then he went his way to his home.

Not wishing to have it thought that he had committed that murder, Don Duarte did not go near Doña Margarita for almost a whole year. And then--because his love for her would not suffer him to wait away from

her longer--he went in the night-time to meet her once more at her window; and he had in his heart the wicked purpose to make her come out to him, and then to carry her off.

That did not happen--and what did happen is a terrible mystery. All that is known about it is this: Very early in the morning the neighbors living thereabout found Don Duarte dead on the Bridge of the Cleric; and holding him fast, a bony knee on his breast and two bony hands at his throat strangling him, was a skeleton. And the skeleton, Señor, was dressed in a black cassock, such as only clerics wear, and in the skull of it a rusty dagger was nailed fast. Therefore it became generally known that Don Duarte had murdered the Padre Don Juan; and that the skeleton of the Padre Don Juan had killed Don Duarte in just revenge.

---

## PENNY READINGS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Mystic London*:; by Charles Maurice Davies

Who has ever penetrated beneath the surface of clerical society--meaning thereby the sphere of divinities (mostly female) that doth hedge a curate of a parish--without being sensible of the eligibility of Penny Readings for a place in Mystic London? When the Silly Season is at its very bathos; when the monster gooseberries have gone to seed and the showers of frogs ceased to fall; after the matrimonial efforts of Margate or Scarborough, and before the more decided business of the Christmas Decorations, then there is deep mystery in the penetralia of every parish. The great scheme of Penny Readings is being concocted, and all the available talent of the district--all such as is "orthodox" and "correct"--is laid under contribution.

It is true to a proverb that we English people have a knack of doing the best possible things in the worst possible way; and that not unfrequently when we do once begin doing them we do them to death. It takes some time to convince us that the particular thing is worth doing at all; but, once persuaded, we go in for it with all our British might and main. The beard-and-moustache movement was a case in point. Some years ago a moustache was looked upon by serious English people as decidedly reckless and dissipated. A beard was fit only for a bandit. Nowadays, the mildest youth in the Young Men's Christian Association may wear a moustache without being denounced as "carnal," and paterfamilias revels in the beard of a sapeur, no misopogon daring to say him nay. To no "movement," however, does the adage "Vires acquirit eundo" apply more thoroughly than to that connected with "Penny Readings." Originally cropping up timidly in rustic and suburban parishes, it has of late

taken gigantic strides, and made every parish where it does \_not\_ exist, rural or metropolitan, very exceptional indeed. There was a sound principle lying at the bottom of the movement, in so far as it was designed to bring about a fusion of classes; though, perhaps, it involved too much of an assumption that the "working man" had to be lectured to, or read to, by his brother in purple and fine linen. Still the theory was so far sound. Broad cloth was to impart to fustian the advantages it possessed in the way of reading, singing, fiddling, or what not; and that not gratuitously, which would have offended the working man's dignity, but for the modest sum of one penny, which, whilst Lazarus was not too poor to afford, Dives condescended to accept, and apply to charitable purposes.

Such being, in brief, the theory of the Penny Reading movement, it may be interesting to see how it is carried out in practice. Now, in order to ascertain this, I availed myself of several opportunities afforded by the commencement of the Penny Reading season, which may be said to synchronize very nearly with the advent of London fogs, and attended the opening of the series in several widely different localities. In describing my experiences it would perhaps be invidious to specify the exact locality where they were gathered. I prefer to collate those experiences which range from Campden Hill to Camden Town inclusive. Amid many distinguishing traits there are common elements traceable in all, which may enable us to form some estimate of the working of the scheme, and possibly to offer a few words of advice to those interested therein.

In most cases the Penny Readings are organized by the parochial clergy. We will be orthodox, and consider them so to be on the present occasion. In that case, the series would probably be opened by the incumbent in person. Some ecclesiastical ladies, young and middle-aged, who, rightly or wrongly, believe their mission is music, and to whom the curate is very probably an attraction, aid his efforts. Serious young men read, and others of a more mundane turn of mind sing doleful "comic" songs, culled from the more presentable of the music-hall répertoire. In many cases skilled amateurs or professionals lend their valuable assistance; and it is not too much to say that many a programme is presented to the audience--ay, and faithfully carried out too--which would do credit to a high-priced concert-room. But, then, who make up the audience? Gradually the "penny" people have been retiring into the background, as slowly but as surely as the old-fashioned pits at our theatres are coyly withdrawing under the boxes to make way for the stalls. The Penny Readings have been found to "draw" a higher class of audience than those for whom they were originally intended. The curate himself, if unmarried, secures the whole spinsterhood of the parish. His rendering of the lines, "On the receipt of my mother's picture out of Norfolk," is universally acknowledged to be "delightful;" and so, in course of time, the Penny Readings have been found to supply a good parochial income; and the incumbent, applying the proceeds to some local charity, naturally wishes to augment that income as much as possible. The consequence is that the penny people are as completely nowhere at the

Penny Readings as they are in the free seats at their parish church. The whole of the body of the room is "stalled off," so to say, for sixpenny people, and the penny folk are stowed away anywhere. Then, again, in several programmes I have been at the pains to analyse, it is palpable that, whilst the bulk of the extracts fire over the heads of the poor people, one or two are inserted which are as studiously aimed at them as the parson's remarks in last Sunday's sermon against public-house loafing. Still "naming no names," I attended some readings where one of the clergy read a long extract from Bailey's "Festus," whilst he was succeeded by a vulgar fellow, evidently put in for "the gods," who delivered himself of a parody on Ingoldsby, full of the coarsest slang--nay, worse than that, abounding in immoralities which, I hope, made the parochial clergy sit on thorns, and place the reader on their "Index Expurgatorius" from henceforth.

Excellent in its original design, the movement is obviously degenerating into something widely different. First, I would say, Let your Penny Readings be really Penny Readings, and not the egregious \_lucus a non\_ they now are. If there is any distinction, the penny people should have the stalls, and then, \_if there were room\_, the "swells" (I must use an offensive term) could come in for sixpence, and stand at the back. But there should be no difference at all. Dives and Lazarus should sit together, or Dives stop away if he were afraid his fine linen may get soiled. Lazarus, at all events, must not be lost sight of, or treated to second best. The experiment of thus mingling them has been tried, I know, and succeeds admirably. Dives and Lazarus \_do\_ hobnob; and though the former occasionally tenders a silver coin for his entrée, he does not feel that he is thereby entitled to a better seat. The committee gets the benefit of his liberality; and when the accounts are audited in the spring, Lazarus is immensely pleased at the figure his pence make. Then, again, as to the quality of the entertainment. Let us remember Lazarus comes there to be elevated. That was the theory we set out with--that we, by our reading, or our singing, or fiddling, or tootle-tooting on the cornet, could civilize our friend in fustian. Do not let us fall into the mistake, then, of descending to his standard. We want to level him up to ours. Give him the music we play in our own drawing-rooms; read the choice bits of fiction or poetry to his wife and daughters which we should select for our own. Amuse his poor little children with the same innocent nonsense with which we treat our young people. Above all, don't bore him. I do not say, never be serious, because it is a great mistake to think Lazarus can only guffaw. Read "The Death of Little Nell" or of Paul Dombey, and look at Mrs. Lazarus's eyes. Read Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and see whether the poor seamstress out in the draughty penny seats at the back appreciates it or not. I did hear of one parish at the West End--the very same, by the way, I just now commended for sticking to the "penny" system--where Hood's "Nelly Gray," proposed to be read by the son of one of our best known actors, was tabooed as "unedifying." Lazarus does not come to be "edified," but to be amused. If he can be at the same time instructed, so much the better; but the bitter pill must be highly gilded, or he

will pocket his penny and spend it in muddy beer at the public-house. If the Penny Reading can prevent this--and we see no reason why it should not--it will have had a mission indeed. Finally, I feel sure that there is in this movement, and lying only a very little way from the surface, a wholesome lesson for Dives too; and that is, how little difference there is, after all, between himself and Lazarus. I have been surprised to see how some of the more recherché "bits" of our genuine humorists have told upon the penny people, and won applause which the stalest burlesque pun or the nastiest music-hall inanity would have failed to elicit. Lazarus must be represented on the platform then, as well as comfortably located in the audience. He must be asked to read, or sing, or fiddle, or do whatever he can. If not, he will feel he is being read at, or sung to, or fiddled for, and will go off to the Magpie and Stump, instead of bringing missus and the little ones to the "pa'son's readings." Let the Penny Reading teach us the truth--and how true it is--that we are all "working men." What matters it whether we work with head or with hand--with brain or muscle?

---

## LITTLE POINSINET.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Paris Sketch Book Of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh*, by William Makepeace Thackeray

About the year 1760, there lived, at Paris, a little fellow, who was the darling of all the wags of his acquaintance. Nature seemed, in the formation of this little man, to have amused herself, by giving loose to half a hundred of her most comical caprices. He had some wit and drollery of his own, which sometimes rendered his sallies very amusing; but, where his friends laughed with him once, they laughed at him a thousand times, for he had a fund of absurdity in himself that was more pleasant than all the wit in the world. He was as proud as a peacock, as wicked as an ape, and as silly as a goose. He did not possess one single grain of common sense; but, in revenge, his pretensions were enormous, his ignorance vast, and his credulity more extensive still. From his youth upwards, he had read nothing but the new novels, and the verses in the almanacs, which helped him not a little in making, what he called, poetry of his own; for, of course, our little hero was a poet. All the common usages of life, all the ways of the world, and all the customs of society, seemed to be quite unknown to him; add to these good qualities, a magnificent conceit, a cowardice inconceivable, and a face so irresistibly comic, that every one who first beheld it was compelled to burst out a-laughing, and you will have some notion of this strange little gentleman. He was very proud of his voice, and uttered all his sentences in the richest tragic tone. He was little better than a dwarf; but he elevated his eyebrows, held up his neck, walked on the tips of his toes, and gave himself the airs of a giant. He had a little pair of

bandy legs, which seemed much too short to support anything like a human body; but, by the help of these crooked supporters, he thought he could dance like a Grace; and, indeed, fancied all the graces possible were to be found in his person. His goggle eyes were always rolling about wildly, as if in correspondence with the disorder of his little brain and his countenance thus wore an expression of perpetual wonder. With such happy natural gifts, he not only fell into all traps that were laid for him, but seemed almost to go out of his way to seek them; although, to be sure, his friends did not give him much trouble in that search, for they prepared hoaxes for him incessantly.

One day the wags introduced him to a company of ladies, who, though not countesses and princesses exactly, took, nevertheless, those titles upon themselves for the nonce; and were all, for the same reason, violently smitten with Master Poinsinet's person. One of them, the lady of the house, was especially tender; and, seating him by her side at supper, so plied him with smiles, ogles, and champagne, that our little hero grew crazed with ecstasy, and wild with love. In the midst of his happiness, a cruel knock was heard below, accompanied by quick loud talking, swearing, and shuffling of feet: you would have thought a regiment was at the door. "Oh heavens!" cried the marchioness, starting up, and giving to the hand of Poinsinet one parting squeeze; "fly--fly, my Poinsinet: 'tis the colonel--my husband!" At this, each gentleman of the party rose, and, drawing his rapier, vowed to cut his way through the colonel and all his mousquetaires, or die, if need be, by the side of Poinsinet.

The little fellow was obliged to lug out his sword too, and went shuddering down stairs, heartily repenting of his passion for marchionesses. When the party arrived in the street, they found, sure enough, a dreadful company of mousquetaires, as they seemed, ready to oppose their passage. Swords crossed,--torches blazed; and, with the most dreadful shouts and imprecations, the contending parties rushed upon one another; the friends of Poinsinet surrounding and supporting that little warrior, as the French knights did King Francis at Pavia, otherwise the poor fellow certainly would have fallen down in the gutter from fright.

But the combat was suddenly interrupted; for the neighbors, who knew nothing of the trick going on, and thought the brawl was real, had been screaming with all their might for the police, who began about this time to arrive. Directly they appeared, friends and enemies of Poinsinet at once took to their heels; and, in THIS part of the transaction, at least, our hero himself showed that he was equal to the longest-legged grenadier that ever ran away.

When, at last, those little bandy legs of his had borne him safely to his lodgings, all Poinsinet's friends crowded round him, to congratulate him on his escape and his valor.

"Egad, how he pinked that great red-haired fellow!" said one.

"No; did I?" said Poinsinet.

"Did you? Psha! don't try to play the modest, and humbug US; you know you did. I suppose you will say, next, that you were not for three minutes point to point with Cartentierce himself, the most dreadful swordsman of the army."

"Why, you see," says Poinsinet, quite delighted, "it was so dark that I did not know with whom I was engaged; although, corbleu, I DID FOR one or two of the fellows." And after a little more of such conversation, during which he was fully persuaded that he had done for a dozen of the enemy at least, Poinsinet went to bed, his little person trembling with fright and pleasure; and he fell asleep, and dreamed of rescuing ladies, and destroying monsters, like a second Amadis de Gaul.

When he awoke in the morning, he found a party of his friends in his room: one was examining his coat and waistcoat; another was casting many curious glances at his inexpressibles. "Look here!" said this gentleman, holding up the garment to the light; "one--two--three gashes! I am hanged if the cowards did not aim at Poinsinet's legs! There are four holes in the sword arm of his coat, and seven have gone right through coat and waistcoat. Good heaven! Poinsinet, have you had a surgeon to your wounds?"

"Wounds!" said the little man, springing up, "I don't know--that is, I hope--that is--O Lord! O Lord! I hope I'm not wounded!" and, after a proper examination, he discovered he was not.

"Thank heaven! thank heaven!" said one of the wags (who, indeed, during the slumbers of Poinsinet had been occupied in making these very holes through the garments of that individual), "if you have escaped, it is by a miracle. Alas! alas! all your enemies have not been so lucky."

"How! is anybody wounded?" said Poinsinet.

"My dearest friend, prepare yourself; that unhappy man who came to revenge his menaced honor--that gallant officer--that injured husband, Colonel Count de Cartentierce--"

"Well?"

"IS NO MORE! he died this morning, pierced through with nineteen wounds from your hand, and calling upon his country to revenge his murder."

When this awful sentence was pronounced, all the auditory gave a pathetic and simultaneous sob; and as for Poinsinet, he sank back on his bed with a howl of terror, which would have melted a Visigoth to tears, or to laughter. As soon as his terror and remorse had, in some degree,

subsided, his comrades spoke to him of the necessity of making his escape; and, huddling on his clothes, and bidding them all a tender adieu, he set off, incontinently, without his breakfast, for England, America, or Russia, not knowing exactly which.

One of his companions agreed to accompany him on a part of this journey,--that is, as far as the barrier of St. Denis, which is, as everybody knows, on the high road to Dover; and there, being tolerably secure, they entered a tavern for breakfast; which meal, the last that he ever was to take, perhaps, in his native city, Poinsinet was just about to discuss, when, behold! a gentleman entered the apartment where Poinsinet and his friend were seated, and, drawing from his pocket a paper, with "AU NOM DU ROY" flourished on the top, read from it, or rather from Poinsinet's own figure, his exact signalement, laid his hand on his shoulder, and arrested him in the name of the King, and of the provost-marshall of Paris. "I arrest you, sir," said he, gravely, "with regret; you have slain, with seventeen wounds, in single combat, Colonel Count de Cartentierce, one of his Majesty's household; and, as his murderer, you fall under the immediate authority of the provost-marshall, and die without trial or benefit of clergy."

You may fancy how the poor little man's appetite fell when he heard this speech. "In the provost-marshall's hands?" said his friend: "then it is all over, indeed! When does my poor friend suffer, sir?"

"At half-past six o'clock, the day after to-morrow," said the officer, sitting down, and helping himself to wine. "But stop," said he, suddenly; "sure I can't mistake? Yes--no--yes, it is. My dear friend, my dear Durand! don't you recollect your old schoolfellow, Antoine?" And herewith the officer flung himself into the arms of Durand, Poinsinet's comrade, and they performed a most affecting scene of friendship.

"This may be of some service to you," whispered Durand to Poinsinet; and, after some further parley, he asked the officer when he was bound to deliver up his prisoner; and, hearing that he was not called upon to appear at the Marshalsea before six o'clock at night, Monsieur Durand prevailed upon Monsieur Antoine to wait until that hour, and in the meantime to allow his prisoner to walk about the town in his company. This request was, with a little difficulty, granted; and poor Poinsinet begged to be carried to the houses of his various friends, and bid them farewell. Some were aware of the trick that had been played upon him: others were not; but the poor little man's credulity was so great, that it was impossible to undeceive him; and he went from house to house bewailing his fate, and followed by the complaisant marshal's officer.

The news of his death he received with much more meekness than could have been expected; but what he could not reconcile to himself was, the idea of dissection afterwards. "What can they want with me?" cried the poor wretch, in an unusual fit of candor. "I am very small and ugly; it would be different if I were a tall fine-looking fellow." But he

was given to understand that beauty made very little difference to the surgeons, who, on the contrary, would, on certain occasions, prefer a deformed man to a handsome one; for science was much advanced by the study of such monstrosities. With this reason Poinsinet was obliged to be content; and so paid his rounds of visits, and repeated his dismal adieu.

The officer of the provost-marshall, however amusing Poinsinet's woes might have been, began, by this time, to grow very weary of them, and gave him more than one opportunity to escape. He would stop at shop-windows, loiter round corners, and look up in the sky, but all in vain: Poinsinet would not escape, do what the other would. At length, luckily, about dinner-time, the officer met one of Poinsinet's friends and his own: and the three agreed to dine at a tavern, as they had breakfasted; and here the officer, who vowed that he had been up for five weeks incessantly, fell suddenly asleep, in the profoundest fatigue; and Poinsinet was persuaded, after much hesitation on his part, to take leave of him.

And now, this danger overcome, another was to be avoided. Beyond a doubt the police were after him, and how was he to avoid them? He must be disguised, of course; and one of his friends, a tall, gaunt lawyer's clerk, agreed to provide him with habits.

So little Poinsinet dressed himself out in the clerk's dingy black suit, of which the knee-breeches hung down to his heels, and the waist of the coat reached to the calves of his legs; and, furthermore, he blacked his eyebrows, and wore a huge black periwig, in which his friend vowed that no one could recognize him. But the most painful incident, with regard to the periwig, was, that Poinsinet, whose solitary beauty--if beauty it might be called--was a head of copious, curling, yellow hair, was compelled to snip off every one of his golden locks, and to rub the bristles with a black dye; "for if your wig were to come off," said the lawyer, "and your fair hair to tumble over your shoulders, every man would know, or at least suspect you." So off the locks were cut, and in his black suit and periwig little Poinsinet went abroad.

His friends had their cue; and when he appeared amongst them, not one seemed to know him. He was taken into companies where his character was discussed before him, and his wonderful escape spoken of. At last he was introduced to the very officer of the provost-marshall who had taken him into custody, and who told him that he had been dismissed the provost's service, in consequence of the escape of the prisoner. Now, for the first time, poor Poinsinet thought himself tolerably safe, and blessed his kind friends who had procured for him such a complete disguise. How this affair ended I know not,--whether some new lie was coined to account for his release, or whether he was simply told that he had been hoaxed: it mattered little; for the little man was quite as ready to be hoaxed the next day.

Poinsinet was one day invited to dine with one of the servants of the Tuilleries; and, before his arrival, a person in company had been decorated with a knot of lace and a gold key, such as chamberlains wear; he was introduced to Poinsinet as the Count de Truchses, chamberlain to the King of Prussia. After dinner the conversation fell upon the Count's visit to Paris; when his Excellency, with a mysterious air, vowed that he had only come for pleasure. "It is mighty well," said a third person, "and, of course, we can't cross-question your lordship too closely;" but at the same time it was hinted to Poinsinet that a person of such consequence did not travel for NOTHING, with which opinion Poinsinet solemnly agreed; and, indeed, it was borne out by a subsequent declaration of the Count, who condescended, at last, to tell the company, in confidence, that he HAD a mission, and a most important one--to find, namely, among the literary men of France, a governor for the Prince Royal of Prussia. The company seemed astonished that the King had not made choice of Voltaire or D'Alembert, and mentioned a dozen other distinguished men who might be competent to this important duty; but the Count, as may be imagined, found objections to every one of them; and, at last, one of the guests said, that, if his Prussian Majesty was not particular as to age, he knew a person more fitted for the place than any other who could be found,--his honorable friend, M. Poinsinet, was the individual to whom he alluded.

"Good heavens!" cried the Count, "is it possible that the celebrated Poinsinet would take such a place? I would give the world to see him?" And you may fancy how Poinsinet simpered and blushed when the introduction immediately took place.

The Count protested to him that the King would be charmed to know him; and added, that one of his operas (for it must be told that our little friend was a vaudeville-maker by trade) had been acted seven-and-twenty times at the theatre at Potsdam. His Excellency then detailed to him all the honors and privileges which the governor of the Prince Royal might expect; and all the guests encouraged the little man's vanity, by asking him for his protection and favor. In a short time our hero grew so inflated with pride and vanity, that he was for patronizing the chamberlain himself, who proceeded to inform him that he was furnished with all the necessary powers by his sovereign, who had specially enjoined him to confer upon the future governor of his son the royal order of the Black Eagle.

Poinsinet, delighted, was ordered to kneel down; and the Count produced a large yellow ribbon, which he hung over his shoulder, and which was, he declared, the grand cordon of the order. You must fancy Poinsinet's face, and excessive delight at this; for as for describing them, nobody can. For four-and-twenty hours the happy chevalier paraded through Paris with this flaring yellow ribbon; and he was not undeceived until his friends had another trick in store for him.

He dined one day in the company of a man who understood a little of the

noble art of conjuring, and performed some clever tricks on the cards. Poinsinet's organ of wonder was enormous; he looked on with the gravity and awe of a child, and thought the man's tricks sheer miracles. It wanted no more to set his companions to work.

"Who is this wonderful man?" said he to his neighbor.

"Why," said the other, mysteriously, "one hardly knows who he is; or, at least, one does not like to say to such an indiscreet fellow as you are." Poinsinet at once swore to be secret. "Well, then," said his friend, "you will hear that man--that wonderful man--called by a name which is not his: his real name is Acosta: he is a Portuguese Jew, a Rosicrucian, and Cabalist of the first order, and compelled to leave Lisbon for fear of the Inquisition. He performs here, as you see, some extraordinary things, occasionally; but the master of the house, who loves him excessively, would not, for the world, that his name should be made public."

"Ah, bah!" said Poinsinet, who affected the bel esprit; "you don't mean to say that you believe in magic, and cabalas, and such trash?"

"Do I not? You shall judge for yourself." And, accordingly, Poinsinet was presented to the magician, who pretended to take a vast liking for him, and declared that he saw in him certain marks which would infallibly lead him to great eminence in the magic art, if he chose to study it.

Dinner was served, and Poinsinet placed by the side of the miracle-worker, who became very confidential with him, and promised him--ay, before dinner was over--a remarkable instance of his power. Nobody, on this occasion, ventured to cut a single joke against poor Poinsinet; nor could he fancy that any trick was intended against him, for the demeanor of the society towards him was perfectly grave and respectful, and the conversation serious. On a sudden, however, somebody exclaimed, "Where is Poinsinet? Did any one see him leave the room?"

All the company exclaimed how singular the disappearance was; and Poinsinet himself, growing alarmed, turned round to his neighbor, and was about to explain.

"Hush!" said the magician, in a whisper; "I told you that you should see what I could do. I HAVE MADE YOU INVISIBLE; be quiet, and you shall see some more tricks that I shall play with these fellows."

Poinsinet remained then silent, and listened to his neighbors, who agreed, at last, that he was a quiet, orderly personage, and had left the table early, being unwilling to drink too much. Presently they ceased to talk about him, and resumed their conversation upon other matters.

At first it was very quiet and grave, but the master of the house brought back the talk to the subject of Poinsinet, and uttered all sorts of abuse concerning him. He begged the gentleman, who had introduced such a little scamp into his house, to bring him thither no more: whereupon the other took up, warmly, Poinsinet's defence; declared that he was a man of the greatest merit, frequenting the best society, and remarkable for his talents as well as his virtues.

"Ah!" said Poinsinet to the magician, quite charmed at what he heard, "how ever shall I thank you, my dear sir, for thus showing me who my true friends are?"

The magician promised him still further favors in prospect; and told him to look out now, for he was about to throw all the company into a temporary fit of madness, which, no doubt, would be very amusing.

In consequence, all the company, who had heard every syllable of the conversation, began to perform the most extraordinary antics, much to the delight of Poinsinet. One asked a nonsensical question, and the other delivered an answer not at all to the purpose. If a man asked for a drink, they poured him out a pepper-box or a napkin: they took a pinch of snuff, and swore it was excellent wine; and vowed that the bread was the most delicious mutton ever tasted. The little man was delighted.

"Ah!" said he, "these fellows are prettily punished for their rascally backbiting of me!"

"Gentlemen," said the host, "I shall now give you some celebrated champagne," and he poured out to each a glass of water.

"Good heavens!" said one, spitting it out, with the most horrible grimace, "where did you get this detestable claret?"

"Ah, faugh!" said a second, "I never tasted such vile corked burgundy in all my days!" and he threw the glass of water into Poinsinet's face, as did half a dozen of the other guests, drenching the poor wretch to the skin. To complete this pleasant illusion, two of the guests fell to boxing across Poinsinet, who received a number of the blows, and received them with the patience of a fakir, feeling himself more flattered by the precious privilege of beholding this scene invisible, than hurt by the blows and buffets which the mad company bestowed upon him.

The fame of this adventure spread quickly over Paris, and all the world longed to have at their houses the representation of Poinsinet the Invisible. The servants and the whole company used to be put up to the trick; and Poinsinet, who believed in his invisibility as much as he did in his existence, went about with his friend and protector the magician. People, of course, never pretended to see him, and would very often not talk of him at all for some time, but hold sober conversation about

anything else in the world. When dinner was served, of course there was no cover laid for Poinsinet, who carried about a little stool, on which he sat by the side of the magician, and always ate off his plate. Everybody was astonished at the magician's appetite and at the quantity of wine he drank; as for little Poinsinet, he never once suspected any trick, and had such a confidence in his magician, that, I do believe, if the latter had told him to fling himself out of window, he would have done so, without the slightest trepidation.

Among other mystifications in which the Portuguese enchanter plunged him, was one which used to afford always a good deal of amusement. He informed Poinsinet, with great mystery, that HE WAS NOT HIMSELF; he was not, that is to say, that ugly, deformed little monster, called Poinsinet; but that his birth was most illustrious, and his real name Polycarte. He was, in fact, the son of a celebrated magician; but other magicians, enemies of his father, had changed him in his cradle, altering his features into their present hideous shape, in order that a silly old fellow, called Poinsinet, might take him to be his own son, which little monster the magician had likewise spirited away.

The poor wretch was sadly cast down at this; for he tried to fancy that his person was agreeable to the ladies, of whom he was one of the warmest little admirers possible; and to console him somewhat, the magician told him that his real shape was exquisitely beautiful, and as soon as he should appear in it, all the beauties in Paris would be at his feet. But how to regain it? "Oh, for one minute of that beauty!" cried the little man; "what would he not give to appear under that enchanting form!" The magician hereupon waved his stick over his head, pronounced some awful magical words, and twisted him round three times; at the third twist, the men in company seemed struck with astonishment and envy, the ladies clasped their hands, and some of them kissed his. Everybody declared his beauty to be supernatural.

Poinsinet, enchanted, rushed to a glass. "Fool!" said the magician; "do you suppose that YOU can see the change? My power to render you invisible, beautiful, or ten times more hideous even than you are, extends only to others, not to you. You may look a thousand times in the glass, and you will only see those deformed limbs and disgusting features with which devilish malice has disguised you." Poor little Poinsinet looked, and came back in tears. "But," resumed the magician,—"ha, ha, ha!—I know a way in which to disappoint the machinations of these fiendish magi."

"Oh, my benefactor!--my great master!--for heaven's sake tell it!" gasped Poinsinet.

"Look you--it is this. A prey to enchantment and demoniac art all your life long, you have lived until your present age perfectly satisfied; nay, absolutely vain of a person the most singularly hideous that ever walked the earth!"

"IS it?" whispered Poinsinet. "Indeed and indeed I didn't think it so bad!"

"He acknowledges it! he acknowledges it!" roared the magician. "Wretch, dotard, owl, mole, miserable buzzard! I have no reason to tell thee now that thy form is monstrous, that children cry, that cowards turn pale, that teeming matrons shudder to behold it. It is not thy fault that thou art thus ungainly: but wherefore so blind? wherefore so conceited of thyself! I tell thee, Poinsinet, that over every fresh instance of thy vanity the hostile enchanters rejoice and triumph. As long as thou art blindly satisfied with thyself; as long as thou pretendest, in thy present odious shape, to win the love of aught above a negress; nay, further still, until thou hast learned to regard that face, as others do, with the most intolerable horror and disgust, to abuse it when thou seest it, to despise it, in short, and treat that miserable disguise in which the enchanters have wrapped thee with the strongest, hatred and scorn, so long art thou destined to wear it."

Such speeches as these, continually repeated, caused Poinsinet to be fully convinced of his ugliness; he used to go about in companies, and take every opportunity of inveighing against himself; he made verses and epigrams against himself; he talked about "that dwarf, Poinsinet;" "that buffoon, Poinsinet;" "that conceited, hump-backed Poinsinet;" and he would spend hours before the glass, abusing his own face as he saw it reflected there, and vowing that he grew handsomer at every fresh epithet that he uttered.

Of course the wags, from time to time, used to give him every possible encouragement, and declared that since this exercise, his person was amazingly improved. The ladies, too, began to be so excessively fond of him, that the little fellow was obliged to caution them at last--for the good, as he said, of society; he recommended them to draw lots, for he could not gratify them all; but promised when his metamorphosis was complete, that the one chosen should become the happy Mrs. Poinsinet; or, to speak more correctly, Mrs. Polycarte.

I am sorry to say, however, that, on the score of gallantry, Poinsinet was never quite convinced of the hideousness of his appearance. He had a number of adventures, accordingly, with the ladies, but strange to say, the husbands or fathers were always interrupting him. On one occasion he was made to pass the night in a slipper-bath full of water; where, although he had all his clothes on, he declared that he nearly caught his death of cold. Another night, in revenge, the poor fellow

--"dans le simple appareil  
D'une beauté, qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil,"

spent a number of hours contemplating the beauty of the moon on the tiles. These adventures are pretty numerous in the memoirs of M. Poinsinet; but the fact is, that people in France were a great deal more philosophical in those days than the English are now, so that Poinsinet's loves must be passed over, as not being to our taste. His magician was a great diver, and told Poinsinet the most wonderful tales of his two minutes' absence under water. These two minutes, he said, lasted through a year, at least, which he spent in the company of a naiad, more beautiful than Venus, in a palace more splendid than even Versailles. Fired by the description, Poinsinet used to dip, and dip, but he never was known to make any mermaid acquaintances, although he fully believed that one day he should find such.

The invisible joke was brought to an end by Poinsinet's too great reliance on it; for being, as we have said, of a very tender and sanguine disposition, he one day fell in love with a lady in whose company he dined, and whom he actually proposed to embrace; but the fair lady, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to act up to the joke; and instead of receiving Poinsinet's salute with calmness, grew indignant, called him an impudent little scoundrel, and lent him a sound box on the ear. With this slap the invisibility of Poinsinet disappeared, the gnomes and genii left him, and he settled down into common life again, and was hoaxed only by vulgar means.

A vast number of pages might be filled with narratives of the tricks that were played upon him; but they resemble each other a good deal, as may be imagined, and the chief point remarkable about them is the wondrous faith of Poinsinet. After being introduced to the Prussian ambassador at the Tuileries, he was presented to the Turkish envoy at the Place Vendôme, who received him in state, surrounded by the officers of his establishment, all dressed in the smartest dresses that the wardrobe of the Opéra Comique could furnish.

As the greatest honor that could be done to him, Poinsinet was invited to eat, and a tray was produced, on which was a delicate dish prepared in the Turkish manner. This consisted of a reasonable quantity of mustard, salt, cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of cayenne pepper, to give the whole a flavor; and Poinsinet's countenance may be imagined when he introduced into his mouth a quantity of this exquisite compound.

"The best of the joke was," says the author who records so many of the pitiless tricks practised upon poor Poinsinet, "that the little man used to laugh at them afterwards himself with perfect good humor; and lived in the daily hope that, from being the sufferer, he should become the agent in these hoaxes, and do to others as he had been done by." Passing, therefore, one day, on the Pont Neuf, with a friend, who had been one of the greatest performers, the latter said to him, "Poinsinet, my good fellow, thou hast suffered enough, and thy sufferings have made thee so wise and cunning, that thou art worthy of entering among the

initiated, and hoaxing in thy turn." Poinsinet was charmed; he asked when he should be initiated, and how? It was told him that a moment would suffice, and that the ceremony might be performed on the spot. At this news, and according to order, Poinsinet flung himself straightway on his knees in the kennel; and the other, drawing his sword, solemnly initiated him into the sacred order of jokers. From that day the little man believed himself received into the society; and to this having brought him, let us bid him a respectful adieu.

---

## "POCHARD"

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Real Latin Quarter*, by F. Berkeley Smith

Drunkards are not frequent sights in the Quarter; and yet when these people do get drunk, they become as irresponsible as maniacs. Excitable to a degree even when sober, these most wretched among the poor when drunk often appear in front of a café--gaunt, wild-eyed, haggard, and filthy-singing in boisterous tones or reciting to you with tense voices a jumble of meaningless thoughts.

The man with the matted hair, and toes out of his boots, will fold his arms melodramatically, and regard you for some moments as you sit in front of him on the terrace. Then he will vent upon you a torrent of abuse, ending in some jumble of socialistic ideas of his own concoction. When he has finished, he will fold his arms again and move on to the next table. He is crazy with absinthe, and no one pays any attention to him. On he strides up the "Boul' Miche," past the cafés, continuing his ravings. As long as he is moderately peaceful and confines his wandering brain to gesticulations and speech, he is let alone by the police.

[Illustration: (portrait of woman)]

You will see sometimes a man and a woman--a teamster out of work or with his wages for the day, and with him a creature--a blear-eyed, slatternly looking woman, in a filthy calico gown. The man clutches her arm, as they sing and stagger up past the cafés. The woman holds in her claw-like hand a half-empty bottle of cheap red wine. Now and then they stop and share it; the man staggers on; the woman leers and dances and sings; a crowd forms about them. Some years ago this poor girl sat on Friday afternoons in the Luxembourg Gardens--her white parasol on her knees, her dainty, white kid-slipped feet resting on the little stool which the old lady, who rents the chairs, used to bring her. She was regarded as a bonne camarade in those days among the students--one of the idols of the Quarter! But she became impossible, and then an outcast! That women should become outcasts through the hopelessness of their position or the breaking down of their brains can be understood,

but that men of ability should sink into the dregs and stay there seems incredible. But it is often so.

[Illustration: (portrait of woman)]

Near the rue Monge there is a small café and restaurant, a place celebrated for its onion soup and its chicken. From the tables outside, one can see into the small kitchen, with its polished copper sauce-pans hanging about the grill.

Lachaume, the painter, and I were chatting at one of its little tables, he over an absinthe and I over a coffee and cognac. I had dined early this fresh October evening, enjoying to the full the bracing coolness of the air, pungent with the odor of dry leaves and the faint smell of burning brush. The world was hurrying by--in twos and threes--hurrying to warm cafés, to friends, to lovers. The breeze at twilight set the dry leaves shivering. The sky was turquoise. The yellow glow from the shop windows--the blue-white sparkle of electricity like pendant diamonds--made the Quarter seem fuller of life than ever. These fall days make the little ouvrières trip along from their work with rosy cheeks, and put happiness and ambition into one's very soul.

[Illustration: A GROUP OF NEW STUDIOS]

Soon the winter will come, with all the boys back from their country haunts, and Céleste and Mimi from Ostende. How gay it will be--this Quartier Latin then! How gay it always is in winter--and then the rainy season. Ah! but one can not have everything. Thus it was that Lachaume and I sat talking, when suddenly a spectre passed--a spectre of a man, his face silent, white, and pinched--drawn like a mummy's.

[Illustration: A SCULPTOR'S MODEL]

He stopped and supported his shrunken frame wearily on his crutches, and leaned against a neighboring wall. He made no sound--simply gazed vacantly, with the timidity of some animal, at the door of the small kitchen aglow with the light from the grill. He made no effort to approach the door; only leaned against the gray wall and peered at it patiently.

"A beggar," I said to Lachaume; "poor devil!"

"Ah! old Pochard--yes, poor devil, and once one of the handsomest men in Paris."

"What wrecked him?" I asked.

"What I'm drinking now, mon ami."

"Absinthe?"

"Yes--absinthe! He looks older than I do, does he not?" continued Lachaume, lighting a fresh cigarette, "and yet I'm twenty years his senior. You see, I sip mine--he drank his by the goblet," and my friend leaned forward and poured the contents of the carafe in a tiny trickling stream over the sugar lying in its perforated spoon.

[Illustration: BOY MODEL]

"Ah! those were great days when Pochard was the life of the Bullier," he went on; "I remember the night he won ten thousand francs from the Russian. It didn't last long; Camille Leroux had her share of it--nothing ever lasted long with Camille. He was once courier to an Austrian Baron, I remember. The old fellow used to frequent the Quarter in summer, years ago--it was his hobby. Pochard was a great favorite in those days, and the Baron liked to go about in the Quarter with him, and of course Pochard was in his glory. He would persuade the old nobleman to prolong his vacation here. Once the Baron stayed through the winter and fell ill, and a little couturière in the rue de Rennes, whom the old fellow fell in love with, nursed him. He died the summer following, at Vienna, and left her quite a little property near Amiens. He was a good old Baron, a charitable old fellow among the needy, and a good bohemian besides; and he did much for Pochard, but he could not keep him sober!"

[Illustration: BOUGUEREAU AT WORK]

"After the old man's death," my friend continued, "Pochard drifted from bad to worse, and finally out of the Quarter, somewhere into misery on the other side of the Seine. No one heard of him for a few years, until he was again recognized as being the same Pochard returned again to the Quarter. He was hobbling about on crutches just as you see him there. And now, do you know what he does? Get up from where you are sitting," said Lachaume, "and look into the back kitchen. Is he not standing there by the door--they are handing him a small bundle?"

"Yes," said I, "something wrapped in newspaper."

"Do you know what is in it?--the carcass of the chicken you have just finished, and which the garçon carried away. Pochard saw you eating it half an hour ago as he passed. It was for that he was waiting."

"To eat?" I asked.

"No, to sell," Lachaume replied, "together with the other bones he is able to collect--for soup in some poorest resort down by the river, where the boatmen and the gamins go. The few sous he gets will buy Pochard a big glass, a lump of sugar, and a spoon; into the goblet, in some equally dirty 'boîte,' they will pour him out his green treasure of absinthe. Then Pochard will forget the day--perhaps he will dream of the Austrian Baron--and try and forget Camille Leroux. Poor devil!"

[Illustration: GEROME]

Marguerite Girardet, the model, also told me between poses in the studio the other day of just such a "pauvre homme" she once knew. "When he was young," she said, "he won a second prize at the Conservatoire, and afterward played first violin at the Comique. Now he plays in front of the cafés, like the rest, and sometimes poses for the head of an old man!"

[Illustration: A. MICHELENA]

"Many grow old so young," she continued; "I knew a little model once with a beautiful figure, absolutely comme un bijou--pretty, too, and had she been a sensible girl, as I often told her, she could still have earned her ten francs a day posing; but she wanted to dine all the time with this and that one, and pose too, and in three months all her fine 'svelte' lines that made her a valuable model among the sculptors were gone. You see, I have posed all my life in the studios, and I am over thirty now, and you know I work hard, but I have kept my fine lines--because I go to bed early and eat and drink little. Then I have much to do at home; my husband and I for years have had a comfortable home; we take a great deal of pride in it, and it keeps me very busy to keep everything in order, for I pose very early some mornings and then go back and get déjeuner, and then back to pose again."

[Illustration: A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO]

"In the summer," she went on, "we take a little place outside of Paris for a month, down the Seine, where my husband brings his work with him; he is a repairer of fans and objets d'art. You should come in and see us some time; it is quite near where you painted last summer. Ah yes," she exclaimed, as she drew her pink toes under her, "I love the country! Last year I posed nearly two months for Monsieur Z., the painter--en plein air; my skin was not as white as it is now, I can tell you--I was absolutely like an Indian!"

[Illustration: FRÉMIET]

"Once"--and Marguerite smiled at the memory of it--"I went to England to pose for a painter well known there. It was an important tableau, and I stayed there six months. It was a horrible place to me--I was always cold--the fog was so thick one could hardly see in winter mornings going to the studio. Besides, I could get nothing good to eat! He was a celebrated painter, a 'Sir,' and lived with his family in a big stone house with a garden. We had tea and cakes at five in the studio--always tea, tea, tea!--I can tell you I used to long for a good bottle of Madame Giraud's vin ordinaire, and a poulet. So I left and came back to Paris. Ah! quelle place! that Angleterre! J'étais toujours, toujours triste là! In Paris I make a good living; ten francs a day--that's not

bad, is it? and my time is taken often a year ahead. I like to pose for the painters--the studios are cleaner than those of the sculptor's. Some of the sculptors' studios are so dirty--clay and dust over everything! Did you see Fabien's studio the other day when I posed for him? You thought it dirty? Tiens!--you should have seen it last year when he was working on the big group for the Exposition! It is clean now compared with what it was. You see, I go to my work in the plainest of clothes--a cheap print dress and everything of the simplest I can make, for in half an hour, left in those studios, they would be fit only for the blanchisseuse--the wax and dust are in and over everything! There is no time to change when one has not the time to go home at mid-day."

[Illustration: JEAN PAUL LAURENS]

And so I learned much of the good sense and many of the economies in the life of this most celebrated model. You can see her superb figure wrought in marble and bronze by some of the most famous of modern French sculptors all over Paris.

There is another type of model you will see, too--one who rang my bell one sunny morning in response to a note written by my good friend, the sculptor, for whom this little Parisienne posed.

She came without her hat--this "vrai type"--about seventeen years of age--with exquisite features, her blue eyes shining under a wealth of delicate blonde hair arranged in the prettiest of fashions--a little white bow tied jauntily at her throat, and her exquisitely delicate, strong young figure clothed in a simple black dress. She had about her such a frank, childlike air! Yes, she posed for so and so, and so and so, but not many; she liked it better than being in a shop; and it was far more independent, for one could go about and see one's friends--and there were many of her girl friends living on the same street where this chic demoiselle lived.

At noon my drawing was finished. As she sat buttoning her boots, she looked up at me innocently, slipped her five francs for the morning's work in her reticule, and said:

"I live with mama, and mama never gives me any money to spend on myself. This is Sunday and a holiday, so I shall go with Henriette and her brother to Vincennes. It is delicious there under the trees."

[Illustration: OLD MAN MODEL]

It would have been quite impossible for me to have gone with them--I was not even invited; but this very serious and good little Parisienne, who posed for the figure with quite the same unconsciousness as she would have handed you your change over the counter of some stuffy little shop, went to Vincennes with Henriette and her brother, where they had a beautiful day--scrambling up the paths and listening to the band--all at

the enormous expense of the artist; and this was how this good little Parisienne managed to save five francs in a single day!

There are old-men models who knock at your studio too, and who are celebrated for their tangled gray locks, which they immediately uncover as you open your door. These unkempt-looking Father Times and Methuselahs prowl about the staircases of the different ateliers daily. So do little children--mostly Italians and all filthily dirty; swarthy, black-eyed, gypsy-looking girls and boys of from twelve to fifteen years of age, and Italian mothers holding small children--itinerant madonnas. These are the poorer class of models--the riff-raff of the Quarter--who get anywhere from a few sous to a few francs for a séance.

And there are four-footed models, too, for I know a kindly old horse who has served in many a studio and who has carried a score of the famous generals of the world and Jeanne d'Arcs to battle--in many a modern public square.

Chacun son métier!

---

#### NOVEL V.

The Project Gutenberg Etext of *The Decameron, Volume I*, by Giovanni Boccaccio

--  
**Andreuccio da Perugia** comes to Naples to buy horses, meets with three serious adventures in one night, comes safe out of them all, and returns home with a ruby.

--  
Landolfo's find of stones, began Fiammetta, on whom the narration now fell, has brought to my mind a story in which there are scarce fewer perilous scapes than in Lauretta's story, but with this difference: that, instead of a course of perhaps several years, a single night, as you shall hear, sufficed for their occurrence.

In Perugia, by what I once gathered, there lived a young man, Andreuccio di Pietro by name, a horse-dealer, who, having learnt that horses were to be had cheap at Naples, put five hundred florins of gold in his purse, and in company with some other merchants went thither, never having been away from home before. On his arrival at Naples, which was on a Sunday evening, about vespers, he learnt from his host that the fair would be held on the following morning. Thither accordingly he then repaired, and looked at many horses which pleased him much, and cheapening them more and more, and failing to strike a bargain with any one, he from time to time, being raw

and unwary, drew out his purse of florins in view of all that came and went, to shew that he meant business.

While he was thus chaffering, and after he had shewn his purse, there chanced to come by a Sicilian girl, fair as fair could be, but ready to pleasure any man for a small consideration. He did not see her, but she saw him and his purse, and forthwith said to herself:—"Who would be in better luck than I if all those florins were mine?" and so she passed on. With the girl was an old woman, also a Sicilian, who, when she saw Andreuccio, dropped behind the girl, and ran towards him, making as if she would tenderly embrace him. The girl observing this said nothing, but stopped and waited a little way off for the old woman to rejoin her. Andreuccio turned as the old woman came up, recognised her, and greeted her very cordially; but time and place not permitting much converse, she left him, promising to visit him at his inn; and he resumed his chaffering, but bought nothing that morning.

Her old woman's intimate acquaintance with Andreuccio had no more escaped the girl's notice than the contents of Andreuccio's purse; and with the view of devising, if possible, some way to make the money, either in whole or in part, her own, she began cautiously to ask the old woman, who and whence he was, what he did there, and how she came to know him. The old woman gave her almost as much and as circumstantial information touching Andreuccio and his affairs as he might have done himself, for she had lived a great while with his father, first in Sicily, and afterwards at Perugia. She likewise told the girl the name of his inn, and the purpose with which he had come to Naples. Thus fully armed with the names and all else that it was needful for her to know touching Andreuccio's kith and kin, the girl founded thereon her hopes of gratifying her cupidity, and forthwith devised a cunning stratagem to effect her purpose. Home she went, and gave the old woman work enough to occupy her all day, that she might not be able to visit Andreuccio; then, summoning to her aid a little girl whom she had well trained for such services, she sent her about vespers to the inn where Andreuccio lodged. Arrived there, the little girl asked for Andreuccio of Andreuccio himself, who chanced to be just outside the gate. On his answering that he was the man, she took him aside, and said:—"Sir, a lady of this country, so please you, would fain speak with you." Whereto he listened with all his ears, and having a great conceit of his person, made up his mind that the lady was in love with him, as if there were ne'er another handsome fellow in Naples but himself; so forthwith he replied, that he would wait on the lady, and asked where and when it would be her pleasure to speak with him. "Sir," replied the little girl, "she expects you in her own house, if you be pleased to come." "Lead on then, I follow thee," said Andreuccio promptly, vouchsafing never a word to any in the inn. So the little girl guided him to her mistress's house, which was situated in a quarter the character of which may be inferred from its name, Evil Hole. Of this, however, he neither knew nor suspected aught, but, supposing that the quarter was perfectly reputable and that he was going to see a sweet lady, strode carelessly behind the little girl into the house of her mistress, whom she summoned by calling out, "Andreuccio is here;" and Andreuccio then saw her advance to the head of the

stairs to await his ascent. She was tall, still in the freshness of her youth, very fair of face, and very richly and nobly clad. As Andreuccio approached, she descended three steps to meet him with open arms, and clasped him round the neck, but for a while stood silent as if from excess of tenderness; then, bursting into a flood of tears, she kissed his brow, and in slightly broken accents said:—"O Andreuccio, welcome, welcome, my Andreuccio." Quite lost in wonder to be the recipient of such caresses, Andreuccio could only answer:—"Madam, well met." Whereupon she took him by the hand, led him up into her saloon, and thence without another word into her chamber, which exhaled throughout the blended fragrance of roses, orange-blossoms and other perfumes. He observed a handsome curtained bed, dresses in plenty hanging, as is customary in that country, on pegs, and other appointments very fair and sumptuous; which sights, being strange to him, confirmed his belief that he was in the house of no other than a great lady. They sat down side by side on a chest at the foot of the bed, and thus she began to speak:—"Andreuccio, I cannot doubt that thou dost marvel both at the caresses which I bestow upon thee, and at my tears, seeing that thou knowest me not, and, maybe, hast never so much as heard my name; wait but a moment and thou shalt learn what perhaps will cause thee to marvel still, more to wit, that I am thy sister; and I tell thee, that, since of God's especial grace it is granted me to see one, albeit I would fain see all, of my brothers before I die, I shall not meet death, when the hour comes, without consolation; but thou, perchance, hast never heard aught of this; wherefore listen to what I shall say to thee. Pietro, my father and thine, as I suppose thou mayst have heard, dwelt a long while at Palermo, where his good heart and gracious bearing caused him to be (as he still is) much beloved by all that knew him; but by none was he loved so much as by a gentlewoman, afterwards my mother, then a widow, who, casting aside all respect for her father and brothers, ay, and her honour, grew so intimate with him that a child was born, which child am I thy sister, whom thou seest before thee. Shortly after my birth it so befell that Pietro must needs leave Palermo and return to Perugia, and I, his little daughter, was left behind with my mother at Palermo; nor, so far as I have been able to learn, did he ever again bestow a thought upon either of us. Wherefore--to say nothing of the love which he should have borne me, his daughter by no servant or woman of low degree--I should, were he not my father, gravely censure the ingratitude which he shewed towards my mother, who, prompted by a most loyal love, committed her fortune and herself to his keeping, without so much as knowing who he was. But to what end? The wrongs of long-ago are much more easily censured than redressed; enough that so it was. He left me a little girl at Palermo, where, when I was grown to be almost as thou seest me, my mother, who was a rich lady, gave me in marriage to an honest gentleman of the Girgenti family, who for love of my mother and myself settled in Palermo, and there, being a staunch Guelf, entered into correspondence with our King Charles;(1) which being discovered by King Frederic (2) before the time was ripe for action, we had perforce to flee from Sicily just when I was expecting to become the greatest lady that ever was in the island. So, taking with us such few things as we could, few, I say, in comparison of the abundance which we possessed, we bade adieu to our estates and palaces, and found a refuge in this country, and such favour

with King Charles that, in partial compensation for the losses which we had sustained on his account, he has granted us estates and houses and an ample pension, which he regularly pays to my husband and thy brother-in-law, as thou mayst yet see. In this manner I live here but that I am blest with the sight of thee, I ascribe entirely to the mercy of God; and no thanks to thee, my sweet brother." So saying she embraced him again, and melting anew into tears kissed his brow.

This story, so congruous, so consistent in every detail, came trippingly and without the least hesitancy from her tongue. Andreuccio remembered that his father had indeed lived at Palermo; he knew by his own experience the ways of young folk, how prone they are to love; he saw her melt into tears, he felt her embraces and sisterly kisses; and he took all she said for gospel.

So, when she had done, he answered:--"Madam, it should not surprise you that I marvel, seeing that, in sooth, my father, for whatever cause, said never a word of you and your mother, or, if he did so, it came not to my knowledge, so that I knew no more of you than if you had not been; wherefore, the lonelier I am here, and the less hope I had of such good luck, the better pleased I am to have found here my sister. And indeed, I know not any man, however exalted his station, who ought not to be well pleased to have such a sister; much more, then, I, who am but a petty merchant; but, I pray you, resolve me of one thing: how came you to know that I was here?" Then answered she:--"Twas told me this morning by a poor woman who is much about the house, because, as she tells me, she was long in the service of our father both at Palermo and at Perugia, and, but that it seemed more fitting that thou shouldst come to see me at home than that I should visit thee at an inn, I had long ago sought thee out." She then began to inquire particularly after all his kinsfolk by name, and Andreuccio, becoming ever more firmly persuaded of that which it was least for his good to believe, answered all her questions. Their conversation being thus prolonged and the heat great, she had Greek wine and sweetmeats brought in, and gave Andreuccio to drink; and when towards supper-time he made as if he would leave, she would in no wise suffer it; but, feigning to be very much vexed, she embraced him, saying:--"Alas! now 'tis plain how little thou carest for me: to think that thou art with thy sister, whom thou seest for the first time, and in her own house, where thou shouldst have alighted on thine arrival, and thou wouldest fain depart hence to go sup at an inn! Nay but, for certain, thou shalt sup with me; and albeit, to my great regret, my husband is not here, thou shalt see that I can do a lady's part in shewing thee honour." Andreuccio, not knowing what else to say, replied:--"Sister, I care for you with all a brother's affection; but if I go not, supper will await me all the evening at the inn, and I shall justly be taxed with courtesy." Then said she:--"Blessed be God, there is even now in the house one by whom I can send word that they are not to expect thee at the inn, albeit thou wouldest far better discharge the debt of courtesy by sending word to thy friends, that they come here to sup; and then, if go thou must, you might all go in a body." Andreuccio replied, that he would have none of his friends that evening, but since she would have him stay, he would even do her the pleasure. She then made a shew of sending word to the inn that they should not expect him at dinner. Much more talk followed; and

then they sate down to a supper of many courses splendidly served, which she cunningly protracted until nightfall; nor, when they were risen from table, and Andreuccio was about to take his departure, would she by any means suffer it, saying that Naples was no place to walk about in after dark, least of all for a stranger, and that, as she had sent word to the inn that they were not to expect him at supper, so she had done the like in regard of his bed. Believing what she said, and being (in his false confidence) overjoyed to be with her, he stayed. After supper there was matter enough for talk both various and prolonged; and, when the night was in a measure spent, she gave up her own chamber to Andreuccio, leaving him with a small boy to shew him aught that he might have need of, while she retired with her women to another chamber.

It was a very hot night, so, no sooner was Andreuccio alone than he stripped himself to his doublet, and drew off his stockings and laid them on the bed's head; and nature demanding a discharge of the surplus weight which he carried within him, he asked the lad where this might be done, and was shewn a door in a corner of the room, and told to go in there. Andreuccio, nothing doubting, did so, but, by ill luck, set his foot on a plank which was detached from the joist at the further end, whereby down it went, and he with it. By God's grace he took no hurt by the fall, though it was from some height, beyond sousing himself from head to foot in the ordure which filled the whole place, which, that you may the better understand what has been said, and that which is to follow, I will describe to you. A narrow and blind alley, such as we commonly see between two houses, was spanned by planks supported by joists on either side, and on the planks was the stool; of which planks that which fell with Andreuccio was one. Now Andreuccio, finding himself down there in the alley, fell to calling on the lad, who, as soon as he heard him fall, had run off, and promptly let the lady know what had happened. She hied forthwith to her chamber, and after a hasty search found Andreuccio's clothes and the money in them, for he foolishly thought to secure himself against risk by carrying it always on his person, and thus being possessed of the prize for which she had played her ruse, passing herself off as the sister of a man of Perugia, whereas she was really of Palermo, she concerned herself no further with Andreuccio except to close with all speed the door by which he had gone out when he fell. As the lad did not answer, Andreuccio began to shout more loudly; but all to no purpose. Whereby his suspicions were aroused, and he began at last to perceive the trick that had been played upon him; so he climbed over a low wall that divided the alley from the street, and hied him to the door of the house, which he knew very well. There for a long while he stood shouting and battering the door till it shook on its hinges; but all again to no purpose. No doubt of his misadventure now lurking in his mind, he fell to bewailing himself, saying:—"Alas! in how brief a time have I lost five hundred florins and a sister!" with much more of the like sort. Then he recommenced battering the door and shouting, to such a tune that not a few of the neighbours were roused, and finding the nuisance intolerable, got up; and one of the lady's servant-girls presented herself at the window with a very sleepy air, and said angrily:—"Who knocks below there?" "Oh!" said Andreuccio, "dost not know me? I am Andreuccio, Madam Fiordaliso's brother."

"Good man," she rejoined, "if thou hast had too much to drink, go, sleep it off, and come back to-morrow. I know not Andreuccio, nor aught of the fantastic stuff thou pratest; prithee begone and be so good as to let us sleep in peace." "How?" said Andreuccio, "dost not understand what I say? For sure thou dost understand; but if Sicilian kinships are of such a sort that folk forget them so soon, at least return me my clothes, which I left within, and right glad shall I be to be off." Half laughing, she rejoined:-- "Good man, methinks thou dost dream;" and, so saying, she withdrew and closed the window. Andreuccio by this time needed no further evidence of his wrongs; his wrath knew no bounds, and mortification well-nigh converted it into frenzy; he was minded to exact by force what he had failed to obtain by entreaties; and so, arming himself with a large stone, he renewed his attack upon the door with fury, dealing much heavier blows than at first. Wherefore, not a few of the neighbours, whom he had already roused from their beds, set him down as an ill-conditioned rogue, and his story as a mere fiction intended to annoy the good woman, (3) and resenting the din which he now made, came to their windows, just as, when a stranger dog makes his appearance, all the dogs of the quarter will run to bark at him, and called out in chorus:--"Tis a gross affront to come at this time of night to the house of the good woman with this silly story. Prithee, good man, let us sleep in peace; begone in God's name; and if thou hast a score to settle with her, come to-morrow, but a truce to thy pestering to-night."

Emboldened, perhaps, by these words, a man who lurked within the house, the good woman's bully, whom Andreuccio had as yet neither seen nor heard, shewed himself at the window, and said in a gruff voice and savage, menacing tone:--"Who is below there?" Andreuccio looked up in the direction of the voice, and saw standing at the window, yawning and rubbing his eyes as if he had just been roused from his bed, or at any rate from deep sleep, a fellow with a black and matted beard, who, as far as Andreuccio's means of judging went, bade fair to prove a most redoubtable champion. It was not without fear, therefore, that he replied:--"I am a brother of the lady who is within." The bully did not wait for him to finish his sentence, but, addressing him in a much sterner tone than before, called out:--"I know not why I come not down and give thee play with my cudgel, whilst thou givest me sign of life, ass, tedious driveller that thou must needs be, and drunken sot, thus to disturb our night's rest." Which said, he withdrew, and closed the window. Some of the neighbours who best knew the bully's quality gave Andreuccio fair words. "For God's sake," said they, "good man, take thyself off, stay not here to be murdered. Twere best for thee to go." These counsels, which seemed to be dictated by charity, reinforced the fear which the voice and aspect of the bully had inspired in Andreuccio, who, thus despairing of recovering his money and in the deepest of dumps, set his face towards the quarter whence in the daytime he had blindly followed the little girl, and began to make his way back to the inn. But so noisome was the stench which he emitted that he resolved to turn aside and take a bath in the sea. So he bore leftward up a street called Ruga Catalana, and was on his way towards the steep of the city, when by chance he saw two men coming towards him, bearing a lantern, and fearing that they might be patrols or other men who might do him a mischief, he stole away and hid himself in a

dismantled house to avoid them. The house, however, was presently entered by the two men, just as if they had been guided thither; and one of them having disburdened himself of some iron tools which he carried on his shoulder, they both began to examine them, passing meanwhile divers comments upon them. While they were thus occupied, "What," said one, means this? Such a stench as never before did I smell the like. "So saying, he raised the lantern a little; whereby they had a view of hapless Andreuccio, and asked in amazement:--"Who is there?" Whereupon Andreuccio was at first silent, but when they flashed the light close upon him, and asked him what he did there in such a filthy state, he told them all that had befallen him. Casting about to fix the place where it occurred, they said one to another:--"Of a surety 'twas in the house of Scarabone Buttafuoco." Then said one, turning to Andreuccio:--"Good man, albeit thou hast lost thy money, thou hast cause enough to praise God that thou hadst the luck to fall; for hadst thou not fallen, be sure that, no sooner wert thou asleep, than thou hadst been knocked on the head, and lost not only thy money but thy life. But what boots it now to bewail thee? Thou mightest as soon pluck a star from the firmament as recover a single denier; nay, 'tis as much as thy life is worth if he do but hear that thou breathest a word of the affair."

The two men then held a short consultation, at the close of which they said:--"Lo now; we are sorry for thee, and so we make thee a fair offer. If thou wilt join with us in a little matter which we have in hand, we doubt not but thy share of the gain will greatly exceed what thou hast lost." Andreuccio, being now desperate, answered that he was ready to join them. Now Messer Filippo Minutolo, Archbishop of Naples, had that day been buried with a ruby on his finger, worth over five hundred florins of gold, besides other ornaments of extreme value. The two men were minded to despoil the Archbishop of his fine trappings, and imparted their design to Andreuccio, who, cupidity getting the better of caution, approved it; and so they all three set forth. But as they were on their way to the cathedral, Andreuccio gave out so rank an odour that one said to the other:--"Can we not contrive that he somehow wash himself a little, that he stink not so shrewdly?" "Why yes," said the other, "we are now close to a well, which is never without the pulley and a large bucket; 'tis but a step thither, and we will wash him out of hand." Arrived at the well, they found that the rope was still there, but the bucket had been removed; so they determined to attach him to the rope, and lower him into the well, there to wash himself, which done, he was to jerk the rope, and they would draw him up. Lowered accordingly he was; but just as, now washen, he jerked the rope, it so happened that a company of patrols, being thirsty because 'twas a hot night and some rogue had led them a pretty dance, came to the well to drink. The two men fled, unobserved, as soon as they caught sight of the newcomers, who, parched with thirst, laid aside their bucklers, arms and surcoats, and fell to hauling on the rope, that it bore the bucket, full of water. When, therefore, they saw Andreuccio, as he neared the brink of the well, loose the rope and clutch the brink with his hands, they were stricken with a sudden terror, and without uttering a word let go the rope, and took to flight with all the speed they could make. Whereat Andreuccio marvelled mightily, and had he not kept a tight grip on the brink of the well, he would certainly have gone

back to the bottom and hardly have escaped grievous hurt, or death. Still greater was his astonishment, when, fairly landed on terra firma, he found the patrols' arms lying there, which he knew had not been carried by his comrades. He felt a vague dread, he knew not why; he bewailed once more his evil fortune; and without venturing to touch the arms, he left the well and wandered he knew not whither. As he went, however, he fell in with his two comrades, now returning to draw him out of the well; who no sooner saw him than in utter amazement they demanded who had hauled him up. Andreuccio answered that he knew not, and then told them in detail how it had come about, and what he had found beside the well. They laughed as they apprehended the circumstances, and told him why they had fled, and who they were that had hauled him up. Then without further parley, for it was now midnight, they hied them to the cathedral. They had no difficulty in entering and finding the tomb, which was a magnificent structure of marble, and with their iron implements they raised the lid, albeit it was very heavy, to a height sufficient to allow a man to enter, and propped it up. This done, a dialogue ensued. "Who shall go in?" said one. "Not I," said the other. "Nor I," rejoined his companion; "let Andreuccio go in." "That will not I," said Andreuccio. Whereupon both turned upon him and said:—"How? thou wilt not go in? By God, if thou goest not in, we will give thee that over the pate with one of these iron crowbars that thou shalt drop down dead." Terror-stricken, into the tomb Andreuccio went, saying to himself as he did so:—"These men will have me go in, that they may play a trick upon me: when I have handed everything up to them, and am sweating myself to get out of the tomb, they will be off about their business, and I shall be left, with nothing for my pains." So he determined to make sure of his own part first; and bethinking him of the precious ring of which he had heard them speak, as soon as he had completed the descent, he drew the ring off the Archbishop's finger, and put it on his own: he then handed up one by one the crosier, mitre and gloves, and other of the Archbishop's trappings, stripping him to his shirt; which done, he told his comrades that there was nothing more. They insisted that the ring must be there, and bade him search everywhere. This he feigned to do, ejaculating from time to time that he found it not; and thus he kept them a little while in suspense. But they, who, were in their way as cunning as he, kept on exhorting him to make a careful search, and, seizing their opportunity, withdrew the prop that supported the lid of the tomb, and took to their heels, leaving him there a close prisoner. You will readily conceive how Andreuccio behaved when he understood his situation. More than once he applied his head and shoulders to the lid and sought with might and main to heave it up; but all his efforts were fruitless; so that at last, overwhelmed with anguish he fell in a swoon on the corpse of the Archbishop, and whether of the twain were the more lifeless, Andreuccio or the Archbishop, 'twould have puzzled an observer to determine.

When he came to himself he burst into a torrent of tears, seeing now nothing in store for him but either to perish there of hunger and fetid odours beside the corpse and among the worms, or, should the tomb be earlier opened, to be taken and hanged as a thief. These most lugubrious meditations were interrupted by a sound of persons walking and talking in the church.

They were evidently a numerous company, and their purpose, as Andreuccio surmised, was the very same with which he and his comrades had come thither: whereby his terror was mightily increased. Presently the folk opened the tomb, and propped up the lid, and then fell to disputing as to who should go in. None was willing, and the contention was protracted; but at length one--'twas a priest--said:--"Of what are yeafeared? Think ye to be eaten by him? Nay, the dead eat not the living. I will go in myself." So saying he propped his breast upon the edge of the lid, threw his head back, and thrust his legs within, that he might go down feet foremost. On sight whereof Andreuccio started to his feet, and seizing hold of one of the priest's legs, made as if he would drag him down; which caused the priest to utter a prodigious yell, and bundle himself out of the tomb with no small celerity. The rest took to flight in a panic, as if a hundred thousand devils were at their heels. The tomb being thus left open, Andreuccio, the ring still on his finger, spring out. The way by which he had entered the church served him for egress, and roaming at random, he arrived towards daybreak at the coast. Diverging thence he came by chance upon his inn, where he found that his host and his comrades had been anxious about him all night. When he told them all that had befallen him, they joined with the host in advising him to leave Naples at once. He accordingly did so, and returned to Perugia, having invested in a ring the money with which he had intended to buy horses.

---

- (1) Charles II. of Naples, son of Charles of Anjou.
- (2) Frederic II. of Sicily, younger son of Peter III. of Arragon.
- (3) I. e. the bawd.

## **PARISIAN SOCIETY--LE TOUT PARIS**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Vie de Bohème*, by Orlo Williams

The events of the time, the spiritual exaltation of young France, and the \_éclat\_ of the Romantic struggle gave to Bohemia a definite position. This position was accentuated by the smallness of Parisian society. The diversity and complexity of life in a great modern city are such that, even if all other obstacles were swept away, this alone would still make it impossible for Bohemia to rise again. Bohemians must live where rents are low--on the outer circumference, that is, of a city. In the larger capitals of Europe the inner circle, which contains the commerce and luxury, the hurry and bustle, has extended enormously in the last fifty years or so. The increase of middle-class prosperity has thrown far back the alleys and mean houses, to give place to "residential" districts; the easiness of modern travel has brought vast hotels and a constant foreign population; shops and theatres fill immeasurably more space. Bohemia is driven to the extremities of the spider's web, so that, in Plato's phrase, it is no longer one, but many. It would be absurd to imagine a solid cohort formed from Hampstead, Chelsea, and Camden Town, to say nothing of Wimbledon or Hampton Court,

for the purpose of forcing some "Hernani" upon the London public (or its newspaper critics). Public opinion can hardly be corrected when the agents of correction are forced to disperse in the last motor omnibus. Moreover, this extension of the inner circle has made its inhabitants less susceptible to sudden assaults. Unconventional demonstrations have upon it no more effect than the poke of a finger upon an india-rubber ball. The interests of Bohemia, even if this circle be not entirely indifferent to them, are only a fraction of its multitudinous preoccupations, which include the fluctuations of the money market, the results of athletic contests in all parts of the globe, the progress of foreign wars, the crimes and railway accidents of the week, the development of aviation, and the safest method of crossing the street. Bohemia can no longer be pointed to and felt by society as part of itself, and when this is the case the name is nothing but a metaphor.

Speaking of the year 1841, Baudelaire in "L'Art Romantique" says:

"Paris was not then what it is to-day, a hurly-burly, a Babel inhabited by fools and futilities, with little delicacy as to how they kill time. At that time *tout Paris* was composed of that choice body of people who were responsible for forming the opinion of the others."

[Illustration: Les Champs Elysées]

The glory of Bohemia rests partly on this fact. During Louis Philippe's reign this state of society, comparable in some respects with the ideal polity of the Attic philosophers, was, it is true, being disrupted from within. The balance of power between wealth of gold and fecundity of ideas was gradually changing--a change of which Balzac is the immortal epic poet. Yet, though the power of a Nucingen was increasing, and Paris was about to start on its new prosperity as the pleasure-ground of Europe, this precious *tout Paris* lasted till the reign was over. Paris was small, in extent, in population, in the number of those who formed its opinion. Of its actual compactness as a city I shall speak in a later chapter; suffice it now to say that the boulevards of Montmartre and Montparnasse bounded it on the north and south, that the Champs Elysées was still a wilderness, and that outside the fortifications lay open country. The population about 1835 was only 714,000; railways were hardly beginning, factories only tentatively being erected. The working classes were chiefly engaged in commerce or *petits métiers*, and the heights of Ménilmontant smiled as green and as free from slums as the Champs Elysées were free from luxurious hotels. The passing foreign population, though there was a certain number of English attracted by cheap living, was almost negligible. Brazilians and Argentines, Germans and Americans were hardly to be seen; even French provincials walked delicately instead of forming, as they do now, the chief *clientèle* of the Parisian theatres. *Le tout Paris* was, therefore, a nucleus within a circle of three segments--the middle class, the aristocratic families, and Bohemia.

The middle class, though the most numerous, was only potentially important at the time. Politics and money-making were its only preoccupations. It was divided, of course, into an infinity of grades, all of which may be illustrated from characters in Balzac's "Comédie Humaine." There were the bankers and usurers from the Du Tillets down to the Samanons, the successful merchants like Birotteau, the world of officials so accurately described in "Les Employés," the judges like old Popinot, and all the men of law from a Desroches down to his youngest clerk. Some were as sordid and bourgeois as the Thuilliers, others luxurious debauchees like the Camusots and Matifats, others, like the Rabourdins, fringed upon the *beau monde*. The sons of men enriched and decorated by Napoleon formed perhaps the cream of the middle class, and of these Balzac has given his opinion in describing Baron Hulot's son, who plays so large a part in "Cousine Bette":

"M. Hulot junior was just the type of young man fashioned by the Revolution of 1830, with a mind engrossed by politics, respectful towards his hopes, suppressing them beneath a false gravity, very envious of reputations, uttering phrases instead of incisive *mots*--those diamonds of French conversation--but with plenty of attitude and mistaking haughtiness for dignity. These people are the walking coffins which contain the Frenchman of former times; the Frenchman gets agitated at moments and knocks against his English envelope; but ambition holds him back, and he consents to suffocate inside it. This coffin is always dressed in black cloth."

This sombre portion of the background need, therefore, trouble us no further. It dominated politics and was ignored by *tout Paris*.

The aristocracy of the Faubourg St.-Germain is almost equally negligible. Being legitimists, they sulked after 1830, either living on their country estates or shutting themselves gloomily within the gaunt walls of their *hôtels* in the Faubourg. This retirement, too, was not wholly due to *bouderie*, for many of them, like Balzac's Princesse de Cadignan, suffered heavy financial losses by the Revolution. Their self-denying ordinance caused a great diminution in the general gaiety of Paris for some years. Legitimist drawing-rooms, where a brilliant host of guests had been wont to gather, were hushed and dark while the dowagers gravely discussed the latest news of the Duchesse de Berry. The few official *fêtes* were severely boycotted, and even the entertainments of foreign ambassadors suffered. It was an irksome business for the younger members, particularly the ladies of the aristocracy, who eventually gathered courage to break out into small entertainments, and in 1835 there was the first of a series of legitimist balls, the subscriptions for which went to recompense those whose civil list pensions had been suppressed in 1830. After this the Faubourg St.-Germain became more lively, and certain houses were opened to a wider circle of guests. Eugène Sue, for instance, till he became impossible, was to be found in many legitimist drawing-rooms.

Nevertheless, the Faubourg St.-Germain avoided attracting the public eye by any conspicuous festivities, and this had two effects. In the first place, it brought the more joyous festivities of *tout Paris* and the riotous celebrations of Bohemia into greater relief; and, in the second, the men of the aristocracy, like the Duc d'Aulnis, were driven to find distraction and amusement in a gayer world into which their own womankind was debarred from penetrating. It was they who formed a certain section of *tout Paris*; they were the *viveurs*, the *dandies*, the young bloods of the newly founded Jockey Club, the members of the *petit cercle* in the Café de Paris, who joined hands with what may be called *la haute Bohème*.

There was, however, a certain amount of neutral ground between the aristocracy of birth and that of wit to be found in the literary *salons* of the day, which, if not quite so illustrious as they had once been, shone with a considerable amount of brilliance. Among the legitimists these were, of course, not to be found, but the aristocracy of Napoleon was represented by the *salons* of the Duchesse de Duras and the Duchesse d' Abrantès. The latter, widow of Napoleon's marshal Junot, was a particular friend of Balzac, who was the most notable figure to be found at her house. She was always dreadfully in debt, and after being sold up she died in a hospital in 1838. The *salon* of the Princess Belgiojoso in the Rue Montparnasse attracted particular attention because, with an aristocratic hostess, it had all the *entrain* of more purely artistic gatherings. Till troubles in Italy called them back to their estates the Prince and Princess Belgiojoso were among the gayest of the gay. The Prince with his boon companion, Alfred de Musset, ruffled it merrily on the boulevard, while the Princess, who had many of the most brilliant men of the day for her lovers, filled her apartments with poets, artists, writers, and, above all, musicians. One who frequented her drawing-room hung with black velvet, spangled with silver stars, says she had a "fierté glaciale, mais curiosité suraiguë." The splendour of her entertainments was royal, and her concerts were magnificent. To this the *salons* of Madame Ancelot and Madame Récamier were a striking contrast. The former was composed chiefly of serious men of letters and politicians, while at L'Abbaye-aux-Bois Madame Récamier acted as priestess to the adoration of the aging Châteaubriand. The *salons* of the pure Romantics made no pretence of splendour and were entirely free from the atmosphere of officialdom. The chief of them were those of Madame Hugo, of Madame Gay (who was succeeded by her daughter, Delphine de Girardin), and of Charles Nodier, the genial librarian of the Arsenal. In all of these, as in the *salon* of the Princess Belgiojoso, *tout Paris* was to be found in force. The gatherings round Victor Hugo were a little too much flavoured by the fumes of the censer, but those of the Girardins and of Nodier were of the most charming gaiety. Balzac, in a humorous article, drew a malicious sketch of the exaggerated enthusiasms of Nodier's guests when a poem was read before them. "Cathédrale!" "Ogive!" "Pyramide d'Egypte!" were the approved exclamations of ecstatic approbation. Madame Ancelot[11] confesses that she found the

conversation very amusing, but very strange. "There was never a serious word," she says, "never anything profound, sensible, or simple; every word was meant to cause laughter, to make an effect. The more a thing was unexpected--that is, the less it was natural--the more prodigious was its success." She, no doubt, was prejudiced, and the fact remains that every guest who wrote in after years of Nodier's *salon*, its merry conversation followed inevitably by dancing, did so with most grateful praise, for Nodier died in 1846, leaving his Romantic friends to write regretful reminiscences. The *salon* of Sophie Gay and her daughter was equally infected by high spirits, but it was less purely literary.

Liszt, Thalberg, and Berlioz made music here; Roger de Beauvoir met Lamartine, and the Marquis de Custine sat by Balzac or Alphonse Karr. The de Vignys also had a *salon*, and Théodore de Banville speaks most warmly of their kindly hospitality; but there was a certain aloofness about the creator of "Eloa," and another of his guests found that in his house colouring seemed absent, so that "the regular guests seemed to come and go in the moonlight."<sup>[12]</sup>

To speak at greater length about the *salons* of the Romantic period would here be beside the mark. Bohemians, no doubt, were often to be found at Victor Hugo's or Nodier's, but on those occasions they were consciously straying outside their own boundaries. Neither the stately house in the Place Royale nor the librarian's dwelling at the Arsenal was within the domains of Bohemia, and no Bohemian of the time would have dreamed of claiming them, as the later "Parnassiens" might have claimed the *salons* of Nina de Kallias and Madame Ricard, for parts of their ordinary existence. The case, however, is different with the relations between *le tout Paris* and Bohemia. *Le tout Paris* was, as I have said, a nucleus, but a nucleus of disparate and constantly shifting particles. This perfectly undefined body had, of course, no definite place of assembly, but so far as it could be identified with any particular locality it may be said to have congregated on the boulevard. The Boulevard des Italiens--*the* boulevard--was the chosen spot for the saunterings of the chosen few, a fact which by itself is a proof of the smallness and privacy of Paris compared with the present day, when this same boulevard is flooded from morning till night by a hurrying stream of indistinguishable humanity. In the days of Louis Philippe nobody, except an ignorant foreigner, ventured to appear on this sacred preserve in the afternoon without some semblance of a title. The title may have been so small as a peculiarly elegant waistcoat, a capacity for drinking, or a happy invention for practical jokes, or it may have been the reputation for a ready wit and a trenchant pen; but whosoever dared to show himself in this select society was sure to have some particular justification for making himself conspicuous, otherwise he was certain to be quizzed out of existence. The newcomer, if he survived a short but swift scrutiny, entered an informal though exclusive club of which every member was known to the others--he was known, that is, to "all Paris." All Paris, in a sense, it truly was, not because the greatest poets and statesmen belonged to it--for they had better things to do than to waste so much time--but because it served as the central intelligence

department or, I might almost say, as the brain of Paris. A word uttered there was round the town in two hours; there a poet was made or a play damned--in the twinkling of an eye. One day of its activity furnished all the wit of the next day's newspapers, which is hardly surprising when so many of its members were journalists. *Le tout Paris* was not hide-bound in its requirements; it admitted high birth as one qualification for membership, wealth if accompanied by good manners as another, but a certain way to its heart was by a brilliant handling of the pen. In spite of the exaggeration of the Parisian scenes in "Illusions Perdues," there is no unreality in Balzac's picture of Lucien's sudden rise from impoverished obscurity to fame and money. Lucien, the provincial poet, after his disappointing elopement with Madame de Bargeton, retires discomfited to a garret in the Quartier Latin. The door of rich protectors is shut in his face, no publisher will read his poems or accept his novels. The serpent arrives in the shape of Lousteau, who shows him the devilish power of journalism. By a lucky chance Lucien is asked to write a dramatic criticism for a new paper. He succeeds brilliantly, and he has Paris at his feet. The publisher cringes before his power and publishes all that he had formerly rejected; with money, fine clothes, and a reputation, he can answer stare for stare and return the impertinences of Rastignac and de Marsay; even Madame de Bargeton in the Faubourg St.-Germain cowers from his revengeful epigrams. So long as he remains a power in the Press he is flattered and caressed and plumes himself, a butterfly only just emerged, in the glittering *tout Paris* of his day.

The moral of *Lucien de Rubempré*, so far as we are immediately concerned, is not ethical, but resolves itself into the truth that there was an open passage between Bohemia and *le tout Paris* which was crossed by not a few. Gautier crossed it, so did Arsène Houssaye, Ourliac, the dramatist, and several others. There were also men who seemed to spend their time between the two, like the elder Dumas, Roger de Beauvoir, and Alfred de Musset, who combined the extravagance of Bohemia with the luxury of the boulevards in different proportions, without ever being entire Bohemians or complete *viveurs*, and who maintained such a continuous communication between the more literary sections of *le tout Paris* and the finer talents of Bohemia that it would be in some cases difficult to say where one left off and the other began. It is therefore impossible to write of the *vie de Bohème* without entering into this larger and more conspicuous life of what may be called *la haute Bohème*. Not only was it the sound-board from which in a lucky moment the struggling whisperer on the left bank might hear his utterances booming forth to a multitude eager for novelty, not only was it an unofficial academy to which every Bohemian might aspire to belong as soon as he had made his mark, but it was also, during the years following 1830, animated by such a spirit of revelry and reckless amusement that the riots of true Bohemia were as pale ghosts before its more notable orgies. There were strong reasons for the merging of the two Bohemias, and the only precise distinction was the possession or want of money. Bohemia proper has no money except what it can make by

its art, and as its inhabitants are young that is little enough. *La haute Bohème*, with a less strict limitation of years, makes money and spends it recklessly. Instead of pleading youth as the excuse of its folly, it claims the indulgence due to artistic achievement. However, so far as the generation of 1830 were concerned, this distinction was not absolute, for the Bohemians of 1830 were not invariably so destitute as their successors, so that they were enabled to mix to some extent in the gayer life of the artistic *boulevardiers*.

The most universal word--which I shall adopt--applicable to this *haute Bohème* is the contemporary name for them, *les viveurs*. They were a particular product of the time, and no words of mine can describe them better than a passage from Balzac's "Illusions Perdues." The period of the novel is some years before 1830, but this particular description is far more applicable to the years that followed the second Revolution. I quote it in French, because it is impossible to do it justice in a translation:

"A cette époque florissait une société de jeunes gens, riches et pauvres, tous désœuvrés, appelés *viveurs*, et qui vivaient en effet avec une incroyable insouciance, intrépides mangeurs, buveurs plus intrépides encore. Tous bourreaux d'argent et mêlant les plus rudes plaisanteries à cette existence, non pas folle, mais enragée, ils ne reculaient devant aucune impossibilité, faisaient gloire de leurs méfaits, contenus néanmoins en de certaines bornes: l'esprit le plus original couvrait leurs escapades, il était impossible de ne pas les leur pardonner. Aucun fait n'accuse si hautement l'ilotisme auquel la Restauration avait condamné la jeunesse. Les jeunes gens, qui ne savaient à quoi employer leurs forces, ne lesjetaient pas seulement dans le journalisme, dans les conspirations, dans la littérature et dans l'art, ils les dissipaien dans les plus étranges excès, tant il y'avait de sève et de luxuriantes puissances dans la jeune France. Travailleuse, cette belle jeunesse voulait le pouvoir et le plaisir; artiste, elle voulait des trésors; oisive, elle voulait animer ses passions; de toute manière elle voulait une place, et la politique ne lui en faisait nulle part."

[Illustration: A Viveur]

Balzac gives his own character, Rastignac, as an instance of the typical *viveur*, but Rastignac had a purpose in his heart, while some of the most prominent among the *viveurs* had none but to amuse themselves. These I name first, for, having no other preoccupations, they set the tone of the whole society. They were chiefly members of the aristocracy who found no place for their energies in a *bourgeois* State which sought no military glory. One of their leaders, the Duc d'Aulnis, who settled down afterwards to serve the State worthily, gives in his memoirs the reason why so many young men of good family gave themselves up to riotous living, as he did under his *nom de plaisir* of

Alton-Shee. He and other young legitimists resigned their commissions in 1831 on finding that Louis Philippe, *le roi des barricades*, sided with the insurrectionists, so that, as he says, "the class of idlers was increased by a large number of legitimists who had resigned their commissions and by a contingent of refugees belonging to the Italian, Polish, and Spanish aristocracies. To distract their minds from the thoughts of so many broken careers, so many hopes disappointed, they dashed with an irresistible rush into the pursuit of enjoyment and sought to appease their generous aspirations in an unbridled love of pleasure."

These were the young men who spent all their time in imitating Brummell or the Comte d'Orsay, paying minute attention to every curve of their voluminous frock-coats, the patterns of their waistcoats, and the folding of their cravats; who drove and rode irreproachable horses imported from England, and founded the French Jockey Club under the auspices of Lord Seymour; who dined copiously at the Café de Paris and adjourned to lounge at the Opéra in the *loge infernale*, where the cream of Parisian dandyism paraded with its *lorgnette* for the edification of the public. In racing and gambling they found their excitement; their consolation was the venal love of a ballet dancer. For no moment of the day did they pursue a worthy ambition, and their only excuse was that, being idle perforce, they attained a certain exquisiteness even in pleasure. Sadly the Duc d'Aulnis sums them up:

"Our generation had the love of liberty, passion, gaiety, an artistic nature, little vanity, the desire to be rather than to appear; then came discouragement, scepticism, the pursuit of amusement, the habit of smoking which fills the intervals, the taste for intoxication, that fugitive poetry of vulgar enjoyments, and every prodigality to satisfy our desires. If one considers what we leave behind us, our baggage is light: the folly of the carnival, the invention of the cancan, the generalization of the cigar, the acclimatization of clubs and races, will be merits of small value in the eyes of posterity.... Of these joyous *enfants du siècle* brought by ruin to face pitiless reality, some escaped from their embarrassments by suicide, others found death or promotion in Africa, others shared their names with rich heiresses; others, persevering at all hazards, swallowing affronts and braving humiliations, lived on the precarious resources of gambling, borrowing, toadying, and parasitism; the most wretched of all fell step by step into the depths of infamy; only a very small number tried to save themselves by hard work."

These men set the pace among the *viveurs*: they were seconded by the more ambitious young men of whom Balzac's Rastignac is the type, who were determined to succeed and uttered in their hearts his famous threat to Paris by the grave of old Goriot, "Maintenant c'est entre nous." These men became *viveurs*, not as a pastime, but as a means. Rastignac, shocked to see that virtuous devotion would not save Père

Goriot from a broken heart, and sick of the Maison Vauquer's squalor, determines to play society at its own game and make profit out of its corruption. He becomes the lover of Madame de Nucingen, one of Goriot's ungrateful daughters, and by allowing himself to become a tool in the crafty Baron Nucingen's third liquidation lays the foundation of his own fortunes. Such a man could not live in seclusion--he was forced into the ranks of the *viveurs*, in order to become a conspicuous figure. A smart tilbury and clothes from a first-class tailor were part of his stock-in-trade; he could not afford to run the risk of humiliation before his lady by laying himself open to affront by a more exquisite "dandy" than himself. A Rastignac had to shine to compass his ends, and he shone most brilliantly as a *viveur*, playing at idleness and debauch to cloak his subtle schemes, and drowning the shame of his parasitism in a passionate self-indulgence. Thanks to a strong will he is entirely successful, and out of the wreck of his illusions and his generous impulses builds himself a career as a politician.

Rastignac is one of the most wonderful characters created by Balzac's penetrating pessimism; that he had a special place in his creator's heart is proved, I think, by his frequent appearance on the stage. Those who delight in the fascinating pastime of following Balzac's characters through the whole extent of the "Comédie Humaine" will know that it is impossible to understand Rastignac without reading "La Maison Nucingen," a story which, for pure virtuosity, is second to none of Balzac's masterpieces. They will remember that the scene is set in the year 1836 in a private room at Véry's restaurant, where the impersonal narrator, by overhearing the conversation in the adjoining room, is entertained by the thrilling account of how Rastignac profited by Baron Nucingen's third fraudulent liquidation. The shady financial proceedings of the astute Alsatian--as exciting as a dashing campaign--are related in a marvellous series of *boutades* by Balzac's favourite grotesque, Bixiou, the own brother of Panurge. Now Bixiou and the three friends with whom he is dining are Balzac's examples of the third party among the *viveurs*, that party to which the title *la haute Bohème* is most peculiarly applicable. They were neither aristocratic and wealthy, like a Duc d'Aulnis, nor aristocratic and poor, like a Rastignac, but men of obscure origin and unusual intelligence. They joined the ranks of the *viveurs* neither to banish the *ennui* of enforced idleness, nor out of cold calculation for a diplomatic end--for they were inevitably debarred from attaining any position in the *beau monde*--but simply as a distraction from their pursuit of worldly success as journalists, artists, speculators, and general exploiters of society. They were not single-hearted warriors for an ambition; their aim in life was not purely diversion, it was merely to obtain the maximum of selfish enjoyments, which included a satisfied vanity, a full purse, good food, rare wine, and a pretty mistress. Of them Barbey d'Auréville's remark was true: "Qui dit journalistes dit femmes entretenues. Cela veut souper."

They had been pure Bohemians, most of them, in their earlier youth, with

higher ideals and more restricted enjoyments; but their gorge, too, had risen at the squalor of their Maison Vauquer, and they had parleyed with the devil. Discovering in themselves some talent for making money, they had exploited it to the exclusion of all others. They traded either in their own art or in that of others. On the boulevard they held their own by their engaging sallies of malicious gossip, by their prodigal extravagance, and, above all, by the fear which their power as journalists, critics, caricaturists, or newspaper proprietors inspired. They were Bohemians at heart, carrying the more pardonable disorders of Bohemia into less exacting circumstances, spending their gifts and their money without a thought, luxurious, venal, insatiable. Their type is to be found to-day in the rich mercantile, especially Jewish, society of all large cities; but in Paris of the thirties and forties they were more powerful and more conspicuous. Though they could never hope to enter the Jockey Club, they were hail-fellow-well-met with the *viveurs* of blue blood; they served the Rastignacs when it was worth their while, and they were so near to the true Bohemia that their example was at once its temptation and its despair. Balzac himself sums up the four friends, Bixiou, Finot, Blondet, and Couture, in a passage which, having myself said so much, I quote in the original:

"C'était quatre des plus hardis cormorans éclos dans l'écume qui couronne les flots incessamment renouvelés de la génération présente; aimables garçons dont l'existence est problématique, à qui l'on connaît ni rentes ni domaines, et qui vivent bien. Ces spirituels *condottieri* de l'industrie moderne, devenue la plus cruelle des guerres, laissent les inquiétudes à leurs créanciers, gardent les plaisirs pour eux, et n'ont de souci que de leur costume. D'ailleurs, braves à fumer, comme Jean Bart, leur agare sur un baril de poudre, peut-être pour ne pas faillir à leur rôle; plus moqueurs que les petits journaux, moqueurs à se moquer d'eux-mêmes, perspicaces et incrédules, fureteurs d'affaires, avides et prodigues, envieux d'autrui, mais contents d'eux-mêmes; profonds politiques par saillies, analysant tout, devinant tout, ils n'avaient pas encore pu se faire jour dans le monde où ils voudraient se produire."

Andoche Finot had risen by his acute perception of the commercial future of journalism. We meet him in his early days in "César Birotteau," abandoning the puffing of actresses and writing of articles to less perspicuous journalists, and devoting himself to what is now grandly called "publicity." It was he who helped the worthy young Anselme Popinot to push the *huile céphalique* which repaired Birotteau's shattered fortunes. In "Illusions Perdues" we find him again, first proprietor of a small paper, then spending his profits and straining his credit in buying a larger one--one of the spiders into whose web poor Lucien fell. By 1836 he is a lord of the Press, a fictitious counterpart of Emile de Girardin, who with Lautour-Mézéray, another *viveur*, made a fortune by selling *La Presse* at half the price of other newspapers. Couture is a very minor character, a financial speculator, who only hung

on the fringe of the *viveurs*. Blondet and Bixiou are more important. The former had many counterparts in Paris of the day. He was "a newspaper editor, a man of much intelligence, but slipshod, brilliant, capable, lazy, knowing, but allowing himself to be exploited, equally faithless and good-natured by caprice; one of those men one likes, but does not respect. Sharp as a stage *soubrette*, incapable of refusing his pen to anyone who asked for it or his heart to anyone who would borrow it."

Bixiou is no longer young in 1836. Balzac gives an earlier portrait of him in "Les Employés," when he is a minor official, caricaturist and journalist, poor, ambitious, a real liver of *la vie de Bohème*. But, says Balzac, "he is no longer the Bixiou of 1825, but that of 1836, the misanthropical buffoon whose fun is known to have the most sparkle and the most acidity, a wretch enraged at having spent so much wit at a pure loss, furious at not having picked up his bit of flotsam in the last revolution, giving everyone a kick like a true Pierrot at the play, having his period and its scandalous stories at his fingers' ends, decorating them with his droll inventions, jumping on everybody's shoulders like a clown, and trying to leave a mark on them like an executioner."

Such, in general, were the *viveurs* who postured in the front of the Parisian stage--equally at home on the steps of Tortoni's or in the Café de Paris, in the Princess Belgiojoso's drawing-room or the luxurious boudoir of a Coralie or Florine, making the talk and spreading the gossip, blowing up the reputations and blasting the characters of the town. To know their habits and eccentricities places those of the true Bohemia in a proper light. In drawing a composite picture of them I have drawn upon fiction, but in another chapter I will justify these generalizations by introducing some of the real heroes of *le tout Paris*.

---

## **WOMAN IN POLITICS**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Women of Modern France (Illustrated), by Hugo Paul Thieme (1870-1940)

French women of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, when studied according to the distinctive phases of their influence, are best divided into three classes: those queens who, as wives, represented virtue, education, and family life; the mistresses, who were instigators of political intrigue, immorality, and vice; and the authoresses and other educated women, who constituted themselves the patronesses of art and literature.

This division is not absolute by any means; for we see that in the sixteenth century the regent-mother (for example, Louise of Savoy and Catherine de' Medici), in extent of influence, fills the same position as does the mistress in the eighteenth century; though in the former period appears, in Diana of Poitiers, the first of a long line of ruling mistresses.

Queen-consorts, in the sixteenth as in the following centuries, exercised but little influence; they were, as a rule, gentle and obedient wives--even Catherine, domineering as she afterward showed herself to be, betraying no signs of that trait until she became regent.

The literary women and women of spirit and wit furthered all intellectual and social development; but it was the mistresses--those great women of political schemes and moral degeneracy--who were vested with the actual importance, and it must in justice to them be said that they not infrequently encouraged art, letters, and mental expansion.

Eight queens of France there were during the sixteenth century, and three of these may be accepted as types of purity, piety, and goodness: Claude, first wife of Francis I.; Elizabeth of France, wife of Charles IX.; and Louise de Vaudemont, wife of Henry III. These queens, held up to ridicule and scorn by the depraved followers of their husbands' mistresses, were reverenced by the people; we find striking contrasts to them in the two queens-regent, Louise of Savoy and Catherine de' Medici, who, in the period of their power, were as unscrupulous and brutal, intriguing and licentious, jealous and revengeful, as the most wanton mistresses who ever controlled a king. In this century, we find two other remarkable types: Marguerite d'Angoulême, the bright star of her time; and her whose name comes instantly to mind when we speak of the Lady of Angoulême--Marguerite de Navarre, representing both the good and the doubtful, the broadest sense of that untranslatable term *femme d'esprit*.

The first of the royal French women to whom modern woman owes a great and clearly defined debt was Anne of Brittany, wife of Louis XII. and the personification of all that is good and virtuous. To her belongs the honor of having taken the first step toward the social emancipation of French women; she was the first to give to woman an important place at court. This precedent she established by requesting her state officials and the foreign ambassadors to bring their wives and daughters when they paid their respects to her. To the ladies themselves, she sent a "royal command," bidding them leave their gloomy feudal abodes and repair to the court of their sovereign.

Anne may be said to belong to the transition period--that period in which the condition of slavery and obscurity which fettered the women of the Middle Ages gave place to almost untrammeled liberty.

The queen held a separate court in great state, at Blois and Des Tournelles, and here elegance, even magnificence, of dress was required of her ladies. At first, this unprecedented demand caused discontent among men, who at that time far surpassed women in elaborateness of costume and had, consequently, been accustomed to the use of their surplus wealth for their own purposes. Under Anne's influence, court life underwent a complete transformation; her receptions, which were characterized by royal splendor, became the centre of attraction.

Anne of Brittany, the last queen of France of the Middle Ages and the first of the modern period, was a model of virtuous conduct, conjugal fidelity, and charity. Having complete control over her own immense wealth, she used it largely for beneficent purposes; to her encouragement much of the progress of art and literature in France was due. Hers was an example that many of the later queens endeavored to follow, but it cannot be said that they ever exerted a like influence or exhibited an equal power of initiation and self-assertion.

The first royal woman to become a power in politics in the period that we are considering was Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I., a type of the voluptuous and licentious female of the sixteenth century. Her pernicious activity first manifested itself when, having conceived a violent passion for Charles of Bourbon, she set her heart upon marrying him, and commenced intrigues and plots which were all the more dangerous because of her almost absolute control over her son, the King.

At this time there were three distinct sets or social castes at the court of France: the pious and virtuous band about the good Queen Claude; the lettered and elegant belles in the coterie of Marguerite d'Angoulême, sister of Francis I.; and the wanton and libertine young maids who formed a galaxy of youth and beauty about Louise of Savoy, and were by her used to fascinate her son and thus distract him from affairs of state.

Louise used all means to bring before the king beautiful women through whom she planned to preserve her influence over him. One of these frail beauties, Françoise de Foix, completely won the heart of the monarch; her ascendancy over him continued for a long period, in spite of the machinations of Louise, who, when Francis escaped her control, sought to bring disrepute and discredit upon the fair mistress.

The mother, however, remained the powerful factor in politics. With an abnormal desire to hoard money, an unbridled temper, and a violent and domineering disposition, she became the most powerful and dangerous, as well as the most feared, woman of all France. During her regency the state coffers were pillaged, and plundering was carried on on all sides. One of her acts at this time was to cause the recall of Charles of Bourbon, then Governor of Milan; this measure was taken as much

for the purpose of obtaining revenge for his scornful rejection of her offer of marriage as for the hope of eventually bringing him to her side.

Upon the return of Charles, she immediately began plotting against him, including in her hatred Françoise de Foix, the king's mistress, at whom Bourbon frequently cast looks of pity which the furiously jealous Louise interpreted as glances of love. As a matter of fact, Bourbon, being strictly virtuous, was out of reach of temptation by the beauties of the court, and there were no grounds for jealousy.

This love of Louise for Charles of Bourbon is said to have owed most of its ardor to her hope of coming into possession of his immense estates. She schemed to have his title to them disputed, hoping that, by a decree of Parliament, they might be taken from him; the idea in this procedure was that Bourbon, deprived of his possessions, must come to her terms, and she would thus satisfy--at one and the same time--her passion and her cupidity.

Under her influence the character of the court changed entirely; retaining only a semblance of its former decency, it became utterly corrupt. It possessed external elegance and *distingué* manners, but below this veneer lay intrigue, debauchery, and gross immorality. In order to meet the vast expenditures of the king and the queen-mother, the taxes were enormously increased; the people, weighed down by the unjust assessment and by want, began to clamor and protest. Undismayed by famine, poverty, and epidemic, Louise continued her depredations on the public treasury, encouraging the king in his squanderings; and both mother and son, in order to procure money, begged, borrowed, plundered.

Louise was always surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, selected beauties of the court, whose natural charms were greatly enhanced by the lavishness of their attire. Always ready to further the plans of their mistress, they hesitated not to sacrifice reputation or honor to gratify her smallest whim. Her power was so generally recognized that foreign ambassadors, in the absence of the king, called her "that other king." When war against France broke out between Spain and England, Louise succeeded in gaining the office of constable for the Duc d'Alençon; by this means, she intended to displace Charles of Bourbon (whom she was still persecuting because he continued cold to her advances), and to humiliate him in the presence of his army; the latter design, however, was thwarted, as he did not complain.

To the caprice of Louise of Savoy were due the disasters and defeats of the French army during the period of her power; by frequently displacing someone whose actions did not coincide with her plans, and elevating some favorite who had avowed his willingness to serve her, she kept military affairs in a state of confusion.

Many wanton acts are attributed to her: she appropriated forty thousand crowns allowed to Governor Lautrec of Milan for the payment of his soldiers, and caused the execution of Samblancay, superintendent of finances, who had been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure. It was Charles of Bourbon, who, with Marshal Lautrec, investigated the episode of the forty thousand crowns and exposed the treachery and perfidy of the mother of his king.

Finding that Bourbon intended to persist in his resistance to her advances, Louise decided upon drastic measures of retaliation. With the assistance of her chancellor (and tool), Duprat, she succeeded in having withheld the salaries which were due to Bourbon because of the offices held by him. As he took no notice of these deprivations, she next proceeded to divest him of his estates by laying claim to them for herself; she then proposed to Bourbon that, by accepting her hand in marriage, he might settle the matter happily. The object of her numerous schemes not only rejected this offer with contempt, but added insult to injury by remarking: "I will never marry a woman devoid of modesty." At this rebuff, Louise was incensed beyond measure, and when Queen Claude suggested Bourbon's marriage to her sister, Mme. Renée de France (a union to which Charles would have consented gladly), the queen-mother managed to induce Francis I. to refuse his consent.

After the death of Anne of Beaujeu, mother-in-law of Charles of Bourbon, her estates were seized by the king and transferred to Louise while the claim was under consideration by Parliament. When the judges, after an examination of the records of the Bourbon estate, remonstrated with Chancellor Duprat against the illegal transfer, he had them put into prison. This rigorous act, which was by order of Louise, weakened the courage of the court; when the time arrived for a final decision, the judges declared themselves incompetent to decide, and in order to rid themselves of responsibility referred the matter to the king's council. This great lawsuit, which was continued for a long time, eventually forced Charles of Bourbon to flee from France. Having sworn allegiance to Charles V. of Spain and Henry VIII. of England against Francis I., he was made lieutenant-general of the imperial armies.

When Francis, captured at the battle of Pavia, was taken to Spain, Louise, as regent, displayed unusual diplomatic skill by leaguing the Pope and the Italian states with Francis against the Spanish king. When, after nearly a year's captivity, her son returned, she welcomed him with a bevy of beauties; among them was a new mistress, designed to destroy the influence of the woman who had so often thwarted the plans of Louise--the beautiful Françoise de Foix whom the king had made Countess of Châteaubriant.

This new beauty was Anne de Pisseleu, one of the thirty children of Seigneur d'Heilly, a girl of eighteen, with an exceptional education. Most cunning was the trap which Louise had set for the king. Anne was

surrounded by a circle of youthful courtiers, who hung upon her words, laughed at her caprices, courted her smiles; and when she rather confounded them with the extent of the learning which--with a sort of gay triumph--she was rather fond of showing, they pronounced her "the most charming of learned ladies and the most learned of the charming."

The plot worked; Francis was fascinated, falling an easy prey to the wiles of the wanton Anne. The former mistress, Françoise de Foix, was discarded, and Louise, purely out of revenge and spite, demanded the return of the costly jewels given by the king and appropriated them herself.

The duty assigned to the new mistress was that of keeping Francis busy with fêtes and other amusements. While he was thus kept under the spell of his enchantress, he lost all thought of his subjects and the welfare of his country and the affairs of the kingdom fell into the hands of Louise and her chancellor, Duprat. The girl-mistress, Anne, was married by Louise to the Duc d'Etampes whose consent was gained through the promise of the return of his family possessions which, upon his father's departure with Charles of Bourbon, had been confiscated.

The reign of Louise of Savoy was now about over; she had accomplished everything she had planned. She had caused Charles of Bourbon, one of the greatest men of the sixteenth century, to turn against his king; and that king owed to her--his mother--his defeat at Pavia, his captivity in Spain, and his moral fall. Spain, Italy, and France were victims of the infamous plotting and disastrous intrigues of this one woman whose death, in 1531, was a blessing to the country which she had dishonored.

At the time of the marriage of Francis I. to Eleanor of Portugal (one of the last acts of Louise), Europe was beginning to look upon France as ahead of all other nations in the "superlativeness of her politeness." The most rigid etiquette and the most punctilious politeness were always observed, fines being imposed for any discourtesy toward women.

After the death of Louise, the lot of managing the king and directing his policy fell to the share of his mistress, the Duchesse d'Etampes, who at once became all-powerful at court; her influence over him was like that of the drug which, to the weak person who begins its use, soon becomes an absolute necessity.

After the death of the dauphin, all the court flatteries were directed toward Henry, the eldest son of Francis. Though his mistress, Diana of Poitiers, ruled him, she exercised no influence politically; that she was not lacking in diplomacy, however, was proved by her attitude toward Henry's wife, Catherine, whom she treated with every indication of friendship and esteem, in marked contrast to the disdain exhibited

by other ladies of the court. These two women became friends, working together against the mistress of the king--the Duchesse d'Etampes--and causing, by their intrigues, dissensions between father and son.

The duchess was not a bad woman; her dissuasion of Francis I. from undertaking war with Solyman II. against Charles V. is one instance of the use of her influence in the right direction. By some historians, she is accused of having played the traitress, in the interest of Emperor Charles V., during the war of Spain and England against France. It was she who urged the Treaty of Crépy with Charles V.; by it, through the marriage of the French king's second son, the Duke of Orleans, to the niece of Charles V., the duchess was sure of a safe retreat when her bitter enemy, Henry's mistress, should reign after the king's death. Her plans, however, did not materialize, as the duke died and the treaty was annulled.

The death of Francis I. occurred in 1547; with his reign ends the first period of woman's activity--a period influenced mainly by Louise of Savoy, whose relations to France were as disastrous as were those of any mistress. The influence exerted by her may in some respects be compared with that of Mme. de Pompadour; though, were the merits and demerits of both carefully tested, the results would hardly be in favor of Louise. Strong in diplomacy and intrigue, she was unscrupulous and wanton--morally corrupt; she did nothing to further the development of literature and art; if she favored men of genius it was merely from motives of self-interest.

With the accession of Henry II. his mistress entered into possession of full power. The absolute sway of Diana of Poitiers over this weakest of French kings was due to her strong mind, great ability, wide experience, fascination of manner, and to that exceptional beauty which she preserved to her old age. Immediately upon coming into power, she dispatched the Duchesse d'Etampes to one of her estates and at the same time forced her to restore the jewels which she had received from Francis I., a usual procedure with a mistress who knew herself to be first in authority.

After being thus displaced, the duchess spent her time in doing charitable work, and is said to have afforded protection to the Protestants. Eventually, hers was the fate of almost all the mistresses. Compelled to give up many of her possessions, miserable and forgotten by all, her last days were most unhappy.

Early in her career, Henry made Diana Duchesse de Valentinois. So powerful did she become that Sieur de Bayard, secretary of state, having referred in jest to her age (she was twenty years the king's senior), was deprived of his office, thrown into prison, and left to die. In her management of Queen Catherine, Diana was most politic; she never interfered, but constituted herself "the protectress of the legitimate wife, settling all questions concerning the newly born,"

for which she received a large salary. When, while the king was in Italy, the queen became ill, she owed her recovery to the watchful care of the mistress. The latter appointed to the vacant estates and positions members of her house--that of Guise. In time, this house gained such an ascendancy that it conceived the project of setting aside all the princes of the blood royal.

Having (through one of her favorites) gained control of the royal treasury, Diana appropriated everything--lands, money, jewels. Her influence was so astonishing to the people that she was accused of wielding a magic power and bewitching the king who seemed, verily, to be leading an enchanted existence; he had but one thought, one aim--that of pleasing and obeying his aged mistress. To make amends for his adultery, he concluded to extirpate heretics. Such a combination of luxury and extravagance with licentiousness and brutality, such wholesale murder, persecution, and burning at the stake have never been equalled, except under Nero.

Michelet reveals the character of Diana in these words: "Affected by nothing, loving nothing, sympathizing with nothing; of the passions retaining only those which will give a little rapidity to the blood; of the pleasures preferring those that are mild and without violence--the love of gain and the pursuit of money; hence, there was absence of soul. Another phase was the cultivation of the body, the body and its beauty uniquely cared for by virile treatment and a rigid régime which is the guardian of life--not weakly adored as by women who kill themselves by excessive self-love." M. Saint-Amand continues, after quoting the above: "At all seasons of the year, Diana plunges into a cold bath on rising. As soon as day breaks, she mounts a horse, and, followed by swift hounds, rides through dewy verdure to her royal lover to whom--fascinated by her mythological pomp--she seems no more a woman but a goddess. Thus he styles her in verses of burning tenderness:

"Hélas, mon Dieu! combien je regrette  
Le temps que j'ai perdu en ma jeunesse!  
Combien de fois je me suis souhaité  
Avoir Diane pour ma seule maîtresse.  
Mais je craignais qu'elle, qui est déesse,  
Ne se voulût abaisser jusque là."

[Alas, my God! how much I regret the time lost in my youth! How often have I longed to have Diana for my only mistress! But I feared that she who is a goddess would not stoop so low as that.]

Catherine remained quietly in the palace, preferring her position, unpleasant as it was, to the persecution and possible incarceration in a convent which would result from any interference on her part between the king and his mistress. Without power or privileges, she was a mere figurehead--a good mother looking after her family. However,

she was not idle; without taking part in the intrigues, she was studying them--planning her future tactics; in all relations she was diplomatic, her conversation ever displaying exquisite tact.

While France groaned under the burdens of seemingly interminable wars and exorbitant taxes, her king revelled in excessive luxury; the aim of his favorite mistress seemed to be to acquire wealth and spend it lavishly for her own pleasure. Voluptuousness, cruelty, and extravagance were the keynotes of the time. All means were used to procure revenues, the king easing any pangs of conscience by burning a few heretics whose estates were then quickly confiscated.

Diana, even at the age of sixty, still held Henry in her toils; an easy prey for the wiles of the flatterer, he was kept in ignorance of the hatred and anger heaping up against him. In the midst of riotous festivity, Henry II. died, a victim of the lance of Montgomery; and the twelve years' reign of debauchery, cruelty, and shameless extravagance came to an end.

Whatever else may be said of Diana, she proved to be a liberal patroness of art and letters; this was possible for her, since, in addition to inherited wealth and the gifts of lands and jewels from the king, she procured the possessions of many heretics whose confiscated wealth was assigned to her as a faithful servant and supporter of the church.

Her hotel at Anet was one of the most elaborate, tasteful, and elegant in all France; there the finest specimens of Italian sculpture, painting, and woodwork were to be seen. The king, upon making her a duchess, presented her with the beautiful château of Chenonceaux, which was so much coveted by Catherine. The latter attempted to make Diana pay for the château, thus interrupting her plans for building; upon discovering this, Henry sent his own artists and workmen to carry out Diana's desires. Such was the power of his mistress over the weak king that he respected her wishes far more than he did those of his queen. This was one of those instances in which Catherine saw fit to remain silent and plan revenge.

The death of Diana of Poitiers was that common to all women of her position. She died in 1566, forgotten by the world--her world. In her will she made "provision for religious houses, to be opened to women of evil lives, as if, in the depth of her conscience, she had recognized the likeness between their destiny and her own." Like the former mistresses, she had been required to give up the jewels received from Henry II.; but as this order was from Francis II. instead of from his mistress, the gems were returned to the crown after having passed successively through the hands of three mistresses.

Catherine's time had not yet come, for she dared not interfere

when Mary Stuart (a beautiful, inexperienced, and impetuous girl of seventeen) gained ascendancy over Francis II.--a mere boy. The house of Guise was then supreme and began its bloody campaign against its enemies; fortunately, however, its power was short-lived, for in 1560 the king died after reigning only seventeen months. At this point, Catherine enters upon the scene of action. Jealous of Mary Stuart and fearing that the young king, Charles IX., then but ten years old, might become infatuated with her and marry her, she promptly returned the fair young woman to Scotland.

The task before the regent was no light one; her kingdom was divided against itself, the country was overburdened with taxes, and discontent reigned universally. All who surrounded her were full of prejudice and actuated solely by personal aspirations--she realized that she could trust no one.

Her first act of a political nature was to rescue the house of Valois and solidify the royal authority. Some critics maintain that she began her reign with moderation, gentleness, impartiality, and reconciliation. This view finds support in the fact that during the first years she favored Protestantism; finding, however, that the latter was weakening royal power and that the country at large was opposed to it, she became its most bitter enemy. To the Protestants and their plottings she attributed all the disastrous effects of the civil war, all thefts, murders, incests, and adulteries, as well as the profanation of the sepulchres of the ancestors of the royal family, the burning of the bones of Louis XI. and of the heart of Francis II.

The Machiavellian policy was Catherine's guide; bitter experience had robbed her of all faith in humanity--she had learned to despise it and the judgment of her contemporaries. At first she was amiable and polite, seemingly intent upon pleasing those with whom she talked; in fact, it is said that she was then more often accused of excessive mildness and moderation than of the violence and cruelty which later characterized her. Experience having taught her how to deal with people, she never lost her self-control.

Subsequent history shows that any gentle and conciliatory policy of Catherine was merely a method of furthering her own interests, and was therefore not the outcome of any inborn feeling of sympathy or womanly tenderness. Whether her signing of the Edict of Saint-Germain, admitting the Protestants to all employments and granting them the privilege of Calvinistic worship in two cities of every province, and her refusal, upon the urgent solicitations of her son-in-law, Philip II., to persecute heretics were really snares laid for the Huguenots, is a matter which historians have not decided.

Inasmuch as the entire history of France plays about the personality of Catherine de' Medici, no attempt will be made to give a detailed

chronological account of her career; the results, rather than the events themselves, will be given. M. Saint-Amand, in his work on French Women of the Valois Court, presents one of the strongest pictures drawn of Catherine. We shall follow him in the greater part of this sketch.

According to some historians, Catherine was a mere intriguer, without talent or ability, living but in the moment, often caught in her own snares; according to others, by her intelligence, ability, and strength of character she advanced a cause truly national--that of French unity; thus, she worked either the ruin or the salvation of France. Michelet calls her a nonentity, a stage queen with merely the externals--the attire--of royalty, remaining exactly on a level with the rulers of the smaller Italian principalities, contriving everything and fearing everything, with no more heart than she had sense or temperament. Being a female, she loved her young; she loved the arts, but cared to cultivate only their externalities. In this, however, Michelet goes to an extreme; for no woman ever lived who had so great a talent for intrigues and politics as she--a very type of the deceit and cunning which were inherent in her race. If she were not important, had not wielded so much influence and decided the fate of so many great men, women, and even states, she would not be the subject of so much writing, of such fierce denunciation and strong praise. To her family, France owes her finest palaces, her masterpieces of art--painting, bookmaking, printing, binding, sculpture.

M. Saint-Amand declares that "isolated from her contemporaries, Catherine de' Medici is a monster; brought back within the circle of their passions and their theories, she once more becomes a woman." But Catherine was the instigator, the embodiment of all that is vice, deceit, cunning, trickery, wickedness, and bold intrigue; she set the example, and her ladies followed her in all that she did; "the heroines bred in her school (and what woman was not in her school?) imitate, with docility, the examples she gives them." She was not only the type of her civilization,--brutal, gross, immoral, elegant, polished, and mondain,--but she was also its leader.

Greatness of soul, real moral force, strict virtue, are not attributes of the sixteenth-century woman--they are isolated and rare exceptions; these Catherine did not possess. Nor was she influenced deeply by her environments; the latter but encouraged and developed those qualities which were hers inherently,--will, intelligence, inflexible perseverance, tenacity of purpose, unscrupulousness, cruelty; hence, to say "She is the victim rather than the inspiration of the corruption of her time" is misleading, to say the least. If, upon her arrival at court, "she at once pleased every one by her grace and affability, modest air, and, above all, by her extreme gentleness," she could not have changed, say her defenders, into the perfidious, wicked, and cruel creature she is said to have become as soon as she

stepped into power. "During the reign of Henry II., she wisely avoided all danger; faithful to her wifely duties, she gave no cause for scandal, and, realizing that she was not strong enough to overcome her all-powerful rival, she bided her time. She was loved and respected by everyone for her personal qualities and her benevolence." But why may it not be true that all this was but part of her politics, the politics in which she had been educated? Wise from experience, she foresaw the future and what was in store for her if she remained prudent and made the best of the surroundings until the time should come when she could strike suddenly and boldly.

Brought up from infancy amidst snares, intrigues, the clash of arms, the furious shouts of popular insurrections, tempests, and storms, she could not escape the influence of her early environment. Her talent for studying and penetrating the designs of her enemies, for facing or avoiding dangers with such sublime calmness and prudence, was partly inherited, partly acquired. That spirit she took with her to France, where her experience was widened and her opportunities for the study of human nature were increased.

It is not generally known that her mother was a French woman--a Madeleine de La Tour d'Auvergne, daughter of Jean, Count of Boulogne, and Catherine of Bourbon, daughter of the Count of Vendôme; thus, her gentler nature was a French product. Her mother and father both died when she was but twenty-two days old, and from that time until her marriage she was cast about from place to place. But from the very first she showed that talent of adapting herself to her surroundings, living amidst intrigues and discords and yet making friends. She has been called "the precocious heiress of the craftiness of her progenitors."

In her thirteenth year, after being sought by many powerful princes, Clement VII. (her greatuncle), in order to secure himself against the powerful Charles V., married her to Henry, Duke of Orleans, the second son of Francis I. Even at that early age she was fully aware of all the dreariness and danger attached to positions of power, and knew that the art of governing was not an easy one. She had studied Machiavelli's famous work, *The Prince*, which had been dedicated to her father, and it was from it, as well as from her ancestors, that she derived her wisdom and astuteness. Her childhood had prepared her for the work of the future, and she went at it with caution and reserve until she was sure of her ground.

She first proceeded to study the king, Francis I., watching his actions, extracting his secrets; a fine huntress and at his side constantly, she pleased him and gained his favor. Brantôme says she was subtle and diplomatic, quickly learning the craft of her profession; she sought friends among all classes and ranks, directing her overtures specially toward the ladies of the court, whom she soon won and gathered about her.

In 1536 the dauphin died, and Catherine's husband became heir to the throne of France. Though they had been married three years, no offspring had resulted, which unfortunate circumstance made her position a most uncertain one, especially as Diana of Poitiers was then at the height of her power, controlling Henry absolutely. A furious rivalry sprang up between the Duchesse d'Etampes, mistress of Francis I., and Diana and Catherine; the two mistresses formed two parties, and a war of slanders, calumnies, and unpleasant epigrams ensued. Queen Eleanor, the second wife of Francis I., took no active part, thus leaving all power in the hands of the mistress of her husband. (It was at this time that the Emperor Charles V. gained the Duchesse d'Etampes over to his cause.) Poets and artists, politicians and men of genius took sides, extolling the beauty of the one they championed. Catherine, although befriended and treated with apparent respect by Diana, remained a good friend to both women, thus evincing her tact. By keeping her own personality in the background, she won the esteem of both her husband and the king.

Brantôme leaves a picture of Catherine at this time: "She was a fine and ample figure; very majestic, yet agreeable and very gentle when necessary; beautiful and gracious in appearance, her face fair and her throat white and full, very white in body likewise.... Moreover, she dressed superbly, always having some pretty innovation. In brief, she had beauties fitted to inspire love. She laughed readily, her disposition was jovial, and she liked to jest." M. Saint-Amand continues: "The artistic elegance that surrounded her whole person, the tranquil and benevolent expression of her countenance, the good taste of her dress, the exquisite distinction of her manners, all contributed to her charm. And then she was so humble in the presence of her husband! She so carefully avoided whatever might have the semblance of reproach! She closed her eyes with such complaisance! Henry told himself that it would be difficult to find another woman so well-disposed, another wife so faithful to her duties, another princess so accomplished in point of instruction and intelligence. The *ménage à trois* (household of three) was continued, therefore, and if the dauphin loved his mistress, he certainly had a friendship for his wife. And, on her part, whenever she felt an inclination to complain of her lot, Catherine bethought herself that if she quitted her position she would probably find no refuge but the cloister, and that--taking it all around--the court of France (in spite of the humiliations and vexations one might experience there) was an abode more desirable than a convent;" this, then, is the secret of her submission. In spite of her beauty, mildness, and distinction of manner, she could not overcome the prestige of Diana.

After nine years, Catherine was still without children and began to fear the fate in store for her; but when she gave birth to a son in 1543, she felt assured that divorce no longer threatened her and she resolved that as soon as she came into power she would be revenged

upon her enemies and Diana of Poitiers. When, in 1547, her husband succeeded his father as King of France, she did not feel that the time had yet arrived to interfere in any social or domestic arrangements or affairs of state; not until ten years later did she show the first sign of remarkable statesmanship or ability as a politician.

After the battle and capture of Saint-Quentin, France was in a most deplorable state; the enemy was believed to be beneath the walls of Paris; everybody was fleeing; the king had gone to Compiègne to muster a new army. Catherine was alone in Paris "and of her own free will went to the Parliament in full state, accompanied by the cardinals, princes, and princesses; and there, in the most impressive language, she set forth the urgent state of affairs at the moment.... With so much sentiment and eloquence that she touched the heart of everybody, the queen then explained to the Parliament that the king had need of three hundred thousand livres, twenty-five thousand to be paid every two months; and she added that she would retire from the place of session, so as not to interfere with the liberty of discussion; accordingly, she retired to another room. A resolution to comply with the wishes of her majesty was voted, and the queen, having resumed her place, received a promise to that effect. A hundred nobles of the city offered to give at once three thousand francs apiece. The queen thanked them in the sweetest form of words, and thus terminated this session of Parliament--with so much applause for her majesty and such lively marks of satisfaction at her behavior, that no idea can be given of them. Throughout the city, nothing was spoken of but the queen's prudence and the happy manner in which she proceeded in this enterprise" (Guizot). From this act dates Catherine's entrance into political consideration.

During the reign of Francis II., Catherine de' Medici exercised no influence at court, the king being completely under the dominion of his wife and the Duke of Guise, who was not favorable to the queen-mother's schemes and policies. Catherine, however, was plotting; caring little about religion so long as it did not further her plans, she connected herself with the Huguenots; her scheme was to bring the Guises to destruction and to form a council of regency which, while composed of the Huguenot leaders, was to be under her guidance. As this plan failed, bringing ruin to many princes, she deserted the Huguenots and allied herself with the Catholics.

She is next found attempting the assassination of the Duke of Condé, but she failed to accomplish that crime because her son, the king, refused his consent. Soon after, Francis II. died, it is said from the effect of poison dropped into his ear while he was sleeping; it is probable that this crime was committed at the instigation of the mother, since by his death and the accession of Charles IX. she became regent (1560). She was then all-powerful and in a position to exercise her long dormant talents.

Her first plan was to incapacitate all her children by plunging them "into such licentious pleasure and voluptuous dissipation that they were speedily unfitted for mental activity or exertion." Most unprejudiced historians credit her with the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew; she is said to have boasted about it to Catholic governments and excused it to Protestant powers. For a number of years, she had been planning the destruction of the Huguenot princes, and as early as 1565 she and Charles IX. had an interview with the Duke of Alva (representative of Philip II), to consult as to the means of delivering France from heretics. It was decided that "this great blessing could not have accomplishment save by the deaths of all the leaders of the Huguenots."

That fearful crime, the bloody Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, is familiar to everyone. The only excuse offered for this most heinous of Catherine's many offences is her intense sentiment of national unity; the actual reason for it is to be sought in the fact that as long as the Protestants retained their prestige and influence, Catherine and her Catholic party could not do as they pleased, could not gain absolute control over the government. History holds her more responsible than it does her weak son. The climax came on the occasion of the wedding of Marguerite of Valois with the Prince of Navarre, which meant the union of the branches--the Catholic and the Protestant. This resulted in the first breach between the king and Catherine; the latter at that time perpetrated one of her dastardly deeds by poisoning the mother of the Prince of Navarre--Jeanne d'Albret, her bitter enemy.

After the death of Charles IX., Henry III. was the sole survivor of the four sons of Catherine. Although her power was limited during his reign, she managed to continue her murderous plans and accomplished the death of Henry of Guise and his brother the cardinal, which crime united the majority of the Catholics of France against the king and was the cause of his assassination in 1589. This ended the power of Catherine de' Medici; when she died, no one rejoiced, no one lamented. Wherever she had turned her eyes, she had seen nothing but occasions for uneasiness and sadness; she had retired from court, feeling her helplessness and disgrace as well as the decline in power of that son in whom her hopes were centred. She decided to reenter the scene of action and save Henry. The stormy scenes of the Barricades and the League and the murder of the Duke of Guise hastened her death, which occurred in 1589.

Catherine de' Medici may rightfully be called the initiator and organizer of social and court etiquette and courtesy--of conventional and social laws. However great her political activity, she made herself deeply felt in the social and moral worlds also. She taught her husband the secret of being king; she introduced the \_lever\_ audience; in the afternoon of every day, she held a reunion of all the ladies of the court, at which the king was to be found after dinner

and every lord entertained the lady he most loved; two hours were spent in this pleasure which was continued after supper if there were no balls; bitter railleries and anything that passed the restrictions of good company were forbidden.

Her ladies of honor obeyed her as they would their God. Marguerite of Valois said of her: "I did not dare to speak to her, and when she looked at me I trembled for fear of having done something that displeased her." Ladies who had been delinquent were stripped and beaten with lashes; for correction--frequently for mere pastime--she would have them undressed and slapped vigorously with the back of the hand. Françoise of Rohan, cousin of Jeanne d'Albret, wrote the following poem:

"Plus j'ai de toi souvent esté battue,  
Plus mon amour s'efforce et s'évertue  
De regretter ceste main qui me bat;  
Car ce mal-là m'estait plaisant esbat.  
Or, adieu donc la main dont la rigueur  
Je préferais à tout bien et honneur."

[The more often I have been struck by you, the more my love struggles and strives to regret the hand that beats me; for that punishment was a pleasant pastime for me. Now farewell to the hand whose rigor I preferred to every fortune and honor.]

The following portrait and poetry, taken from M. Saint-Amand, does the subject full justice: "Catherine de' Medici represented with a sinister glance, deadly mien, mysterious and savage aspect--a spectre, not a woman--is not true to nature. Her self-possession, cool cunning, supreme elegance, imperturbable tranquillity, calmness, moderation, noble serenity, and dignified poise, gave her an individuality such as few women ever possessed. Gentle in crime and tragedy, polite like an executioner toward his victim--this Machiavellianism which is equal to every trial, which nothing alarms or surprises, and which with tranquil dexterity makes sport of every law of morality and humanity--this is the real character of Catherine de' Medici." The following burlesque poetry was composed for her:

"La reine qui ci-git fut un diable et un ange,  
Toute pleine de blâme et pleine de louange,  
Elle soutint l'Etat, et l'Etat mit à bas;  
Elle fit maints accords et pas moins de débats;  
Elle enfanta trois rois et trois guerres civiles,  
Fit bâtir des châteaux et ruiner des villes,  
Fit bien de bonnes lois et de mauvais édits.  
Souhaite-lui, passant, enfer et paradis."

[The queen lying here was both devil and angel, blamed and praised; she both put down and upheld the state; she caused many an agreement

and no end of disputes; she produced three kings and three civil wars; she built castles and ruined cities, made many good laws and many bad decrees. Wish her, passer-by, hell and paradise.]

With the reign of Henry IV.--the first king of the house of Bourbon, and the first king of the sixteenth century with a will of his own and the courage to assert it--begins a period of revelling, debauch, and the most depraved immorality. Three mistresses in turn controlled him--morally, not politically.

Henry was master of his own will, and, had he desired to do so, could have overcome his evil tendencies; instead, he openly countenanced and even encouraged dissoluteness and elegant debauchery, as long as he himself was not deprived of the lady upon whom his capricious fancy happened to fall. His advances were but seldom repulsed; but upon making his usual audacious proposals to the Marquise de Guercheville, he was informed that she was of too insignificant a house to be the king's wife and of too good a race to be his mistress; and when the king, in spite of this rebuff, made her lady of honor to his wife, Marie de' Medici, she continued to resist him and remained virtuous. Such types of purity, honor, and moral courage were very exceptional during this reign.

The three principal mistresses of this sovereign represent three phases of influence and three periods of his life. Corisande d'Andouins, Comtesse de Guiche and Duchesse de Gramont, fascinated him for eight years, while he was King of Navarre (1582-1590); to her he was deeply attached, and recompensed her for her devotion; this is called his *\_chevaleresque\_* period. The beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, Duchesse de Beaufort, was called his mate after victory; "she refined, sharpened, softened, and tamed his customs; she made him king of the court instead of the field." It was she who ventured to meddle in his politics, she whom Marguerite of Valois, his wife, so detested that she refused to consent to a divorce as long as Gabrielle (by whom he had several children) remained his mistress. The latter even went so far as to demand the baptism, as a child of France, of her son by the king. Sully, in a rage, declared there were no "children of France," and took the order to the king, who had it destroyed; he then asked his minister to go to his mistress and satisfy her, "in so far as you can." To his efforts she replied: "I am aware of all, and do not care to hear any more; I am not made as the king is, whom you persuade that black is white." Upon receiving this report, the king said: "Here, come with me; I will let you see that women have not the possession of me that certain malignant spirits say they have." Accompanied by Sully, he immediately went to the Duchesse de Beaufort, and, taking her by the hand, said: "Now, madame, let us go into your room, and let nobody else enter except Rosny. I want to speak to you both and teach you how to be good friends." Then, having closed the door, holding Gabrielle with one hand and Rosny with the other, he said: "Good God, madame! What is the meaning of this? So you would vex me from sheer

wantonness of heart in order to try my patience? By God, I swear to you that, if you continue these fashions of going on, you will find yourself very much out in your expectations! I see quite well that you have been put up to all this pleasantry in order to make me dismiss a servant whom I cannot do without, and who has served me loyally for five-and-twenty years. By God, I will do nothing of the kind! And I declare to you that if I were reduced to such a necessity as to choose between losing one or the other, I could better do without ten mistresses like you than one servant like him." Shortly after this episode, Gabrielle died so suddenly that she was supposed to have been poisoned. Immediately after her death the divorce was granted, and Henry married Marie de' Medici.

The third mistress, Henriette de Balzac d'Entragues, Marquise de Verneuil, who led Henry IV. along a path of the worst debauchery, gained control over him by lewd, lascivious methods. While negotiations were being carried on for his divorce from Marguerite, only a few weeks after the death of Gabrielle, he signed a promise to marry Henriette; this, however, he failed to keep. She, more than any other of his mistresses, was the cause of national distress and of more than one ruinous war. When, after the marriage of the king to Marie de' Medici, Henriette began to nag, rail, intrigue, and conspire, she was disgraced by Henry, who at least had the courage to honor his own family above that of his mistresses. She is accused of having had, solely from motives of revenge, a hand in the death of the king.

Thus, around the queens-regent and the mistresses of the kings of France in the sixteenth century there is constant intriguing, murder, assassination, immorality, and debauchery, jealousy and revenge, marriage and divorce, honor and disgrace, despotism and final repentance and misery. The greatest and lowest of these women was Catherine de' Medici; Diana of Poitiers was famed as the most marvellously beautiful woman in France, and she was the most powerful and intelligent mistress until the time of Mme. de Pompadour. Amid all this bribery and corruption, elegant and refined immorality, there are some few types that represent education, family life, purity, and culture.

---

**Recipes** from Project Gutenberg's Domestic French Cookery, 4th ed., by Sulpice Barué  
1836

PULLED CHICKENS.

Boil a pair of fowls till they are about half done. Then skin them, and pull the flesh from the bones in pieces about a finger in breadth and

half a finger in length. Take a few table-spoonfuls of the liquor they were boiled in, and mix it with half a pint of boiling cream. Put it into a stew-pan with a piece of butter rolled in flour; pepper, salt, and nutmeg; a little chopped parsley; and a table-spoonful of white wine. Put in the pieces of chicken, and stew them slowly till quite done.

#### POTTED GOOSE.

Take several fine geese; rub them with salt, and put into each a handful of sage leaves. Roast them about an hour. Do not baste them, but save all the fat in the dripping-pan, emptying it as it is filled. When you have taken the geese from the spit, cut off the legs and wings, and cut the flesh from the breast in slices. Set them away to get cold.

Put the fat that has dripped from the geese into a kettle, with about half as much lard as there is of the dripping. Boil it ten minutes. Have ready a tall stone jar, or more than one if necessary. Lay two legs of the geese side by side in the bottom, and sprinkle them with salt and pepper; placing, if you choose, a laurel leaf on each. Then put in two wings, and season them also. Next a layer of the slices cut from the breast, seasoned in the same manner. When the pots are almost full of the goose, fill them up to the top with the boiling fat, and set them away till the next day to get cold. The upper layer must be covered at least an inch thick with the fat.

Tie up the pots with covers of parchment wet with brandy, and keep them in a cold but not in a damp place.

In France great numbers of geese are fattened for this purpose.

#### BAKED PIGEONS, OR PIGEONS À LA CRAPAUDINE.

Split the pigeons down the back. Take out the livers, which you must mince with bacon and sweet-herbs, adding to them the livers of fowls or other birds, if you have them, and bacon in proportion. Or you may substitute sausage-meat. Add bread-crumbs soaked in milk, and the yolks of two eggs or more, with salt, pepper, mace and nutmeg to your taste. Mix all together, and stuff your pigeons with it, and then glaze them all over with beaten white of egg. Place them in a buttered pan, and set them in the oven. Bake them half an hour. Before you serve them up, squeeze some lemon-juice into the gravy.

#### BROILED PIGEONS.

Split your pigeons and flatten them. Make a seasoning of sweet oil, salt, pepper, chopped shalots, and chopped parsley. Rub this seasoning

all over the pigeons. Then cover them with grated bread crumbs. Wrap each in a sheet of white paper, and broil them on a slow fire. Serve them up with a sauce made of minced onions, butter rolled in flour, lemon-juice or vinegar, and salt and pepper.

#### STEWED PEAS.

Take two quarts of green peas; put them into a stew-pan with a quarter of a pound of butter, a bunch of parsley, and the heart of a fine lettuce cut in pieces, a bunch of mint, three or four lumps of sugar, some salt and pepper, and a very little water. Stir all together, set it on coals and let it stew gently for an hour or an hour and a half. Having taken out the parsley, add a piece of butter rolled in flour; and stir in the yolks of two eggs just before you send it to table.

You may, if you choose, put in the lettuce without cutting it in pieces; tie it up with the bunch of parsley and two onions, and withdraw the whole before you dish the peas. Serve up the lettuce in another dish.

#### STEWED POTATOES.

Boil eight or nine large potatoes with a little salt, and then peel and cut them in slices. Put into a stew-pan a large piece of butter, a spoonful of flour, some salt, and half a grated nutmeg. Add a half-pint of cream, and mix all together. When this sauce boils, put in your sliced potatoes, and let them stew a quarter of an hour.

#### FRIED POTATOES.

Make a batter with the yolks of three eggs, a little salt, a table-spoonful of oil, a table-spoonful of brandy, and sufficient flour or grated bread to thicken it. Have ready some large cold potatoes cut in slices. Dip each slice in the batter, and fry them in butter.

#### STUFFED POTATOES.

Take eight very large potatoes, wash and pare them. Make a small slit or incision in each of them, and scoop out carefully with a knife as much of the inside as will leave all round a shell about the thickness of two cents. Then make a force-meat of the substance you have taken out of the inside, mixing it with two minced onions, a small piece of minced cold ham or pork, about two ounces of butter, and a little parsley; adding the yolks of two or three beaten eggs. Mix the stuffing thoroughly, by pounding it in a mortar.

Butter the inside of the potatoes, and fill them with this mixture. Then having buttered a large dish, lay your potatoes in it separately. Bake them half an hour, or till they are of a fine brown.

When you mash potatoes, moisten them with milk or cream, adding a little salt. Heap them up on the dish in the form of a pyramid. Smooth the sides of the pyramid with the back of a spoon, and brown it by holding over it a red-hot shovel.

#### PURÉE OF GREEN PEAS.

Take a quart of shelled green peas. Wash them, and put them into a stew-pan with water enough to cover them, a little salt and pepper, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a laurel leaf or a couple of peach-leaves, and a bunch of mint.

Let them stew very slowly; and if necessary moisten them occasionally with a little warm water or broth. Stir them frequently, that they may not stick to the pan. When they become of the consistence of marmalade, strain it. Chop an onion fine, fry it in butter, and have it ready to mix with the purée.

Dried split peas may be made into a purée in the same manner.

Purées may be made in a similar manner of different sorts of meat, poultry &c. seasoned, stewed slowly to a jelly, then strained through a cullender or sieve, and taken as soups.

#### PANCAKES.

Beat together a quart of sifted flour, six eggs, a table-spoonful of brandy, a grated nutmeg, a little salt, and sufficient water to make a thin batter. Melt a piece of butter in a frying-pan, or substitute a little sweet-oil. Pour in a ladleful of the batter, and let it spread into a circular form. When it is slightly brown on one side, turn it carefully on the other. Serve them up with white sugar grated over each.

You may color them pink, by stirring into the mixture some of the juice of a beet-root, which has been boiled and then beaten in a mortar.

#### FRENCH PASTE.

Sift a quart of flour, and lay it in a pan. Make a hole in the middle, and put into it the white of an egg slightly beaten, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a very little salt. Pour in gradually as much cold water as will moisten it. Mix it well with your hands, as rapidly as possible, and see that no lumps are left in it. Set it away to cool, and in a quarter of an hour roll it out, and spread over it half a pound of butter which has been kept in ice. Then fold up the paste with the four sides laid one over another, so as entirely to inclose the butter, and set it for half an hour in a cool place. Then roll it again; fold

it, and give it another roll. Set it away again; and in half an hour roll it out twice more, and it will be fit for use.

#### PUFF PASTE.

May be made with a pound of butter, and a pound and a quarter of sifted flour. The butter must be washed in cold water, and then squeezed very hard, and made up into a lump. Divide it into eight parts. Mix one part of the butter with the flour, adding just enough of water to moisten it. Roll it out; spread over it a second portion of the butter; flour it; fold it up, and roll it out again, adding another division of the butter. Repeat this till you get in all the butter, a piece at a time, folding and rolling the paste with each separate portion of the butter. Then set it away to cool. If it sets several hours, it will be the better for it; and better still if the paste is made the night before it is wanted; always keeping it in a cold place.

While buttering and rolling, do every thing as quickly as possible.

Before you put it into the dishes, roll it out once more. It is difficult in warm weather to make good puff paste without a marble table, or slab, to roll it on.

#### POTATO CAKE.

Roast in the ashes a dozen small or six large potatoes. When done, peel them, and put them into a pan with a little salt, and the rind of a lemon grated. Add a quarter of a pound of butter, or half a pint of cream, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Having mashed the potatoes with this mixture, rub it through a cullender, and stir it very hard. Then set it away to cool.

Beat eight eggs, and stir them gradually into the mixture. Season it with a tea-spoonful of mixed spice, and half a glass of rose-water.

Butter a mould or a deep dish, and spread the inside all over with grated bread. Put in the mixture, and bake it for three quarters of an hour.

#### COMPOTE OF PEARS.

Pare them, but leave on the stems. Lay them in a preserving-pan; and to a dozen moderate-sized pears, put half a pound of white sugar, a gill of water, and a few sticks of cinnamon, with some slips of lemon-peel. Simmer them till tender; and when half done, pour in a glass of port-wine. When quite done, take out the pears and lay them in a deep dish. Strain the syrup; give it another boil, and pour it over them.

## PEACH MARMALADE.

Take ripe peaches; pare them and cut them in half, taking out the stones. Weigh them, and to each pound of fruit allow half a pound of loaf-sugar. Mash them with the sugar, and put them in a preserving-kettle. Boil them slowly till they become a shapeless mass, which will generally be in about three quarters of an hour. Stir the marmalade frequently, to prevent its sticking to the kettle. Blanch half the kernels, and cut them in two; and when the marmalade is about half done, put them into it to give it a fine flavor. Take out the kernels when the marmalade is cold, and then tie it up in pots or glasses, laying over it paper dipped in brandy.

Marmalade of plums or green-gages may be made in the same manner.

## BRANDY PEACHES.

Take large yellow free-stone peaches; they must not be too ripe. Wipe off the down with a flannel, and then prick each peach to the stone with a large pin. Put them into a pan, and scald them with boiling water. Cover them, and let them rest for a few minutes. This is to make them white. You may repeat the scalding two or three times. Then take them out to drain and dry.

Allow a pound of the best loaf-sugar to a dozen large peaches. Put the sugar into a preserving-kettle (lined with enamel or porcelain), and melt it, allowing to each pound a gill of water, and half the white of an egg. Boil the sugar, and skim it till perfectly clear. Then put in the peaches, and give them a boil. Take them off the fire, and let them set in the syrup till next day.

The following morning take out the peaches, set the syrup over the fire, and when it has boiled a few minutes put in the peaches, and give them a short boil. Then take them out, and let them get cold. Boil down the syrup to half its original quantity, but take care that it does not boil long enough to congeal or become thick. Put the peaches into a glass jar, and pour the syrup over them. Fill up the jar with brandy, and cover it closely.

Apricots may be done in the same manner. Also pears. The stems must be left on the pears.

---

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

FARMERS' BULLETIN No. 1438

## MAKING FERMENTED PICKLES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of USDA Farmers' Bulletin No. 1438: Making Fermented Pickles, by Edwin LeFevre

INFORMATION AND DIRECTIONS for pickling vegetables in brine have been prepared for the use of housewives and producers of pickles, and to meet the needs of extension workers.

Cucumber (salt, sour, sweet, dill, and mixed) pickles and sauerkraut are given most attention. String beans, green tomatoes, chayotes, mango melons, burr gherkins, cauliflower, corn on the cob, and some fruits, such as peaches and pears, are mentioned.

Although intended mainly for guidance in putting up pickles on a small scale in the home, this bulletin may be used also in preparing large quantities on a commercial or semicommercial scale.

This bulletin is a revision of, and supersedes, Farmers' Bulletin 1159.

Washington, D. C. Issued August, 1924

## MAKING FERMENTED PICKLES

By Edwin LeFevre, Scientific Assistant, Microbiological Laboratory, Bureau of Chemistry

## CONTENTS

### Page

How brining preserves vegetables	1
Equipment for brining and pickling	2

Supplies for brining and pickling	4
Cucumber pickles	5
Salt pickles	5
Sour pickles	7
Sweet pickles	8
Dill pickles	8
Mixed pickles	10
Sauerkraut	10
Fermentation and salting of vegetables other than, cucumbers and cabbage	11
Causes of failure	12
Coloring and hardening agents	14
Tables and tests	14

ALTHOUGH excellent pickles can be bought on the market at all seasons of the year, many housewives prefer to make their own, particularly when their home gardens afford a plentiful supply of cucumbers.

Brining is a good way to save surplus cucumbers that can not be used or readily sold in the fresh state. Instead of letting them go to waste it is very easy to cure them, after which they may be held as long as desired or until they can be sold to advantage, either in local markets or to pickle manufacturers. Thus growers are protected against loss by overproduction or from inability to speedily market a perishable crop, and the pickle market receives the benefit of a steady supply.

#### HOW BRINING PRESERVES VEGETABLES

When vegetables are placed in brine the juices and soluble material contained in them are drawn out by the force known as osmosis.

The fermentable sugar present in all fruits and vegetables, which is one of the soluble substances extracted by osmotic action, serves as food for the lactic-acid bacteria which break it down into lactic acid and certain volatile acids. In some vegetables, like cucumbers and cabbage, where the supply of sugar is ample and other conditions are favorable to the growth of the lactic bacteria, a decided acid formation takes place, constituting a distinct fermentation. The acid brine thus formed acts upon the vegetable tissues, bringing about the changes in color, taste, and texture which mark the pickled state.

As a rule, a solution of salt is used, although some vegetables quickly give up enough moisture to convert dry salt into brine. Salt also hardens or makes firm the vegetables placed in brine and checks the action of organisms which might otherwise destroy the plant tissues.

Cabbage is well preserved in its own brine in the form of sauerkraut. Other vegetables and some fruits may, under certain conditions, be

economically preserved by brining. As a rule, however, canning is preferable for these products, because food values and natural flavors are better preserved by that method. Lack of time, a shortage of cans, or an oversupply of raw material may justify the preservation of vegetables other than cucumbers and cabbage by curing in brine.

#### EQUIPMENT FOR BRINING AND PICKLING

Stone jars are the most convenient and desirable receptacles (fig. 1) for making small quantities of pickles. Stoneware is much more easily kept clean and absorbs objectionable odors and flavors to a smaller extent than wood. Straight-side, open-top jars, which come in practically all sizes, from 1 to 20 gallons, are best for this purpose. Those used for the directions given in this bulletin are 4-gallon jars which hold about 12 pounds (one-fourth bushel) of cucumbers. If only very small quantities of pickles are put up, wide-mouth bottles or glass jars will do.

[Illustration: Fig. 1.--Some suitable containers for home-brined products]

Water-tight kegs or barrels are best for making larger quantities of pickles. Those used for the directions given in this bulletin are barrels holding from 40 to 45 gallons. They must first be washed, or possibly charred, to remove all undesirable odors and flavors. Undesirable flavors may be removed by using solutions of potash or soda lye. A strong solution of lye should remain in the barrel for several days, after which the barrel should be thoroughly soaked and washed with hot water until the lye is removed.

Boards about an inch thick make the best covers. These may be of any kind of wood, except yellow or pitch pine, which would give the pickles an undesirable flavor. They should be from 1 to 2 inches less in diameter than the inside of the jar or barrel, so that they may be easily removed. Dipping the covers in paraffin and then burning them over with a flame fills the pores of the wood, thus making it comparatively easy to keep them clean. Heavy plates of suitable size may be used instead of boards as covers for small containers.

A clean white cloth is often needed to cover the material in the jar or barrel. Two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth or muslin, cut in circular form, and about 6 inches larger in diameter than the inside of the receptacle, makes a suitable covering. Sometimes grape, beet, or cabbage leaves are used for this purpose. Grape leaves are a good covering for dill pickles, and cabbage leaves for sauerkraut.

In addition to the jars, crocks, or kegs in which the pickles are made, 2-quart glass jars are needed for packing the finished product. If corks are used for sealing such containers, they should first be dipped in hot paraffin.

When vegetables which have been fermented in a weak brine are to be kept for any length of time, air must be excluded from them. This may be done by sealing the containers with paraffin, beeswax, or oil. Paraffin, the cheapest and probably the best of these three substances, is easily handled and readily separated from the pickles when they are removed from the containers. To remove any dirt, the paraffin should be heated and strained through several thicknesses of cheesecloth. Thus the paraffin may be used over and over again. The clean paraffin is melted and poured over the surface of the pickles in quantities sufficient to make, when hardened, a solid coating about half an inch thick. Where there are vermin, lids should be placed over the paraffin in jars and other covers should be placed over the paraffin in kegs. If applied before active fermentation has stopped, the seal may be broken by the formation of gas below the layer, making it necessary to remove the paraffin, heat it again, and once more pour it over the surface.

In many cases a safer and better plan for preserving vegetables fermented in a weak brine is to transfer the pickled product to glass jars as soon as fermentation is completed and seal tightly.

Almost anything which furnishes the required pressure will serve as a weight to hold the mass down in a jar or keg. Clean stones (except limestone) and bricks are recommended.

[Illustration: Fig. 2.--Salinometer]

A pair of kitchen scales and suitable vessels for determining liquid measure are, of course, essential.

The salinometer, an instrument for measuring the salt strength of a brine, is very useful, although not absolutely necessary, in brining (fig. 2). By following the directions given here it will be possible to make brines of the required strength without the use of this instrument. Results may be readily checked, however, and any changes in brine strength which occur from time to time may be detected by the use of the salinometer.

The salinometer scale is graduated into 100 degrees, which indicate the range of salt concentration between 0°, the reading for pure water at 60° F.; and 100°, which indicates a saturated salt solution (26½ per cent). Table 1 (page 14) shows the relation between salinometer readings and salt percentages.

Salinometers are sold for about \$1 each by firms dealing in chemical apparatus and supplies.

A sugar hydrometer is very useful in all canning and pickling work. Either the Brix or Balling scale may be used. Both read directly in percentages of sugar in a pure sugar solution. A Balling hydrometer,

graduated from 0° to 70°, is a convenient instrument for the tests indicated in this bulletin.

## SUPPLIES FOR BRINING AND PICKLING

### SALT

Fine table salt is not necessary. What is known as common fine salt, or even coarser grades, may be used. Caked or lumpy salt can not be equally distributed. Salt to which anything has been added to prevent caking is not recommended for pickling and brining. Alkaline impurities in the salt are especially objectionable. Any noncaking salt which contains less than 1 per cent of the carbonates or bicarbonates of sodium, calcium, or magnesium may be used for this purpose.

### VINEGAR

A good, clear vinegar of 40 to 60 grain strength (4 to 6 per cent acetic acid) is required in making sour, sweet, and mixed pickles, and is sometimes used for dill pickles. Many pickle manufacturers prefer distilled vinegar, as it is colorless and free from sediment. If fruit vinegars are used they should first be filtered to remove all sediment.

### SUGAR

Granulated sugar should be used in making sweet pickles. The quantity of sugar required for each gallon of vinegar in making sweet liquors is shown in Table 3 (p. 15).

### SPICES

Spices are used to some extent in making nearly all kinds of pickles, but chiefly for sweet, mixed, and dill pickles. Various combinations are used, depending on the kind of pickles to be made and the flavor desired.

Peppers (black and cayenne), cloves, cinnamon, celery seed, caraway, dill herb, mustard (yellow), allspice, cardamom, bay leaves, coriander, turmeric, and mace, are the principal whole spices for this purpose. Ginger and horse-radish root are used sometimes. All of these spices may be purchased in bulk and mixed as desired. Mixed whole spices, specially prepared for pickling purposes, sold in the stores, are, as a rule, satisfactory. Care should be taken to see that they are of proper strength.

Oil spices may be desirable under some circumstances, but their effect is not so lasting as that of the whole spices.

Turmeric has been much used in both the commercial and household preparation of pickles. While some of its qualities entitle it to be

classed among the spices, it does not rank in importance as such with the others named. It is employed largely because of its supposed effect on the color of pickles, which is probably overestimated.

Dill herb is practically always used with cucumbers when they are fermented in a weak brine and often with other vegetables fermented in this way. It gives the pickle a distinct flavor which is very popular.

The dill herb, a native of southern Europe, can be grown in nearly all parts of the United States and usually is obtainable in the markets of the larger cities. While the entire stalk of the dill herb is of value for flavoring, the seeds are best suited for imparting the desired flavor. For this reason the crop should be harvested only after the seeds have become fully mature but are not so ripe that they fall off. The herb may be used green, dried, or brined. When green or brined dill is used, twice as much by weight as would be required if the dried herb were used is taken. Dill retains its flavor for a long time when brined. To preserve it in this way it should be packed in a 60° brine, or in an 80° brine if it is to be kept for a long time. Dill brine is as good as the herb for flavoring.

## CUCUMBER PICKLES

Because of their shape, firmness, or keeping quality some varieties of cucumbers are better adapted for making pickles than others. Among the best of the pickling varieties are the Chicago Pickling, Boston Pickling, and Snow's Perfection. Cucumbers of practically all varieties, sizes, and shapes, however, make good pickles.[1]

[1] Information on the cultivation of cucumbers, and the diseases and enemies which attack them, may be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture.

Cucumbers to be pickled should retain from one-eighth to one-fourth inch of their stems, and they should not be bruised. If dirty they should be washed before brining. They should be placed in brine not later than 24 hours after they have been gathered.

Cucumbers contain approximately 90 per cent of water. As this large water content reduces materially the salt concentration of any brine in which they are fermented, it is necessary to add an excess of salt at the beginning of a fermentation in the proportion of 1 pound for every 10 pounds of cucumbers.

The active stage of cucumber fermentation continues for 10 to 30 days, depending largely on the temperature at which it is conducted. The most favorable temperature is 86° F.

Practically all the sugar withdrawn from the cucumbers is utilized during the stage of active fermentation, at the end of which the brine reaches

its highest degree of acidity. During this period the salt concentration should not be materially increased: for, although the lactic bacteria are fairly tolerant of salt, there is a limit to their tolerance.

The addition of a large quantity of salt at this time would reduce their acid-forming power just when this is essential to a successful fermentation. Salt, therefore, should be added gradually over a period of weeks.

#### SALT PICKLES

Salt pickles, or salt stock, are made by curing cucumbers in a brine which should contain not less than 9.5 per cent of salt (approximately 36° on the salinometer scale) at the start. Not only must the brine be kept at this strength, but salt should be added until it has a concentration of about 15 per cent (60° on the salinometer scale). If well covered with a brine of this strength, the surface of which is kept clean, pickles will keep indefinitely.

Proper curing of cucumbers requires from six weeks to two months, or possibly longer, according to the temperature at which the process is carried out and the size and variety of the cucumbers. Attempts to use short cuts or to make pickles overnight, as is sometimes advised, are based on a mistaken idea of what really constitutes a pickle.

Curing of cucumbers is marked by an increased firmness, a greater degree of translucency, and a change in color from pale green to dark or olive green. These changes are uniform throughout the perfectly cured specimen. So long as any portion of a pickle is whitish or opaque it is not perfectly cured.

After proper processing in water, salt pickles may be eaten as such or they may be converted into sour pickles (p. 7), sweet pickles (p. 8), or mixed pickles (p. 10).

#### SMALL QUANTITIES

Pack the cucumbers in a 4-gallon jar and cover with 6 quarts of a 10 per cent brine (40° on salinometer scale). At the time of making up the brine, or not later than the following day, add more salt at the rate of 1 pound for every 10 pounds of cucumbers used--in this case 1 pound and 3 ounces. This is necessary to maintain the strength of the brine.

Cover with a round board or plate that will go inside the jar, and on top of this place a weight heavy enough to keep the cucumbers well below the surface of the brine.

At the end of the first week, and at the end of each succeeding week for five weeks, add one-fourth pound of salt. In adding salt always place it on the cover. If it is added directly to the brine, it may sink, as a result of which the salt solution at the bottom will be very strong,

while that near the surface may be so weak that the pickles will spoil.

A scum, made up usually of wild yeasts and molds, forms on the surface. As this may prove injurious by destroying the acidity of the brine, remove it by skimming.

#### LARGE QUANTITIES

Put into a barrel 5 to 6 inches of a 40° brine (Table 1, p. 14) and add 1 quart of good vinegar. In this brine place the cucumbers as they are gathered. Weigh the cucumbers each time before they are added. Put a loose-fitting wooden cover over the cucumbers and weight it down with a stone heavy enough to bring the brine over the cover. After the cover and stone have been replaced add to the brine over the cover 1 pound of salt for every 10 pounds of cucumbers.

Unless the cucumbers are added too rapidly, it will be unnecessary to add more brine, for when a sufficient weight is maintained on the cover the cucumbers make their own brine. If, however, the cucumbers are added rapidly, or if the barrel is filled at once, more brine may be required. In such a case, add enough of the 40° brine to cover the cucumbers.

When the barrel is full, add 3 pounds of salt each week for five weeks (15 pounds to a 45-gallon barrel). In adding the salt, place it on the cover. Added in this way it goes into solution slowly, insuring a brine of uniform strength throughout and a gradually increasing salt concentration. Thus, shriveling of the pickles is prevented to a great extent and the growth and activity of the lactic bacteria are not seriously checked.

Stirring or agitation of the brine may be harmful for the reason that the introduction of air bubbles is conducive to the growth of spoilage bacteria.

From time to time remove the scum which forms on the surface.

Where cucumbers are grown extensively for the production of pickles, curing is done in large tanks at salting stations. While it involves certain details of procedure not required in barrel quantities, this method of curing is essentially the same.

#### PROCESSING

After being cured in brine, pickles must receive a processing in water to remove the excess of salt. If they are to be used as salt pickles, only a partial processing is required. If, however, they are to be made into sour, sweet, or mixed pickles, the salt should be largely, but not completely, removed. Pickles keep better when the salt is not entirely soaked out.

Under factory conditions, processing is accomplished by placing the pickles in tanks, which are then filled with water and subjected to a current of steam, the pickles being agitated meanwhile. In most homes, however, the equipment for such treatment is not available.

The best that can be done in the home is to place the pickles in a suitable vessel, cover them with water, and heat them slowly to about 120° F., at which temperature they should be held for from 10 to 12 hours, being stirred frequently. The water is then poured off, and the process is repeated, if necessary, until the pickles have only a slightly salty taste.

## SORTING

After processing, the pickles should be sorted. To secure the most attractive product, pickles should be as nearly as possible of uniform size. At least three sizes are recognized--small (2 to 3 inches long), medium (3 to 4 inches long), and large (4 inches or longer). Only the small sizes are selected for bottling. Fairly small and medium-large cucumbers are well adapted to the making of sweet pickles. The larger sizes may be used for sour and dill pickles. Imperfectly formed pickles, the so-called crooks and nubs, can be cut up and added to mixed pickles or other combinations of which cucumbers form a part. The number of pickles of various sizes required to make a gallon is shown in Table 4, page 16.

## SOUR PICKLES

After pickles have been processed sufficiently, drain them well and cover them at once with vinegar. A 45 or 50 grain vinegar usually gives all the sourness that is desirable. If, however, very sour pickles are preferred, it would be well to use at first a 45-grain vinegar, and after a week or 10 days transfer the pickles to a vinegar of the strength desired. As the first vinegar used will in all cases be greatly reduced in strength by dilution with the brine contained in the pickles, it will be necessary to renew the vinegar after a few weeks. If this is not done and the pickles are held for any length of time they may spoil.

The best containers for sour pickles are stone jars, or, for large quantities, kegs or barrels. Covered with a vinegar of the proper strength, pickles should keep indefinitely.

## SWEET PICKLES

Cover the cured and processed cucumbers with a sweet liquor made by dissolving sugar in vinegar, usually with the addition of spices. Depending upon the degree of sweetness desired, the quantity of sugar may vary from 4 to 10 pounds to the gallon of vinegar, 6 pounds to the gallon usually giving satisfactory results. The chief difficulty in making sweet pickles is their tendency to become shriveled and tough, which increases

with the sugar concentration of the liquor. This danger can usually be avoided by covering the pickles first with a plain 45 to 50 grain vinegar. After one week discard this vinegar, which in all probability has become greatly reduced in strength, and cover with a liquor made by adding 4 pounds of sugar to the gallon of vinegar. It is very important that the acidity of the liquor used on pickles be kept as high as possible. A decrease in acidity much below a 30-grain strength may permit the growth of yeasts, with resulting fermentation and spoilage.

If a liquor containing more than 4 pounds of sugar to the gallon is desired, it would be best not to exceed that quantity at first, but gradually add sugar until the desired concentration is obtained. A sugar hydrometer readily and accurately indicates the sugar concentration (p. 4). A reading of 42° (Brix or Balling) would indicate a concentration of approximately 6 pounds of sugar to the gallon of vinegar. (Table 3, p. 15.)

Spices are practically always added in making sweet pickles. The effect of too much spice, especially the stronger kinds, like peppers and cloves, however, is injurious. One ounce of whole mixed spices to 4 gallons of pickles is enough. As spices may cause cloudiness of the vinegar, they should be removed after the desired flavor has been obtained. Heating is an aid to a better utilization of the spice. Add the required quantity of spice, in a cheesecloth bag, to the vinegar and hold at the boiling point for not longer than half an hour. Heating too long causes the vinegar to darken. If considered desirable, add sugar at this time, and pour at once over the pickles.

If the pickles are to be packed in bottles or jars, after such preliminary treatment as may be required, transfer them to these containers and cover them with a liquor made as desired.

#### DILL PICKLES

The method for making dill pickles differs from that for making salt pickles in two important particulars. A much weaker brine is used, and spices, chiefly dill, are added.

Because of the weaker salt concentration, a much more rapid curing takes place. As a result they can be made ready for use in about half the time required for ordinary brined pickles. This shortening of the period of preparation, however, is gained at the expense of the keeping quality of the product. For this reason it is necessary to resort to measures which will prevent spoilage.

#### SMALL QUANTITIES

Place in the bottom of the jar a layer of dill and one-half ounce of mixed spice. Then fill the jar, to within 2 or 3 inches of the top, with washed cucumbers of as nearly the same size as practicable. Add another

half ounce of spice and layer of dill. It is a good plan to place over the top a layer of grape leaves. In fact, it would be well to place these at both the bottom and top. They make a very suitable covering and have a greening effect on the pickles.

Pour over the pickles a brine made as follows: Salt, 1 pound; vinegar, 1 pint ; water, 2 gallons. Never use a hot brine at the beginning of a fermentation. The chances are that it would kill the organisms present, thus preventing fermentation.

Cover with a board cover or plate with sufficient weight on top to hold the cucumbers well below the brine.

If the cucumbers are packed at a temperature around 86° F., an active fermentation will at once set in. This should be completed in 10 days to 2 weeks, if a temperature of about 86° F. is maintained. The scum which soon forms on the surface and which consists usually of wild yeasts, but often contains molds and bacteria, should be skimmed off.

After active fermentation has stopped, it is necessary to protect the pickles against spoilage. This may be done in one of two ways:

(1) Cover with a layer of paraffin. This should be poured while hot over the surface of the brine or as much of it as is exposed around the edges of the board cover. When cooled this forms a solid coating which effectually seals the pickles.

(2) Seal the pickles in glass jars or cans. As soon as they are sufficiently cured, which may be determined by their agreeable flavor and dark-green color, transfer them to glass jars, and fill either with their own brine or with a fresh brine made as directed. Add a small quantity of dill and spice. Bring the brine to a boil, and, after cooling to about 160° F., pour it over the pickles, filling the jars full. Seal the jars tight.

The plan of preserving dill pickles by sealing in jars has the merit of permitting the use of a small quantity without the necessity of opening and resealing a large bulk, as is the case when pickles are packed in large containers and sealed with paraffin.

## LARGE QUANTITIES

Fill a barrel with cucumbers. Add 6 to 8 pounds of green or brined dill, or half that quantity of dry dill, and 1 quart of mixed spices. If brined dill is used, it is well to add about 2 quarts of the dill brine. The dill and spices should be evenly distributed at the bottom, middle, and top of the barrel. Also add 1 gallon of good vinegar.[2]

[2] This addition of vinegar is not essential, and many prefer not to use it. In the proportion indicated, however, it is favorable to the

growth of the lactic bacteria and helps to prevent the growth of spoilage organisms. Its use, therefore, is to be regarded with favor. Some prefer to omit the mixed spices for the reason that they interfere with the distinctive flavor of the dill herb.

Head up tight and, through a hole bored in the head, fill the barrel with a brine made in the proportion of one-half pound of salt to a gallon of water. Add brine until it flows over the head and is level with the top of the chime. Maintain this level by adding brine from time to time. Remove the scum which soon forms on the surface.

During the period of active fermentation, keep the barrel in a warm place and leave the hole in the head open to allow gas to escape. When active fermentation is over, as indicated by the cessation of bubbling and frothing on the surface, the barrel may be plugged tight and placed in storage, preferably in a cool place. Leakage and other conditions may cause the brine in a barrel of pickles to recede at any time. The barrels should be inspected occasionally, and more brine added if necessary. Pickles put up in this way should be ready for use within about six weeks.

When pickles are to be held in storage a long time, a 28° brine, made by adding 10 ounces of salt to a gallon of water, should be used. Pickles packed in a brine of this strength will keep a year, if the barrels are kept filled and in a cool place. The important factor in preserving pickles put up in a weak brine, such as is ordinarily used for dill pickles, is the exclusion of air. When put up in tight barrels this is accomplished by keeping the barrels entirely filled with brine.

#### MIXED PICKLES

Onions, cauliflower, green peppers, tomatoes, and beans, as well as cucumbers, are used for making mixed pickles. All vegetables should first be cured in brine.

For making mixed pickles, very small vegetables are much to be preferred. If larger ones must be used, first cut them into pieces of a desirable and uniform shape and size. Place in the bottom of each wide-mouth bottle or jar a little mixed spice. In filling the bottle arrange the various kinds of pickles in as neat and orderly a manner as possible. The appearance of the finished product depends largely upon the manner in which they are packed in the bottle. Do not completely fill the bottles.

If sour pickles are desired, fill the bottles completely with a 45-grain vinegar. If sweet ones are wanted, fill with a liquor made by dissolving 4 to 6 pounds of sugar in a gallon of vinegar.

Seal tight, and label properly.

## SAUERKRAUT

For making sauerkraut in the home, 4 or 6 gallon stone jars are considered the best containers, unless large quantities are desired, in which case kegs or barrels may be used.

Select only mature, sound heads of cabbage. After removing all decayed or dirty leaves, quarter the heads and slice off the core portion. For shredding, one of the hand-shredding machines which can be obtained on the market is much the best, although an ordinary slaw cutter or a large knife will do.

In making sauerkraut the fermentation is carried out in a brine made from the juice of the cabbage which is drawn out by the salt. One pound of salt for every 40 pounds of cabbage makes the proper strength of brine to produce the best results. The salt may be distributed as the cabbage is packed in the jar or it may be mixed with the shredded cabbage before being packed. The distribution of 2 ounces of salt with every 5 pounds of cabbage probably is the best way to get an even distribution.

Pack the cabbage firmly, but not too tightly, in the jar or keg. When full, cover with a clean cloth and a board or plate. On the cover place a weight heavy enough to cause the brine to come up to the cover.

If the jar is kept at a temperature of about 86° F., fermentation will start promptly. A scum soon forms on the surface of the brine. As this scum tends to destroy the acidity and may affect the cabbage, it should be skimmed off from time to time.

If kept at 86° F., the fermentation should be completed in six to eight days.

A well-fermented sauerkraut should show a normal acidity of approximately +20, or a lactic acid percentage of 1.8 (p. 16).

After fermentation is complete, set the sauerkraut in a cool place. If the cabbage is fermented late in the fall, or if it can be stored in a very cool place, it may not be necessary to do more than keep the surface skinned and protected from insects, etc.; otherwise it will be necessary to resort to one of the following measures to prevent spoilage:

- (1) Pour a layer of hot paraffin over the surface, or as much of it as is exposed around the cover. Properly applied to a clean surface, this effectually seals the jar and protects the contents from contamination.
- (2) After the fermentation is complete, pack the sauerkraut in glass jars, adding enough of the "kraut" brine, or a weak brine made by adding an ounce of salt to a quart of water, to completely fill the jars. Seal the jars tight, and set them away in a cool place.

The second method is much to be preferred to the first. Sauerkraut properly fermented and stored in this way has kept throughout a season in good condition. Placing the jars before sealing in a water bath and heating until the center of the jar shows a temperature of about 160° F. gives an additional assurance of good-keeping quality of the "kraut."

In the commercial canning of sauerkraut, where conditions and length of storage can not be controlled, heat must always be used.

## FERMENTATION AND SALTING OF VEGETABLES OTHER THAN CUCUMBERS AND CABBAGE

There are three methods of preserving vegetables by the use of salt:

### FERMENTATION IN AN ADDED BRINE

Experiments have shown that string beans, green tomatoes, beets, chayotes, mango melons, burr gherkins, cauliflower, and corn (on cob) may be well preserved in a 10 per cent brine (40° on the salinometer scale) for several months. Peppers and onions are better preserved in an 80° brine. The brine must be maintained at its original strength by the addition of salt, and the surface of the brine must be kept free from scum. Some of the vegetables listed, notably string beans and green tomatoes, are well adapted to fermentation in a weak brine (5 per cent salt), in which case dill and other spices may be added. The general directions given for dill pickles (p. 8) should be followed.

### FERMENTATION IN BRINE PRODUCED BY DRY SALTING

This method, of course, can be used only for vegetables which contain enough water to make their own brine. String beans, if young and tender, may be preserved in this way. Remove tips and strings, and, if the pods are large, break them in two. Older beans, and doubtless other vegetables, could be preserved by this method if first shredded in the same manner as cabbage (p. 10). Use salt equal to 3 per cent of the weight of the vegetables (1 ounce salt to about 2 pounds vegetables).

### SALTING WITHOUT FERMENTATION

Enough salt to prevent all bacterial action must be added. Wash and weigh the vegetables. Mix with them thoroughly one-fourth their weight of salt. If after the addition of pressure there is not enough brine to cover the product, add brine made by dissolving 1 pound of salt in 2 quarts of water. As soon as bubbling ceases, protect the surface by covering with paraffin. This method is especially well adapted to vegetables in which the sugar content is too low to produce a successful fermentation, such as chard, spinach, and dandelions. Corn can also be well preserved in this way. Husk it and remove the silk. Cook it in boiling water for 10 minutes, to set the milk. Then cut the corn from the cob with a sharp

knife, weigh it, and pack it in layers, with one-fourth its weight of fine salt.

The methods of preservation outlined are not limited to vegetables. Solid fruits, like clingstone peaches and Kieffer pears, can be preserved in an 80° brine for as long as six months. After the salt has been soaked out, they may be worked up into desirable products by the use of spices, vinegar, sugar, etc. Soft fruits, like Elberta peaches and Bartlett pears, are best preserved in weak vinegar (2 per cent acetic acid). [3]

[3] Report of an investigation in the Bureau of Chemistry on the utilization of brined products, by Rhea C. Scott, 1919.

## CAUSES OF FAILURE

### SOFT OR SLIPPERY PICKLES

A soft or slippery condition, one of the most common forms of spoilage in making pickles, is the result of bacterial action. It always occurs when pickles are exposed above the brine and very often when the brine is too weak to prevent the growth of spoilage organisms. To prevent it keep the pickles well below the brine and the brine at the proper strength. To keep pickles for more than a very few weeks a brine should contain 10 per cent of salt. Once pickles have become soft or slippery as a result of bacterial action no treatment will restore them to a normal condition.

### HOLLOW PICKLES

Hollow pickles may occur during the process of curing. This condition, however, does not mean a total loss, for hollow pickles may be utilized in making mixed pickles or certain forms of relish. While there are good reasons to believe that hollow pickles are the result of a faulty development or nutrition of the cucumber, there is also a strong probability that incorrect methods may contribute to their formation. One of these is allowing too long a time to intervene between gathering and brining. This period should not exceed 21 hours.

Hollow pickles frequently become floaters. Sound cucumbers properly cured do not float, but any condition which operates to lower their relative weight, such as gaseous distention, may cause them to rise to the surface.

### EFFECT OF HARD WATER

So-called hard waters should not be used in making a brine. The presence of large quantities of calcium salts and possibly other salts found in many natural waters may prevent the proper acid formation, thus interfering with normal curing. The addition of a small quantity of vinegar serves to overcome alkalinity when hard water must be used. If present in any appreciable quantity, iron is objectionable, causing a

blackening of the pickles under some conditions.

#### SHRIVELING

Shriving of pickles often occurs when they have been placed at once in very strong salt or sugar solutions, or even in very strong vinegars. For this reason avoid such solutions so far as possible. When a strong solution is desirable the pickles should first be given a preliminary treatment in a weaker solution. This difficulty is most often encountered in making sweet pickles. The presence of sugar in high concentrations is certain to cause shriveling unless

#### EFFECT OF TOO MUCH SALT ON SAUERKRAUT

Perhaps the most common cause of failure in making sauerkraut is the use of too much salt. The proper quantity is 2½ per cent by weight of the cabbage packed. When cabbage is to be fermented in very warm weather it may be well to use a little more salt. As a rule, however, this should not exceed 3 per cent. In applying the salt see that it is evenly distributed. The red streaks which are sometimes seen in sauerkraut are believed to be due to uneven distribution of salt.

#### EFFECT OF SCUM

Spoilage of the top layers of vegetables fermented in brine is sure to occur unless the scum which forms on the surface is frequently removed. This scum is made up of wild yeasts, molds, and bacteria, which, if allowed to remain, attack and break down the vegetables beneath. They may also weaken the acidity of the brine, in which way they may cause spoilage. The fact that the top layers have spoiled, does not necessarily mean, however, that all in the container are spoiled. The molds and other organisms which cause the spoilage do not quickly get down to the lower layers. The part found in good condition often may be saved by carefully removing the spoiled part from the top, adding a little fresh brine, and pouring hot paraffin over the surface.

#### EFFECT OF TEMPERATURE

Temperature has an important bearing on the success of a lactic fermentation. The bacteria which are essential in the fermentation of vegetable foods are most active at a temperature of approximately 86° F., and as the temperature falls below this point their activity correspondingly diminishes. It is essential, therefore, that the foods be kept as close as possible to 86° F. at the start and during the active stages of a fermentation. This is especially important in the production of sauerkraut, which is often made in the late fall or winter. The fermentation may be greatly retarded or even stopped by too low a temperature.

After the active stages of a fermentation have passed, store the food in

a cool place. Low temperatures are always an aid in the preservation of food products.

## COLORING AND HARDENING AGENTS

To make what is thought to be a better looking product, it is the practice in some households to "green" pickles by heating them with vinegar in a copper vessel. Experiments have shown that in this treatment copper acetate is formed, and that the pickles take up very appreciable quantities of it. \_Copper acetate is poisonous.\_

By a ruling of the Secretary of Agriculture, made July 12, 1912, foods greened with copper salts, all of which are poisonous, will be regarded as adulterated.

Alum is often used for the purpose presumably of making pickles firm. The use of alum in connection with food products is of doubtful expediency, to say the least. If the right methods are followed in pickling, the salt and acids in the brine will give the desired firmness. The use of alum, or any other hardening agent, is unnecessary.

## TABLES AND TESTS

Table 1.--\_Salt percentages, corresponding salinometer readings, and quantity of salt required to make 6 quarts of brine\_

Salt in solution	Salinometer reading	Salt in 6 quarts of finished brine
_Per cent_	_Degrees_	_Ounces_
1.06	4	2
2.12	8	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
3.18	12	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
4.24	16	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
5.3	20	11
7.42	28	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
8.48	32	18
9.54	36	20
10.6	40	22 $\frac{1}{2}$
15.9	60	35
21.2	80	48
26.5	100	64

The figures given in the first two columns of Table 1 are correct. Those in the last column are correct within the possibilities of ordinary

household methods. To make up a brine from this table, the required quantity of salt is dissolved in a smaller volume of water and water is added to make up as nearly as possible to the required 6 quarts.

One pound of salt dissolved in 9 pints of water makes a solution with a salinometer reading of 40°, or approximately a 10 per cent brine. In a brine of this strength, fermentation proceeds somewhat slowly. Pickles kept in a brine maintained at this strength will not spoil. One-half pound of salt dissolved in 9 pints of water makes approximately a 5 per cent brine, with a salinometer reading of 20°. A brine of this strength permits a rapid fermentation, but vegetables kept in such a brine will spoil within a few weeks if air is not excluded.

A brine in which a fresh egg just floats is approximately a 10 per cent solution.

Fermentation takes place fairly well in brines of 40° strength, and will, to some extent at least, up to 60°. At 80° all fermentation stops.

The volume of brine necessary to cover vegetables is about half the volume of the material to be fermented. For example, if a 5-gallon keg is to be packed, 2½ gallons of brine is required.

Table 2.--\_Freezing point of brine at different salt concentrations\_

Salt 	Salinometer   reading	Freezing   temperature
_Per cent_	_Degrees_	°F_
5	20	25.2
10	40	18.7
15	60	12.2
20	80	6.1
25	100	0.5

Table 3.--\_Density of sugar sirup\_

Density 	Quantity of   sugar for each gallon   of water[4]
_Degrees_	Brix or
Balling_	_Lbs._ _Ozs._
5	7

10		14.8
15	1	7.5
20	1	14.75
25	2	12.5
30	3	9
40	5	8.75
45	6	13
50	8	5.25
55	10	4
60	12	8

[4] When vinegar is used, the equivalent sugar hydrometer reading would be about 2 degrees higher than that indicated in the table.

Table 4.--\_Number of cucumbers of various sizes required to make a gallon of pickles\_

Size	Variety	Number to
		a gallon
1 to 2 inches long	Gherkins[5]	250 to 650
2 to 3 inches long	Small pickles	130 to 250
3 to 4 inches long	Medium pickles	40 to 130
4 inches and longer	Large pickles	12 to 40

[5] Small pickles are usually designated as gherkins. Those of very small size are sometimes called midgets.

The maximum acidity formed by a lactic fermentation of vegetables in brine varies from 0.25 to 2 per cent. The maximum is reached at or soon after the close of the active stage of fermentation. After this the acidity usually decreases slowly. The stage of active fermentation continues for from one to three weeks, depending upon the temperature, strength of brine, etc. During this period gas is formed and froth appears on the surface, owing to the rising of gas bubbles. At the close of this period the brine becomes "still."

The quantity of acid formed depends primarily upon the sugar content of the vegetables fermented, but it may be influenced by other factors.

Dipping a piece of blue litmus paper (obtainable at drug stores) in the brine will show whether the brine is acid. If the paper turns pinkish or red, the brine is acid, but the litmus paper does not give a definite indication of the degree of acidity.

For those who want to know accurately what the degree of acidity is the

following method is outlined:

With a pipette transfer exactly 5 cubic centimeters of the brine to a small evaporating dish. To this add 45 cubic centimeters of distilled water and 1 cubic centimeter of a 0.5 per cent solution of phenolphthalein in 50 per cent alcohol. Then run in slowly a one-twentieth normal sodium hydrate solution. This is best done by using a 25 cubic centimeter burette, graduated in tenths. As the sodium hydrate is being added stir constantly, and note carefully when the entire liquid shows a faint pink tint. This indicates that the neutral point has been reached. Read off carefully the exact quantity of sodium hydrate required to neutralize the mixture in the dish. This number multiplied by 0.09 gives the number of grams of acid per 100 cubic centimeters, calculated as lactic, present in the brine.

This method can be used to determine the acid strength of vinegars. Multiply by 0.06 to ascertain the number of grams of acetic acid per 100 cubic centimeters present in the vinegar.

The apparatus and chemicals needed for this test can be obtained from any firm dealing in chemical apparatus and supplies.

---

## **Recipes** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of Made-Over Dishes, by S. T. Rorer

### Potato Dumplings

Take any pieces of cold cooked meat, chop them fine, season carefully with salt, pepper, chopped parsley or celery. To each pint allow two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. For the crust you may use left-over cold mashed potatoes; if so, add a little milk and stir them over the fire until smooth and hot. If potatoes are boiled for the purpose, add salt, butter and milk, and beat them until light. Line to the depth of one inch, a baking dish, put the meat in the center, cover the top with mashed potatoes, smooth, brush with milk and bake in a moderate oven a half hour.

### Panada of Beef

Chop sufficient cold cooked beef to make one pint; season it with a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a dash of pepper. Put this in the bottom of a baking dish. Crush six Uneeda biscuits, pour over them a half pint of milk, let them stand a minute or two, add one egg, well beaten, a half teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Pour this over the beef and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes to a half hour.

Other meats may be substituted for beef.

### Pilau

Cut into bits any pieces of cold cooked mutton; put them into a saucepan, cover with water, add a grated onion, a bay leaf and two or three cardamom seeds. Sprinkle over a half cup of rice that has been carefully washed; cover the kettle and simmer slowly until the rice is tender. Dish the mutton, putting the rice over the top, cover the whole with a nicely made tomato sauce, and send at once to the table.

#### Potato Croquettes

Cold mashed potatoes may be made into croquettes by adding to each pint four tablespoonfuls of heated milk, the yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of grated onion, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper; stir over the fire until the mixture is thoroughly heated; form into cylinder-shaped croquettes, dip in egg and rolled bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Potato croquettes are more difficult to fry than meat croquettes; the fat must be at least 365 degrees (Fahr.) and the rolling carefully done.

#### Potato Puff

The above mixture may have the whites of the eggs beaten and stirred in, and baked in the oven; serve in the same dish in which it was baked.

#### Potato Roses for Garnishing

Cold boiled potatoes may have added sufficient milk to make a soft paste; stir it over the fire until smooth; put it into your pastry bag, using a star tube; hold the bag firmly, pressing out on greased papers these little potato roses; brown in the oven and use them for garnishing fish dishes.

#### Potato Custards

Stir two cups of cold mashed potatoes, with four tablespoonfuls of milk, over the fire until they are warm and light; take from the fire and add three eggs beaten light with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla, stir in carefully a pint and a half of milk. Put this mixture into greased custard cups; stand in a baking pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven until set, about twenty or thirty minutes.

Where a little cooked meat and, at the same time, mashed potatoes, are left over, the meat may be seasoned with a savory sauce, turned into a baking dish, the mashed potatoes slightly thinned with hot milk and then slightly thickened with flour, and used as a crust. This makes what we call a potato pie. Four tablespoonfuls of milk and four of flour would be

a good allowance to each cupful of mashed potatoes.

### Hashed Brown Potatoes

Chop two cold boiled potatoes rather fine, season with salt and pepper. Put a tablespoonful of butter in an ordinary sauté pan; when hot, put in the potatoes, smoothing and patting them down; stand over a moderate fire and allow them to cook undisturbed for at least eight minutes; then with a limber knife fold over one half as you would an omelet; stand again over the fire for about three minutes and turn at once on to a heated dish. These are exceedingly difficult to make. Directions must be carefully followed; the butter must be hot when you put in the potatoes; the whole must be packed firmly down so that it will not break when turning out.

### O'Brien Potatoes

Chop one green pepper rather fine. Chop sufficient red pepper to make two tablespoonfuls. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, add the peppers, which must be sweet; shake until the peppers are soft, cover over four cold boiled potatoes, chopped rather fine, that have been seasoned with a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Press them down as you do hashed brown potatoes, let them stand for a moment, stir them up, mix well, without breaking, and press down again. Let these stand until brown, fold over as you would an omelet and turn out on a heated platter.

### Potatoes au Gratin

To each four good-sized cold potatoes chopped fine allow a pint of cream sauce, to which you have added four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese; mix the potatoes with the sauce, turn them into a baking dish, dust with cheese, and brown in a quick oven.

### Simple Rice Pudding

Put into a double boiler one quart of milk; allow it to cook for thirty minutes; then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grating of nutmeg, and one cup of cold boiled rice; turn this into a baking pan, and bake in a quick oven thirty minutes. Serve cold. Raisins may be added when it is put into the baking pan.

### Paradise Pudding

Pare, core and grate three apples. Separate three eggs; add to the yolks four tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat until light; add a grating of nutmeg and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; stir in a half cup of cold boiled rice; mix with this quickly the apples, and beat well; add a half cup of milk; turn into a baking dish, and bake for thirty minutes. Make a meringue as

in preceding recipe, from the whites of the eggs; heap it over the top, and brown. This pudding may be served warm or cold.

#### Monday Pudding

Cut bits of whole wheat bread into dice. Use a half cup of any fruit that may have been left over, prunes, raisins, chopped dates or candied fruit. Grease an ordinary melon mold; put a layer of the bread in the bottom, then a layer of the fruit, and so continue until you have the mold filled. Beat three eggs, without separating, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add a pint of milk; pour this carefully over the bread; let it stand for ten minutes; then put the lid on the mold, and steam or boil continuously for one hour. Serve with lemon or orange sauce.

#### Apple Farina Pudding

Pour the left-over breakfast porridge into a square mold and stand it aside. At luncheon or dinner time cut this into thin slices, cover the bottom of a baking dish with these slices, and cover these with sliced apples, and so continue until you have the ingredients used, having the last layer apples. Beat an egg, without separating, until light, add a half cupful of milk and a saltspoonful of salt, then stir in a half cupful of flour. When smooth pour this over the apples and bake in a quick oven a half hour. Serve with milk or with hard sauce.

#### Pudding Sauces

The simple method of making a pudding sauce is to add to a half cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of flour; mix thoroughly, and then add hastily a half pint of boiling water; boil for a moment and pour while hot into one well-beaten egg, beating all the while. This may now be seasoned with any flavoring, as orange, lemon or vanilla.

To change the character of this sauce, a tablespoonful of butter may be added. Where butter enters largely into the composition of a pudding sauce, it is better that it should be beaten to a cream, the sugar added gradually, then the egg and last the liquor. Heat it over a double boiler just at serving time, or the froth will float on the surface and the liquid be rather dense at the bottom.

Melted sugar with lemon juice and a little water is called sugar sauce.

---

## POTTERY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Library of Work and Play: Home Decoration*, by Charles Franklin Warner

To watch a potter thumping his wet clay--  
\_Rubaïyat of Omar Khayyam\_

The boy who makes his mud pie, baking it in the sun, and the Indian who, ages ago, coiled clay in a basket which he burned away, are but two widely separated links in a continuous chain; for men of all time have found a fascination in the wet clay that is so easily moulded and fashioned into all manner of things of beauty and of use. And, beside the joy of exercising the creative faculty, there has also been the spur of a common need to inspire men of different races, independently of each other, to develop the primitive household arts, like pottery and rug making, by the use of methods no less remarkable for their similarity than for their cleverness. The impressions that the primitive man received from his natural surroundings were easily expressed in the plastic mud, and it was probably not long before he discovered that fire made them permanent and practically indestructible. Improvement was bound to come in due time. By washing the grosser impurities from the clay mud through a process in which the heavier particles settled, leaving the silt or finer clay to be poured off, some artist of a very early time found a material that became one of his most valuable helps in adding to the furnishings of his tribal household. First it was simply burned clay; but in due time enamel or glazed work found its use in tiles for building purposes, in grain jars, in wine jugs, in many kinds of table ware; for the uses of ancient terra cotta and porcelain were numerous.

[Illustration: Girls at Work on Pottery. Plate XI]

The primitive arts, however, were not confined to objects of necessary use. We find, buried with the ruins of ancient cities, many evidences of the potter's craft, and among them articles for decorating the home, for personal adornment, and for religious use, like the rings and scarabs of Egypt. And in modern decorative art, as applied in the household, the one final touch which gives that indescribable charm, which it is the aim of all art to give, is perhaps to be found in a few--a very few--choice bits of pottery.

All of this use of clay, from the rude art of prehistoric times to the finest product of modern skill, is based on a plain scientific fact, \_viz.\_, that a small quantity of water in the clay, not removable by any ordinary means of drying, can be driven out by intense heat so as to cause a permanent change in the character of the clay. This water is called the water of combination. If the clay is not heated more than

enough to dry it, a later mixing with water restores it to its former plastic state; but clay once burned has lost its water of combination and never can return to its original condition.

Most beginners in clay modelling will expect, perhaps in the early stages of their work, to be made acquainted with the potter's wheel; for who has not heard of this interesting device? It is of interest chiefly because of its practical utility in the manufacture of pottery; and yet no one can forget the potter's song with which Longfellow begins his beautiful poem Keramos, making it a text for a sermon on the philosophy of life:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round  
Without a pause, without a sound;  
So spins the flying world away!  
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow, and some command,  
Though all are made of clay!"

Potter's Wheel Unnecessary.--The potter's wheel was used in comparatively early times and has been intimately associated with the art ever since. But it requires much physical strength and considerable skill to use it effectively; and its use has been by no means universal. We find the Indians of our own time and people of other races, expert in building pottery by hand, using the method of coiling. It seems best, therefore, to advise beginners to adopt the simpler method and to forego the use of the potter's wheel. The comparative inexpensiveness of the hand method of building is another point in its favour. The tools required are few and simple. Inexpensive and easy methods are favourable to the experimental stage; and it is well for the amateur to have every encouragement to experiment freely both with methods for building and with designs for his ware, keeping in mind always that the beautiful is generally the simple and strong, not the fantastic and complicated.

The Method of Coiling.--It will be understood, therefore, that in general the process to be followed consists in building up the bowl or jar or whatever the design may be by using coils of clay of the right consistency, welding and shaping them together, and scraping them down, if necessary, until they are ready to receive the first firing. After this they may receive a coating of glaze and be fired again. At first the beginner will find his chief interest simply in experimenting with the building up process.

## MATERIALS AND TOOLS

The materials and tools needed are as follows: Clay; oil-cloth, 18 inches square; cotton cloth or flannelette, 18 inches square; a few

simple modelling tools; a soft pencil; drawing paper; card-board, 6 ply; a plaster of paris "bat," or a piece of slate.

Clays.--It will be necessary to add a word of explanation in order that these materials and tools may be well selected. There is a great variety in clays, ranging from a very coarse red clay used for flower pots to the finest white clay used for porcelain. The latter is called kaolin and is very pure. A good modelling clay may be obtained from dealers in school supplies or from potteries. In some localities, especially in the neighbourhood of brick-yards or other clay industries, a satisfactory clay may be easily found. But, however obtained, some experimenting will be necessary to test its suitability. The modelling clay is probably the least liable to yield disappointing results.

The cotton cloth or flannelette is to be moistened and used to wrap up the clay in order to keep it from drying too rapidly during the intervals when it is set aside. This will not be necessary during the early part of the process, for then it is desirable for the clay to stiffen as rapidly as possible by natural means.

[Illustration: Simple tools used in pottery]

Of the modelling tools needed some can be whittled from hard wood. They are not expensive, however, and the beginner will perhaps find it well to obtain most of them from a dealer in artists' materials. The accompanying illustration shows some of these, among them a very useful tool (F) with brass wire loops which are in turn wound with finer wire. F and C are especially useful for scraping clay too soft to be easily managed with smooth edges. The thumb-like tool A is perhaps the most generally useful of those shown here.

In this connection it is well to emphasize the fact that the greatest of all tools is the human thumb. Cultivate its use. Most modelling and building can be managed with the thumb, assisted by the fingers.

The Bat and How Made.--A plaster of paris bat will be found exceedingly useful. A sheet of thin, unsized paper serves well, however, for a surface on which to build; but the dry plaster of the bat absorbs the moisture of the clay at the bottom and hastens the stiffening process. This bat can be easily made. Take a small quantity of water (a half pint or more according to the size of the bat required), sift into this from the hand an equal amount of plaster of paris, and stir it in until a little dry plaster appears at the surface. After a little more vigorous stirring let it rest a few minutes and then pour it into tin pans which are 4 or 5 inches in diameter by 1 inch deep. The pans should be previously coated on the inside with a thick soap solution, made by dissolving soap in hot water to the consistency of a thick cream. The bats will harden in 10 or 15 minutes and may be easily removed from the pan, ready for use.

## PROBLEM: A BOWL FOR FLOWERS

This problem naturally divides itself into six important steps, as follows: The design or profile; building and shaping; decoration, if any; firing (bisque); glazing; and firing the glaze.

[Illustration: Variety in dimensions]

The Design or Profile.--As in all problems of decoration the first step is found in design. For present purposes we may consider a bowl as having a diameter as great as or greater than the height. The bowl will be more interesting from the standpoint of variety if there is a difference between its height and its greatest diameter, and also between its diameters at the top and at the bottom. The accompanying drawing shows such differences.

[Illustration: Suggestive profiles]

Another example of the value of variety is to be found in the curve of the profile. A line that is simple but constantly changing in its degree of curvature--as, for example, an elliptical curve--is more pleasing than an arc of a circle, which is sometimes called the curve of limitation. It should be noted that a curved form, in order to be forceful, should have some dominant curve in combination with others which are subordinate. The profiles illustrated in the following drawings have this dominant element and are in no case composed of arcs of circles. These varied, interesting, yet simple lines--live lines as they are sometimes called--consisting in each case of only two or three elements, are given here merely as suggestive material. A little experimenting will show unsuspected possibilities in strong, forceful curves, and the young student is advised to make many experiments in the effort to discover such possibilities. An example of profiles to be avoided is given in Problem II, on page 309. That these are vase forms and not bowl contours is immaterial. A is commonplace because the two parts of the curve are too much alike. B is unrestful in its three curves of nearly equal size. If the suggestive profiles illustrated in the foregoing drawing be turned upside down it will be noted that very few of them seem as pleasing as before. It will be found also that a different ratio of height to diameter will give very different effects with the same profile. A bowl having top and bottom alike may, so far as design is concerned, be classed with the pill box. We don't know which is the top until we have spilled the pills. If attractive pieces of pottery are found with the top and bottom of equal diameter and with curves in themselves objectionable, it will invariably be found that the attractiveness consists in some beauty of glaze, colour, or decoration which is prominent enough to conceal the defects of form.

Natural Forms.--It may be well to add a word here in regard to the imitation of natural forms in designing the general shape of any piece of pottery; and that word is a very brief one. Avoid them. Nature is a great teacher in all branches of art; but in pottery her suggestions are to be used as decorative elements rather than for fundamental shapes. A fish with a flower in its mouth does not seem appropriate; but a bowl for water-lilies, while it may not take the form of a fish, might reasonably have a fish as an element of its decoration.

Testing Profiles.--A good way to study the effect of the profile of both sides of the bowl is to fold the paper on which the profile is drawn vertically through the centre and transfer the line reversed by rubbing the back of the paper, thus giving the other half of the drawing in exact symmetry. When the general shape of the profile has been tested in this way one side should be redrawn carefully; then, with the paper folded along the centre line, so that the pencil line falls outside, the whole form may be cut out; and then it may be unfolded. The next step is to begin to build up the design in clay.

The Building.--Roll out a coil of clay a little thicker than the bottom of the bowl is to be; perhaps 3/8 or 1/2 of an inch will serve, since the bottom is to be hollowed slightly by scraping. The roll should be uniform in diameter and rolled as little as possible, in order that it may not become too dry. Upon the piece of paper or the plaster bat start to coil the roll from the centre until the desired size is reached, then smear the rolls together, working toward the centre. Turn the coil over and work the other side together, truing up the circle and making the bottom of uniform thickness. Avoid the use of water in smoothing the coils together. It may seem to make the work easier, but it softens the clay and invites careless work.

[Illustration: Manipulating the coil]

With another coil begin to build up the sides, making a complete circle, and, having pinched off the ends where they meet, join them carefully. Lay two or three coils in this fashion, pressing each coil firmly into place as it is laid, and smooth them together as in the base. The process is illustrated in the drawing. If the clay is very soft, the work may be set aside to harden a little, while a beginning is made upon other pieces. It is well to have two or three pieces in the process of construction at the same time.

Testing the Work.--A template or gauge will be needed to test the work as it progresses from the first rough stages to the finish. This is made of card-board by cutting out an exact copy of the profile, leaving at the bottom sufficient width to insure rigidity when the template is held upright on the table or bat.

[Illustration: A template]

As the work goes on, if the design requires that the form should be "brought in" toward the top, the coil must be laid a little inside of the profile desired, as the smoothing tends to increase the diameter slightly. In all the building, allowance should be made for this enlargement. When the coil is high enough and of the shape desired, it should be allowed to stiffen until it is rigid enough to handle. With the various modelling tools the surface should then be scraped wherever it is necessary to remove the hardened clay in order to give a symmetrical shape to the desired profile.

[Illustration: Scraping a square form]

A drawing is shown to illustrate the process of scraping. The surface should be left smooth and even; and this may be accomplished without water or sponge. The flat sides of the scraping tool may be used to polish the clay as soon as it becomes leather hard--*i. e.*, hard and stiff, but before it begins to whiten and dry.

The lip or top of the bowl will require special attention. It will probably need to be thinned down and have all sharp edges removed. Then the bowl should be turned upside down and the bottom hollowed out to a depth of 1/16 to 1/8 of an inch, leaving a "foot" or rim around the outside of the circle to give it steadiness.

The Decoration.--After the bowl is complete as to its general form, the problem of its decoration, if there is to be any, must be solved. This may be studied during the intervals when it is necessary to set the bowl aside to harden. If the form and colour are good, the bowl may possess a charm that will not be improved by decoration. On the whole, less decoration, rather than more, should be the aim. The three vases illustrated at the top of a following page are examples of pottery without decoration. (See page 308.)

[Illustration: Bowls. Plate XII]

Generally speaking, bowls like the one we are building may be decorated by one of three methods: By sinking lines or channels in its surface by means of a sharpened, chisel-like stick (D, page 285); by modelling or carving the surface; or by painting the surface with coloured "slip" or with coloured glaze. It should be explained that "slip" is a mixture of clay and water of the consistency of cream; it may be coloured or uncoloured. A combination of two or more of these methods is, of course, possible. Examples of the first two methods are shown in the illustrations of bowls, vases, and tiles. A combination of the first and third methods was used in decorating the tiles of the middle row shown in Plate XIV opposite page 316.

[Illustration: Spacing in decoration]

Classes of Decoration.--The form of the decoration is simply a

matter of space division, as illustrated by two examples shown below. It is evident, too, that decoration, so far as form is concerned, divides itself naturally into three general classes: (a) The horizontal band; (b) the vertical division; (c) a combination of these two. The last will prove to be the most common of the three. It should be noted that an all-over pattern, which has been left out of consideration as tending to monotony, would commonly be a combination of both horizontal and vertical methods of division. It should be noted also that the presence of other than vertical and horizontal lines in pottery decoration does not affect the main classification. Typical examples of these divisions are illustrated in both bowls and vases, as well as in the cuts A and B. It will be seen in each case that one scheme or the other predominates and that there are possibilities for great variation in treatment.

Analyzing the patterns shown in all these illustrations, we find that the band or horizontal scheme offers a succession of large and small spaces, giving variety and rhythm. In many of those patterns showing the combination type there is a concentration or "knotting" of the line at regular intervals, frequently at the intersection of both horizontal and vertical elements. This is well illustrated by the left-hand bowl of the middle row shown in this plate opposite page 294. When the method of painted decoration is employed the concentration point is composed of mass instead of line. All this serves to give emphasis and rhythm.

For subject matter in decoration natural forms may be used as shown in the vase at the left of the top row illustrated in Plate XIII, opposite page 312. Or an abstract arrangement of lines may be employed, as shown in its nearest neighbour, which may or may not have had its origin in a very much conventionalized natural motif. The essential thing to remember is that the divisions of spaces must be varied and rhythmic and the decoration suited to the method of application.

How the Design is Applied to the Clay.--After the design has been studied as much as possible on paper it should be planned out on the bowl with a soft pencil, allowing sufficient space for the incised line or channel to be made. The clay should be leather-hard--i. e., stiff but not dry. The spacing around the circumference should be made exact, deviating somewhat, if necessary, from the spacing of the paper drawing. A good way to manage this important step in the process is to measure the circumference at the point of greatest width with a narrow strip of paper and then to divide this circumference by folding the paper evenly into the number of units desired. By wrapping the paper around the bowl again the points of division may be transferred to the clay and then projected upward or downward vertically to the belt that it is desired to meet. It is necessary to make sure that the vertical lines are true "meridians" and do not swerve to the right or the left. In order to test the horizontal lines, measurements may be made from top or bottom. All of this work is best done free-hand; for, aside from

the value of the eye training derived, hand-built pottery is seldom exact enough to permit of a more mechanical method of planning its decoration.

The drawing on the clay having been completed, the next point is to choose the tool best fitted for the work and carefully make the cuts, deepening them from time to time as the work progresses. If the design is to be worked out in line, a chisel, like that illustrated in D (page 285), may be whittled from a pine stick. It is held nearly upright and used as a scraper to cut out at first a shallow channel. Reserve should be exercised in cutting, because, generally speaking, there is danger of making the design too insistent. Some of the best designs are very subtle and quiet. Care should be taken, however, to allow for a slight filling in of the hollow by the glaze when it is applied.

Modelling a Decoration.--If the decoration is to be modelled it would seem wise to do it, in whole or in part, as the work is built up; but in this case great care will be needed to keep a firm hold on the relief and unity of the decoration. It will be easy to over-model the work.

How Under-glaze is Applied.--For decoration with under glaze the colours given under the head of glazing (page 304) are mixed in different proportions with dry powdered clay and water to form a colour paste. This is painted on the "green" or moist clay, forming a smooth and even surface. Experience will teach the proportions of colour to be mixed with the clay. These proportions vary greatly with different colours. A very strong colour like cobalt will give a deep blue if mixed in the ratio of one part by weight of cobalt to ten parts of clay. Colours like the oxides of iron and copper are of medium strength, and antimony is quite weak.

Before the work is left to dry it would be well to make sure that all corners and rough edges are smoothed off as they will show light and rough through the glaze. The use of sand-paper, however, is not advised, though it may occasionally be used in the emergency of an accidental roughness remaining after the piece is dry. The aim should be to have all clay work show something of the plastic nature of the material out of which it is made.

Firing.--Pottery must be "bone" dry before it is fired. A very satisfactory portable kiln for firing may be purchased for from \$34 to \$175, according to the size. The smallest size, which is illustrated in the next drawing, will be ample for the needs of one or two persons. If, however, the amateur does not care to go to the expense of purchasing a kiln, it is generally possible to find a pottery factory in the vicinity that will undertake the firing and perhaps the glazing.

[Illustration: A portable kiln]

Temperature Required.--Pottery is fired at a temperature varying, according to the clay and the glaze used, from approximately 1800 to 2000 degrees Fahrenheit. Modelling clay fires at 1958 degrees Fahrenheit, or what is called "cone 04." This term comes from the fact that the heat is gauged by pyrometric cones, which can be seen through a spy hole attached to the kiln. These cones are graded compositions of various materials and possess different degrees of resistance to heat. They are usually set up in clay in groups of three or more. When one of them melts it bends over, as illustrated in the accompanying drawing, which shows cone 05--the most fusible one--completely "down," and 04 at a point indicating that it is time to shut off the heat from the kiln. This must be done gradually and the kiln must be allowed to cool completely before it is opened. This is especially necessary when firing the glazes described in the following section, which require the same temperature as modelling clay. Further details about firing and caring for the kiln may, of course, be learned from descriptions accompanying the apparatus. Pottery comes out of the first firing in the kiln a dull porous ware and in colour either cream, buff, or red, according to the amount of iron in the clay. In this state it is called "bisque" or "biscuit."

[Illustration: Pyrometric cones]

Glazing.--It is necessary to bring the pottery up to the condition of bisque before it can be glazed; or, to speak more accurately, before it can be over-glazed; for it has already been shown how the so-called under-glaze is put on before the first firing. The subject is somewhat technical, and it will not be possible in a single chapter to take up the details extensively. Briefly speaking, the glazes most used for this class of work are the lead glazes--combinations of "white lead" or carbonate of lead as a flux with kaolin, flint, whiting, feldspar, and other ingredients. These are supplied in powdered form and are ground together in water by means of a mill or a large mortar and pestle; a mortar 8 inches in diameter will serve.

Grinding the Glaze.--The grinding should continue about an hour. It should be said, however, that there is such a thing as grinding too fine. After the glaze has been properly ground a small quantity of gum tragacanth, dissolved in water, is to be added as a binder to prevent flaking and rubbing off in handling. It is also a good plan, though not always necessary, to strain the glaze, as soon as it is ground, through fine muslin. The tools and materials needed for this work may be itemized as follows: Lead carbonate, whiting, Canadian feldspar, Florida kaolin, French flint, white oxide of zinc, and various other oxides and colours noted in the text; earthenware bowls, 10 or 12 inches in diameter, for holding the glaze; large spoons, preferably aluminum; agate mortar and pestle, 8 inches in diameter.

Example of Matt Glaze and Bright Glaze Mixes.--Two mixes are given

below calculated to fuse at cone 04. One has a "matt" or dull velvety surface, and the other has a "bright" or shiny surface. The matt will be found more desirable for general work because it harmonizes better with flowers and foliage. The figures given below refer to units of weight. Metric weights (grams) are most convenient to use, but any units will serve so long as the same one is used throughout. The matt glaze should be of the consistency of thick cream, the bright glaze somewhat thinner.

#### MATT BASE

Lead carbonate	154
Whiting	25
Canadian feldspar	83
Florida kaolin	51

#### BRIGHT BASE

Lead carbonate	142
Whiting	20
Canadian feldspar	84
Florida kaolin	8
White oxide of zinc	8
French flint	44

The bases itemized above are colourless and there must be added to them from 3 to 6 per cent. of colouring material that will stand heat. A list of materials with their colours when fired is given on page 304, together with a few typical combinations of colours in quantity suitable to be added to the glaze bases given above. The following lists are by no means complete, and it is expected that the young decorator will make use of these colour mixtures simply as an introduction to quite extensive experimenting:

#### COLOUR MATERIALS

Black oxide of cobalt	Blue
Black oxide of copper	Blue green
Green oxide of chromium	Yellow green
White oxide of antimony	Lemon yellow
Red oxide of iron	Yellowish brown
Green oxide of nickel	Dirty gray (for neutralizing)
White oxide of tin	Makes glaze opaque
Black oxide of manganese	Purplish brown
Yellow ochre	Yellow
Burnt umber	Brown

#### COLOUR COMBINATIONS

Olive green  
Iron oxide      5  
Cobalt oxide    .5

Dark brown  
Iron oxide      3  
Nickel oxide     2  
Manganese oxide 5

Light gray-blue  
Tin oxide       5  
Cobalt oxide    .5  
Copper oxide    1.7

Blue-green  
Cobalt oxide    1  
Copper oxide    7  
Yellow ochre    4

Dark gray-blue  
Nickel oxide    5  
Yellow ochre    3  
Cobalt oxide    2  
Copper oxide    1

Applying the Glaze.--Before applying the glaze to the piece of pottery or bisque, the latter should be soaked in clear water for about five minutes or until the air is expelled from the pores. When this has been accomplished it should be removed from the water and all moisture should be wiped from its surface. The piece is then ready to be dipped into the glaze, or to have the glaze poured over it, if the size and shape of the piece make it more convenient to apply the glaze in this way. It is usually best to glaze the inside first, shaking out all the superfluous glaze before applying the glaze to the outside. During this process the piece must be held firmly but by as few points of contact as possible. These points of contact will generally need to be touched up before it is ready for firing.

It is sometimes necessary to glaze large pieces with a brush, putting on several coats in order to cover the surface with an even thickness. The matt glaze requires a greater thickness than the bright glaze in order to develop its characteristic velvety texture. The greater thickness may be easily secured, because it flows more slowly than the thinner bright glaze and is less likely to drip from the sides of the piece to which it is being applied; but, on the other hand, it is at a disadvantage in that it does not, in flowing slowly, correct inequalities of thickness so readily as the more mobile bright glaze does. A certain thickness, however, is essential; and if, after firing, it is found that the glaze was put on too thin, a second coat may be

applied and the article again fired.

Firing the Glaze.--Before the glazed piece is fired the glaze should be dried and what runs down and collects about the bottom or foot should be scraped off. It should then be set in the kiln on a kind of pointed tripod of hard burned clay, called the "stilt," which prevents the glaze from sticking to the floor or shelves of the kiln. All glazed ware should be placed in the kiln with at least 1/2 an inch of space between the pieces to prevent them from sticking together during the fusing state of the glaze, when it is apt to bubble or "boil."

The firing of glaze is a process very similar to that employed in the production of bisque, already described. Greater care, however, must be taken in controlling the increase in temperature so that it shall be even and steady--free from all sudden flashes of heat. The cooling also should be very gradual and, as in bisque firing, the kiln should be allowed to get cool before it is opened. With this second firing the pottery is finished unless it should happen that a second coat of glaze is found to be necessary. If only a few spots need attention, this second coat is best applied with a brush.

#### PROBLEM: A VASE FOR LONG STEMMED FLOWERS

The tools required for making this vase are the same as those used for the bowl, and the process of building is much the same. The chief difference is that it is more difficult to preserve the profile in building because the added height and the greater weight tend to bulge the lower part. To meet this difficulty it will be necessary to set the work aside quite often in order to let the lower part harden sufficiently to support the upper part.

The Profile.--In preparing the profile the same rules hold as were applied in working up the problem of the bowl. It will be well to remember, however, that the curves of a vase must be treated with greater reserve as to their lateral projection than was necessary in the case of the bowl--i. e., the curve of a vase should be enclosed within a rectangle narrower in comparison with its height than is the case with the curve of a bowl. The reason for this, of course, is found in the greater height of a vase in comparison with its diameter. The following figure shows three typical vase forms. If these curves be compared with those shown on page 288, illustrating bowl contours, it will be observed how the height of the vase is emphasised in the greater restraint and subtlety of its curves. In the next illustration we have two "horrible" examples to which attention has already been called in the suggestions for the design of bowls. The dotted lines in the illustration show how these curves may be improved if, in either A or B, one element of the compound curve be made dominant at the expense of the other. If at the same time the diameter be made smaller in comparison with its height the attractiveness of the contours will be

still more improved. Indeed, it will be a transformation from a profile that is positively bad to one that is very good.

[Illustration: Typical vase forms]

[Illustration: Profile to be avoided]

Decoration.--The problem of decoration is not very different from that of the bowl. Here again, however, the added height seems to call for greater accent by means of vertical or panel divisions. Unless this be understood there is some danger that the larger vertical spaces will seem to offer simply more room for horizontal bands, resulting in a barber pole effect.

Handles.--If handles or buttresses are desired, care should be taken that they are designed as an integral part of the vase--*i. e.*, that they continue or reinforce its lines. Two suggestions for the treatment of the problem of handles are given in the accompanying drawing. It will be noted how sympathetically these handles conform to the lines of the vases to which they are attached. Handles that give the impression of being made for another vase should be avoided.

[Illustration: Suggestions for handles]

#### PROBLEM: THE FERN DISH

The process of building the fern dish is not essentially different from that employed in making the bowl described in the first problem. If the fern dish is to be round, the coiling method may be used; but if the dish is to be square or rectangular it is not necessary to use this method. In place of it the process of "piecing on" may be employed--*i. e.*, one piece of soft clay may be added to another and the different pieces welded together as the work proceeds.

[Illustration: Development of the fern dish]

The Lining.--The fern dish requires a separate inner dish or lining with a hole in the bottom of it like that in the ordinary flower pot. This feature forms the unique part of the problem. Generally speaking, the presence of this lining seems to call for a little closer approach to the vertical in the sides of the outer bowl; and yet some latitude is allowable, as is shown in the right hand dish illustrated in Plate XIII following, which is somewhat similar in profile to that illustrated in the accompanying drawing. This drawing shows the development of the problem as applied to a round fern dish. Much freedom, however, may be used in the plan as either the round or the rectangular fern dish seems to give satisfaction. The half section in the drawing shows a very narrow space between the inner and outer bowls at the top edges. This adds greatly to the good appearance of the

completed fern dish. The sides of the inner dish are made vertical, since it is necessary for it to be easily removed.

Decoration.--The problem of decoration differs very little from that discussed under the problem of the bowl. Either the fern itself or its woodland neighbours may easily furnish the motif. Sometimes there is occasion for designing similar dishes not for ferns but for other plants. Thus the smaller square dish, illustrated in Plate XIII opposite, was designed and made for the familiar "bluets," and the subject matter for its design was found in that flower.

Glazing.--The rules already given for glazing apply in this case, but it will be necessary to glaze the outside fern dish only. It is well, however, to glaze a narrow strip along the upper edge of the inner dish; but the rest of it should be left unglazed. It hardly needs to be added that in firing it is necessary to keep the inner and outer dishes separate.

[Illustration: Vases and Fern Dishes. Plate XIII]

#### PROBLEM: THE CANDLESTICK

The Design.--This problem introduces several points in design that need to be especially emphasized. The candlestick should be of such size that it will easily support the average candle without putting the user to great inconvenience in fitting it by paring it off or melting it down. It is necessary to provide a lip to catch the stray drops of wax that will run down the sides of the candle; and it will be a convenience to have this supplemented by a slight dishing of the base if the candlestick is to be carried about. If a handle is to be added it should seem to be a natural outgrowth of the candlestick itself, as was explained in the discussion of handles for vases; and it should, at the same time, offer a place for a firm and comfortable grasp. The accompanying drawing shows how handles may be designed really to form a part of the candlestick and at the same time, by means of a sharp bend or elbow at the top, to provide a natural place for the thumb to assist in grasping the handle.

Whether the candlestick is to be high or low depends entirely upon the use intended for it or upon the preference of the user. Generally speaking, a low candlestick is better for carrying about and a high one more desirable for standing in a cabinet or on shelf or table. It is well for some definite idea of utility to manifest itself in the form chosen. Merely planning a tube and a handle upon a base, without carefully relating these three different elements according to the requirements of use, can hardly be called designing a candlestick.

[Illustration: Suggestive designs for candlesticks]

The building of the candlestick is started, like the bowl in the first problem, by coiling from the centre, and the rim may be added in the same way. Care should be taken, however, to attach the central tube firmly. This may be coiled or simply modelled from a single lump of clay. If there is to be a handle it is well to build it at the time the central tube is built, as it is then easier to make a firm attachment.

#### PROBLEM: TILES

The varied and extensive uses of tiles make it difficult to limit the scope of this problem. Tiles are used for paving, wall facings, ceilings, coverings for stoves, linings and facings for fireplaces, rests for flower pots and teapots, and for various other purposes. Tiles figure very prominently in the history of art. They are objects of interest and study in many public buildings and museums throughout the civilized world. But this problem will confine itself to two of the many varieties of tiles, *viz.*, tiles designed for bowls or teapots and tiles used for the facing of fireplaces.

#### [Illustration: A tile frame]

*The Tile Frame.*--In building tiles a frame is used measuring about 6 inches square by 5/8 of an inch thick. The strips forming the frame may be 1 inch wide, lightly nailed together at the corners so that, if necessary, the frame can be easily taken apart while the clay is moist. This frame is placed on a plaster bat or piece of paper and the clay forced firmly into its corners and sides, working toward the centre, until the frame is completely filled. It is then turned over in order to make sure that the under side of the clay is thoroughly welded together. Care should be taken to use sufficient clay to bring both surfaces well up to the surface of the frame, scraping off the surplus clay with a straight edge. While the clay is moist, one side is chosen for the back, and this is hollowed out to prevent warping. The hollowing may take the form shown in the right-hand tile at the top of Plate XIV, or it may be in the shape of channels 3/4 of an inch or more in width, separated by ridges 1/2 of an inch wide running across the back of the tile. Whichever method is used, the depth should be about 3/16 of an inch and not over 1/4 of an inch. Even when the utmost precaution is taken, the tile is very liable to warp. It should therefore be dried slowly and with the greatest possible evenness of exposure on both sides. The greatest help of all is found in the use of the so-called "grog." This is made by grinding to a powder clay that has been fired once and shrunk, but not glazed. It is used by mixing it with the clay before it is moulded, in the proportion of one part grog to three of the clay. It may be added here that grog will be found of great assistance not only in making tiles but in making other ware. It will not be necessary, however, to burn clay for the express purpose of making grog. The occasional failures which develop at the first firing

of every batch of pottery will furnish an adequate supply.

[Illustration: Tiles. Plate XIV]

\_Decoration.\_--When the tile is dried and shrunk a little it may be easily taken from the frame, but it should be allowed to get quite stiff before decoration is applied. While the hardening process is going on the decoration may be studied. The three general methods of decoration considered under the flower bowl--\_viz.\_, the sunken line, the modelled surface, and the painting with under-glaze or over-glaze--are all available for use with the tile. If it is to be a tea tile the modelled surface must be treated with considerable caution, otherwise there may result an uneven surface for the teapot to rest upon.

\_Firing.\_--In giving the tile its first firing it is safer to stand it on one edge in the kiln, but not on the floor of the kiln, as the intense heat of the floor would be liable to shrink that side more than the others. It may be supported on two stilts or it may be placed on one of the shelves. For the glaze firing the tile should be placed flat on the stilt.

\_Tea Tiles.\_--The tiles illustrated at the top and bottom of Plate XIV were designed and made to serve as rests for a teapot, a bowl, or a vase. It will be noticed that the centre is left free with one exception, which is given as an interesting variation from the general rule. The free space is an advantage in giving relief to the design and in furnishing an even surface for the teapot or bowl to rest upon. In the decoration of rectangular tile forms the general principles as to variety of measure or shape in space divisions hold true. Emphasis should be concentrated at the corners in order to strengthen the design.

\_Fireplace Tiles.\_--Some of the tiles illustrated in Plate XIV would be entirely appropriate for facing a border around the opening of a fireplace. This is especially true of the middle design shown at the top of the plate, on account of the lines which project through the corner design nearly to the edges of the tile. This makes it especially adapted to repetition in a facing or border.

[Illustration: Pottery, Designed and Made by Schoolgirls. Plate XV]

\_Decoration of Tiles.\_--It is in the field of painted decoration, however, that the most attractive possibilities in fireplace tile designs are found. The framed tile illustrated in Plate XV opposite--an example of over-glaze painting--is intended for use as a colour accent for the wall. This tile is painted in matt glaze between raised outlines. Three similar tiles are illustrated in the middle row in Plate XIV. The right-hand one, like the framed tile of Plate XV, is a matt over-glaze, but the outline instead of being raised was slightly depressed. The other two are examples of

under-glaze painting. They were painted on moist clay, as described in the problem of the bowl, and afterwards covered with a bright glaze. In this case the glaze was itself coloured, thus adding richness to the colour scheme. The repetition in a tile facing of landscapes, designed to be complete or nearly so, would be tiresome. It is better so to design the entire facing that it will be made up of a series of very simple landscape motifs, each fairly complete in itself, but all so related to each other as to form, when joined, a larger, somewhat conventionalized, landscape. A treatment of this kind lends itself to many other decorative schemes.

The fireplace offers a great opportunity for design, not only in itself, but as related to the decorative scheme of the room in which it is placed. It should not be forgotten that it is, in a sense, the focal centre of the room. This fact, together with its comparatively small size, makes it possible to give it a strong and rich note of colour, accenting the prevailing colour scheme of the room. Tiles, properly designed and applied, offer a rich and varied field for charming effects in colour and texture.

---

## **JEAN PAHUSCA**

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Price of the Prairie*, by Margaret Hill McCarter

In even savage bosoms  
There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the good they comprehend not.

--LONGFELLOW.

The frontier broke all lines of caste. There was no aristocrat, autocrat, nor plutocrat in Springvale; but the purest democracy was among the children. Life was before us; we loved companionship, and the same dangers threatened us all. The first time I saw Marjie she asked, "Are you afraid of Indians?" They were the terror of her life. Even to-day the mere press despatch of an Indian uprising in Oklahoma or Arizona will set the blood bounding through my veins and my first thought is of her.

I shall never forget the day my self-appointed guardianship of her began. Before we had a schoolhouse, Aunt Candace taught the children of the community in our big living-room. One rainy afternoon, late in the Fall, the darkness seemed to drop down suddenly. We could not see to study, and we were playing boisterously about the benches of our improvised schoolroom, Marjie, Mary Gentry, Lettie and Jim Conlow, Tell

Mapleson,—old Tell's boy,—O'mie, both the Mead boys, and the four Anderson children. Suddenly Marjie, who was watching the rain beating against the west window, called, "Phil, come here! What is that long, narrow, red light down by the creek?"

Marjie had the softest voice. Amid the harsh jangle of the Andersons and Bill Mead's big whooping shouts it always seemed like music to me. I stared hard at the sullen block of flame in the evening shadows.

"I don't know what it is," I said.

She slipped her fingers into the pocket of my coat as I turned away, and her eyes looked anxiously into mine. "Could it be an Indian camp-fire?" she queried.

I looked again, flattening my nose against the window pane. "I don't know, Marjie, but I'll find out. Maybe it's somebody's kitchen fire down west. I'll ask O'mie."

In truth, that light had often troubled me. It did not look like the twinkling candle-flare I could see in so many windows of the village. I turned to O'mie, who, with his face to the wall, waited in a game of hide-and-seek. Before I could call him Marjie gave a low cry of terror. We all turned to her in an instant, and I saw outside a dark face close against the window. It was gone so quickly that only O'mie and I caught sight of it.

"What was it, Marjie?" the children cried.

"An Indian boy," gasped Marjie. "He was right against the window."

"I'll bet it was a spook," shouted Bill Mead.

"I'll bet it wasn't nothin' at all," grinned Jim Conlow. "Possum Conlow" we called him for that secretive grin on his shallow face.

"I'll bet it wath a whole gang of Thiennes," lisped tow-headed Bud Anderson.

"They ain't no Injuns nearer than the reserve down the river, and ain't been no Injuns in Springvale for a long time, 'cept annuity days," declared Tell Mapleson.

"Well, let's foind out," shouted O'mie, "I ain't afraid av no Injun."

"Neither am I," I cried, starting after O'mie, who was out of the door at the word.

But Marjie caught my arm, and held it.

"Let O'mie go. Don't go, Phil, please don't."

I can see her yet, her brown eyes full of pleading, her soft brown hair in rippling waves about her white temples. Did my love for her spring into being at that instant? I cannot tell. But I do know that it was a crucial moment for me. Sixty years have I seen, and my life has grown practical and barren of sentiment. But I know that the boy, Phil Baronet, who stood that evening with Marjie and the firelight and safety on one side, and darkness and uncertainty on the other, had come to one of those turning-points in a life, unrecognized for the time, whose decision controls all the years that follow. For suddenly came the query "How can I best take care of her? Shall I stay with her in the light, or go into the dark and strike the danger out of it?" I didn't frame all this into words. It was all only an intense feeling, but the mental judgment was very real. I turned from her and cleared the doorstep at a leap, and in a moment was by O'mie's side, chasing down the hill-slope toward town.

We never thought to run to the bluff's edge and clamber down the shelving, precipitous sides. Here was the only natural hiding-place, but like children we all ran the other way. When we had come in again with the report of "No enemy in sight," and had shut the door against the rain, I happened to glance out of the east window. Climbing up to the street from the cliff I saw the lithe form of a young Indian. He came straight to the house and stood by the east window where he could see inside. Then with quick, springing step he walked down the slope. I crossed to the west window and watched him shutting out that red bar of light now and then, till he melted into the shadows.

Meanwhile the children were chattering like sparrows and had not noticed me.

"Would you know it, Marjie, if you thaw it again?" lisped Bud Anderson.

"Oh, yes! His hair was straight across like this." Marjie drew one hand across her curl-shaded forehead, to show how square the black hair grew about the face she had seen.

"That's nothin'," said Bill Mead. "They change scalps every time they catch a white man,--just take their own off an' put his on, an' it grows. There's lots of men in Kansas look like white men's just Injuns growed a white scalp on 'em."

"Really, is there?" asked Mary Gentry credulously.

"Sure, I've seen 'em," went on Bill with a boy's love of that kind of lying.

"Wouldn't a Injun look funny with my thcalp?" Bud Anderson put in. "I'll bet I'm jutht a Injun mythelf."

"Then you've got some little baby girl's scalp," grinned Jim Conlow.

"Tain't no 'pothum'th, anyhow," rejoined Bud; and we laughed our fears away.

That evening Aunt Candace sent me home with Marjie to take some fresh doughnuts to Mrs. Whately. I can see the little girl now as we splashed sturdily down Cliff Street through the wet gloom, her face like a white blossom in the shadowy twilight, her crimson jacket open at the throat, and the soft little worsted scarf about her damp fluffy curls making a glow of rich coloring in the dim light.

"You'll never let the Indians get you, will you, Phil?" she asked, when we stood a moment by the bushes just at the steepest bend of the street.

I stood up proudly. I was growing very fast in this gracious climate. "The finest-built boy in Springvale," the men called me. "No, Marjie. The Indians won't get me, nor anybody else I don't want them to have."

She drew close to me, and I caught her hand in mine a moment. Then, boylike, I flipped her heavy braid of hair over her shoulder and shook the wettest bushes till their drops scattered in a shower about her. Something, a dog we thought, suddenly slid out from the bush and down the cliff-side. When I started home after delivering the cakes, Marjie held the candle at the door to light my way. As I turned at the edge of the candle's rays to wave my hand, I saw her framed in the doorway. Would that some artist could paint that picture for me now!

"I'll whistle up by the bushes," I cried, and strode into the dark.

On the bend of the crest, where the street drops down almost too steep for a team of horses to climb, I turned and saw Marjie's light in the window, and the shadow of her head on the pane. I gave a long, low whistle, the signal call we had for our own. It was not an echo, it was too near and clear, the very same low call in the bushes just over the cliff beside me as though some imitator were trying to catch the notes. A few feet farther on my path I came face to face with the same Indian whom I had seen an hour before. He strode by me in silence.

Without once looking back I said to myself, "If you aren't afraid of me, I'm not afraid of you. But who gave that whistle, I wonder. That's my call to Marjie."

"Marjie's awful 'fraid of Injuns," I said to Aunt Candace that night. "Didn't want me to find who it was peeked, but I went after him, clear down to Amos Judson's house, because I thought that was the best way, if it was an Injun. She isn't afraid of anything else. She's the only girl that can ride Tell Mapleson's pony, and only O'mie and Tell and I among the boys can ride him. And she killed the big rattlesnake that nearly

had Jim Conlow, killed it with a hoe. And she can climb where no other girl dares to, on the bluff below town toward the Hermit's Cave. But she's just as 'fraid of an Injun! I went to hunt him, though."

"And you did just right, Phil. The only way to be safe is to go after what makes you afraid. I guess, though, there really was nobody. It was just Marjie's imagination, wasn't it?"

"Yes, there was, Auntie; I saw him climb up from the cliff over there and go off down the hill after we came in."

"Why didn't you say so?" asked my aunt.

"We couldn't get him, and it would have scared Marjie," I answered.

"That's right, Phil. You are a regular Kansas boy, you are. The best of them may claim to come from Massachusetts,"--with a touch of pride,--"but no matter where they come from, they must learn how to be quick-witted and brave and manly here in Kansas. It's what all boys need to be here."

A few days later the door of our schoolroom opened and an Indian boy strode in and seated himself on the bench beside Tell Mapleson. He was a lad of fifteen, possibly older. His dress was of the Osage fashion and round his neck he wore a string of elk teeth. His face was thoroughly Indian, yet upon his features something else was written. His long black hair was a shade too jetty and soft for an Indian's, and it grew squarely across his forehead, suggesting the face of a French priest. We children sat open-mouthed. Even Aunt Candace forgot herself a moment. Bud Anderson first found his voice.

"Well, I'll thwan!" he exclaimed in sheer amazement.

Bill Mead giggled and that broke the spell.

"How do you do?" said my aunt kindly.

"How," replied the young brave.

"What is your name, and what do you want?" asked our teacher.

"Jean Pahusca. Want school. Want book--" He broke off and finished in a jargon of French and Indian.

"Where is your home, your tepee?" queried Aunt Candace.

The Indian only shook his head. Then taking from his beads a heavy silver cross, crudely shaped and wrought, he rose and placed it on the table. Taking up a book at the same time he seated himself to study like the rest of us.

"He has paid his tuition," said my aunt, smiling. "We'll let him stay."

So Jean Pahusca was established in our school.

---

## THE ZONE OF PARIS

The Project Gutenberg eBook, Over There, by Arnold Bennett

From the balcony you look down upon massed and variegated tree-tops as though you were looking down upon a valley forest from a mountain height. Those trees, whose hidden trunks make alleys and squares, are rooted in the history of France. On the dusty gravel of the promenade which runs between the garden and the street a very young man and a girl, tiny figures, are playing with rackets at one of those second-rate ball games beloved by the French petite bourgeoisie. Their jackets and hats are hung on the corner of the fancy wooden case in which an orange-tree is planted. They are certainly perspiring in the heavy heat of the early morning. They are also certainly in love. This lively dalliance is the preliminary to a day's desk-work. It seems ill-chosen, silly, futile. The couple have forgotten, if they ever knew, that they are playing at a terrific and long-drawn moment of crisis in a spot sacred to the finest civilisation.

From the balcony you can see, close by, the Louvre, with its sculptures extending from Jean Goujon to Carpeaux; the Church of St. Clotilde, where Cesar Franck for forty years hid his genius away from popularity; the railway station of the Quai d'Orsay, which first proved that a terminus may excite sensations as fine as those excited by a palace or a temple; the dome of the Invalides; the unique facades, equal to any architecture of modern times, to the north of the Place de la Concorde, where the Ministry of Marine has its home. Nobody who knows Paris, and understands what Paris has meant and still means to humanity, can regard the scene without the most exquisite sentiments of humility, affection, and gratitude. It is impossible to look at the plinths, the mouldings, the carving of the Ministry of Marine and not be thrilled by that supreme expression of national art.

And all this escaped! That is the feeling which one has. All this beauty was menaced with disaster at the hands of beings who comprehended it even less than the simple couple playing ball, beings who have scarcely reached the beginnings of comprehension, and who joined a barbaric ingenuousness to a savage cruelty. It was menaced, but it escaped. Perhaps no city

was ever in acuter peril; it escaped by a miracle, but it did escape. It escaped because tens of thousands of soldiers in thousands of taxicabs advanced more rapidly than any soldiers could be expected to advance. "The population of Paris has revolted and is hurrying to ask mercy from us!" thought the reconnoitring simpletons in Taubes, when they noted beneath them the incredible processions of taxicabs going north. But what they saw was the Sixth Army, whose movement changed the campaign, and perhaps the whole course of history.

"A great misfortune has overtaken us," said a German officer the next day. It was true. Greater than he suspected.

The horror of what might have happened, the splendour of what did happen, mingle in the awed mind as you look over the city from the balcony. The city escaped. And the event seems vaster and more sublime than the mind can bear.

The streets of Paris have now a perpetual aspect of Sunday morning; only the sound of church-bells is lacking. A few of the taxicabs have come back; but all the auto-buses without exception are away behind the front. So that the traffic is forced underground, where the railways are manned by women. A horse-bus, dug up out of the past, jogs along the most famous boulevard in the world like a country diligence, with a fat, laughing peasant-woman clinging to its back-step and collecting fare-moneys into the immense pocket of her black apron. Many of the most expensive and unnecessary shops are shut; the others wait with strange meekness for custom. But the provision shops and all the sturdy cheap shops of the poor go on naturally, without any self-consciousness, just as usual. The pavements show chiefly soldiers in a wild, new variety of uniforms, from pale blue to black, imitated and adapted from all sources, and especially from England--and widows and orphans. The number of young girls and women in mourning, in the heavy mourning affected by the Latin race, is enormous. This crape is the sole casualty list permitted by the French War Office. It suffices. Supreme grief is omnipresent; but it is calm, cheerful, smiling. Widows glance at each other with understanding, like initiates of a secret and powerful society.

Never was Paris so disconcertingly odd. And yet never was it more profoundly itself. Between the slow realisation of a monstrous peril escaped and the equally slow realisation of its power to punish, the French spirit, angered and cold, knows at last what the French spirit is. And to watch and share its mood is positively ennobling to the stranger. Paris is revealed under an enchantment. On the surface of the enchantment the pettinesses of daily existence persist queerly.

Two small rooms and a kitchen on a sixth floor. You could put the kitchen, of which the cooking apparatus consists of two gas-rings, in

the roots of the orange-tree in the Tuileries gardens. Everything is plain, and stringently tidy; everything is a special item, separately acquired, treasured. I see again a water-colour that I did years ago and had forgotten; it lives, protected by a glazed frame and by the pride of possession. The solitary mistress of this immaculate home is a spinster sempstress in the thirties. She earns three francs a day, and is rich because she does not spend it all, and has never spent it all. Inexpressibly neat, smiling, philosophic, helpful, she has within her a contentious and formidable tiger which two contingencies, and two only, will arouse. The first contingency springs from any threat of marriage. You must not seek a husband for her; she is alone in the world, and she wants to be. The second springs from any attempt to alter her habits, which in her sight are as sacredly immutable as the ritual of an Asiatic pagoda.

Last summer she went to a small town, to which is attached a very large military camp, to help her sister-in-law in the running of a cafe. The excursion was to be partly in the nature of a holiday; but, indefatigable on a chair with a needle, she could not stand for hours on her feet, ministering to a sex of which she knew almost nothing. She had the nostalgia of the Parisian garret. She must go home to her neglected habits. The war was waging. She delayed, from a sense of duty. But at last her habits were irresistible. Officers had said lightly that there was no danger, that the Germans could not possibly reach that small town. Nevertheless, the train that the spinster-sempstress took was the last train to leave. And as the spinster-sempstress departed by the train, so the sister-in-law departed in a pony-cart, with a son and a grandmother in the pony-cart, together with such goods as the cart would hold; and, through staggering adventures, reached safety at Troyes.

"And how did you yourself get on?" I asked the spinster-sempstress.

She answered:

"It was terrible. Ordinarily it is a journey of three or four hours. But that time it lasted three days and two nights. The train was crammed with refugees and with wounded. One was obliged to stand up. One could not move."

"But where did you sleep?"

"I did not sleep. Do I not tell you one was obliged to stand up? I stood up all the first night. The floor was thirty centimetres deep in filth. The second night one had settled down somewhat. I could sit."

"But about eating?"

"I had a little food that I brought with me."

"And drinking?"

"Nothing, till the second day. One could not move. But in the end we arrived. I was broken with fatigue. I was very ill. But I was home. The Boches drank everything in the cafe, everything; but the building was spared--it stood away from the firing. How long do you think the war will last?"

"I'm beginning to think it will last a long time."

"So they say," she murmured, glancing through the window at the prospect of roofs and chimney-cowls. "Provided that it finishes well..."

Except by the look in her eyes, and by the destruction of her once good complexion, it was impossible to divine that this woman's habits had ever been disturbed in the slightest detail. But the gaze and the complexion told the tale.

Next: the Boulevard St. Germain. A majestic flat, heavily and sombrely furnished. The great drawing-room is shut and sheeted with holland. It has been shut for twenty years. The mistress of this home is an aged widow of inflexible will and astounding activity. She gets up at five a.m., and no cook has ever yet satisfied her. The master is her son, a bachelor of fifty. He is paralysed, and always perfectly dressed in the English taste, he passes his life in a wheeled chair. The home is centred in his study, full of books, engravings, a large safe, telephone, theatophone, newspapers, cigarettes, easy-chairs. When I go in, an old friend, a stockbroker, is there, and "thees" and "thous" abound in the conversation, which runs on investments, the new English loan, banking accounts in London, the rent moratorium in Paris, and the war. It is said that every German is a critic of war. But so is every Frenchman a critic of war. The criticism I now hear is the best spoken criticism, utterly impartial, that I have heard.

"In sum," says the grey-headed stockbroker, "there disengages itself from the totality of the facts an impression, tolerably clear, that all goes very well on the West front."

Which is reassuring. But the old lady, invincible after seven-and-a-half decades spent in the hard acquirement of wisdom, will not be reassured. She is not alarmed, but she will not be reassured. She treats the two men with affectionate malice as children. She knows that "those birds"--that is to say, the Germans--will never be beaten, because they are for ever capable of inventing some new trick.

She will not sit still. A bit of talk, and she runs off with the agility of a girl to survey her household; then returns and cuts into the discussion.

"If you are coming to lunch, Bennett," she says, "come before Monday, because on Monday my cook takes herself away, and as for the new one, I should dare to say nothing. . . . You don't know, Bennett, you don't know, that at a given moment it was impossible to buy salt. I mean, they sold it to you unwillingly, in little screws of paper. It was impossible to get enough. Figure that to yourself, you from London! As for chicory for the morning cafe-au-lait, it existed not. Gold could not buy it."

And again she said, speaking of the fearful days in September 1914:

"What would you? We waited. My little coco is nailed there. He cannot move without a furniture-van filled with things essential to his existence. I did not wish to move. We waited, quite simply. We waited for them to come. They did not come. So much the better That is all."

I have never encountered anything more radically French than the temperament of this aged woman.

Next: the luxury quarter--the establishment of one of those fashionable dressmakers whom you patronise, and whose bills startle all save the most hardened. She is a very handsome woman. She has a husband and two little boys. They are all there. The husband is a retired professional soldier. He has a small and easy post in a civil administration, but his real work is to keep his wife's books. In August he was re-engaged, and ready to lead soldiers under fire in the fortified camp which Gallieni has evolved out of the environs of Paris; but the need passed, and the uniform was laid aside. The two little boys are combed and dressed as only French and American children are combed and dressed, and with a more economical ingenuity than American children. Each has a beautiful purple silk necktie and a beautiful silk handkerchief to match. You may notice that the purple silk is exactly the same purple silk as the lining of their mother's rich mantle hanging over a chair back.

"I had to dismiss my last few work-girls on Saturday," said the dressmaker. It was no longer possible to keep them. "I had seventy, you know. Now--not one. For a time we made considerably less than the rent. Now we make nothing. Nevertheless, some American clients have been very kind."

Her glance went round the empty white salons with their mirrors in sculptured frames. Naught of her stock was left except one or two fragile blouses and a few original drawings.

Said the husband:

"We are eating our resources. I will tell you what this war means to us. It means that we shall have to work seven or eight years longer than we had the intention to work. What would you?"

He lifted his arms and lowered the corners of his mouth. Then he turned again to the military aspect of things, elaborating it.

The soldier in him finished:

"It is necessary, all the same, to admire these cursed Germans."

"Admire them!" said his wife sharply. "I do not appreciate the necessity. When I think of that day and that night we spent at home!" They live in the eastern suburbs of the city. "When I think of that day and that night! The cannon thundering at a distance of ten kilometres!"

"Thirty kilometres, almost thirty, my friend," the husband corrected.

"Ten kilometres. I am sure it was not more than ten kilometres, my friend."

"But see, my little one. It was at Meaux. Forty kilometres to Meaux. We are at thirteen. That makes twenty-seven, at least."

"It sounded like ten."

"That is true."

"It sounded like ten, my dear Arnold. All day, and all night. We could not go to bed. Had one any desire to go to bed? It was anguish. The mere souvenir is anguish."

She kissed her youngest boy, who had long hair.

"Come, come!" the soldier calmed her.

Lastly: an interior dans le monde; a home illustrious in Paris for the richness of its collections--bric-a-brac, fans, porcelain, furniture, modern pictures; the walls frescoed by Pierre Bonnard and his compeers; a black marble balcony with an incomparable view in the very middle of the city. Here several worlds encountered each other: authors, painters, musicians, dilettanti, administrators. The hostess had good-naturedly invited a high official of the Foreign Office, whom I had not seen for many years; she did not say so, but her aim therein was to expedite the arrangements for my pilgrimages in the war-zone. Sundry of my old friends were present. It was wonderful how many had escaped active service, either because they were necessary to central administration, or because they were neutrals, or because they were too old, or because they had been

declined on account of physical unfitness, reforms. One or two who might have come failed to do so because they had perished.

Amid the abounding, dazzling confusion of objects which it was a duty to admire, people talked cautiously of the war. With tranquillity and exactness and finality the high official, clad in pale alpaca and yellow boots, explained the secret significance of Yellow Books, White Books, Orange Books, Blue Books. The ultimate issues were never touched. New, yet unprinted, music was played; Schumann, though German enough, was played. Then literature came to the top. A novelist wanted to know what I thought of a book called "The Way of All Flesh," which he had just read. It is singular how that ruthless book makes its way across all frontiers. He also wanted to know about Gissing, a name new to him. And then a voice from the obscurity of the balcony came startlingly to me in the music-room:

"Tell me! Sincerely--do they hate the Germans in England? Do they hate them, veritably? Tell me. I doubt it. I doubt strongly."

I laughed, rather awkwardly, as any Englishman would.

The transient episode was very detrimental to literary talk.

Negotiations for a private visit to the front languished. The thing was arranged right enough, but it seemed impossible to fix a day actually starting. So I went to Meaux. Meaux had stuck in my ears. Meaux was in history and in romances; it is in Dumas. It was burnt by the Normans in the tenth century, and terrific massacres occurred outside its walls in the fourteenth century, massacres in which the English aristocracy took their full share of the killing. Also, in the seventeenth century, Bossuet was Bishop of Meaux. Finally, in the twentieth century, the Germans just got to Meaux, and they got no further. It was, so far as I can make out, the nearest point to Paris which they soiled.

I could not go even to Meaux without formalities, but the formalities were simple. The dilatory train took seventy minutes, dawdling along the banks of the notorious Marne. In an automobile one could have done the journey in half the time. An automobile, however, would have seriously complicated the formalities. Meaux contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. Yet it seems, when you are in it, to consist chiefly of cathedral. When you are at a little distance away from it, it seems to consist of nothing but cathedral. In this it resembles Chartres, and many another city in France.

We obtained a respectable carriage, with a melancholy, resigned old driver, who said:

"For fifteen francs, plus always the pourboire, I will take you to Barcy, which was bombarded and burnt. I will show you all the

battlefield."

With those few words he thrilled me.

The road rose slowly from the canal of the Ourcq; it was lined with the most beautiful acacia trees, and through the screen of the acacias one had glimpses of the town, diminishing, and of the cathedral, growing larger and larger. The driver talked to us in faint murmurs over his shoulder, indicating the positions of various villages such as Penchard, Poincy, Crecy, Monthyon, Chambry, Varreddes, all of which will be found, in the future detailed histories of the great locust-advance.

"Did you yourself see any Germans?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Meaux."

"How many?"

He smiled. "About a dozen." He underestimated the number, and the length of the stay, but no matter. "They were scouts. They came into the town for a few hours--and left it. The Germans were deceived. They might have got to Paris if they had liked. But they were deceived."

"How were they deceived?"

"They thought there were more English in front of them than actually there were. The head-quarters of the English were over there, at La Ferte-sous-Jouarre. The English blew up our bridge, as a measure of precaution."

We drove on.

"The first tomb," said the driver, nonchalantly, in his weak voice, lifting an elbow.

There it was, close by the roadside, and a little higher than ourselves. The grave was marked by four short, rough posts on which was strung barbed wire; a white flag; a white cross of painted wood, very simply but neatly made; a faded wreath. We could distinguish a few words of an inscription. "Comrades, 66th Territorials..." Soldiers were buried where they fell, and this was the tomb of him who fell nearest to Paris. It marked the last homicidal effort of the Germans before their advance in this region curved eastwards into a retreat. This tomb was a very impressive thing. The

driver had thrilled me again.

We drove on. We were now in a large rolling plain that sloped gradually behind us southwards towards the Marne. It had many little woods and spinneys, and no watercourses. To the civilian it appeared an ideal theatre for a glorious sanguinary battle in which thousands of fathers, sons, and brothers should die violently because some hierarchy in a distant capital was suffering from an acute attack of swelled head. A few trenches here and there could still be descried, but the whole land was in an advanced state of cultivation. Wheat and oats and flaming poppies had now conquered the land, had overrun and possessed it as no Germans could ever do. The raw earth of the trenches struggled vainly against the tide of germination. The harvest was going to be good. This plain, with its little woods and little villages, glittered with a careless and vast satisfaction in the sheets of sunshine that fell out of a blue too intense for the gaze.

We saw a few more tombs, and a great general monument or cenotaph to the dead, constructed at cross-roads by military engineers. The driver pointed to the village of Penchard, which had been pillaged and burnt by the enemy. It was only about a mile off, but in the strong, dazzling light we could distinguish not the least sign of damage. Then we came to a farm-house by the roadside. It was empty; it was a shell, and its roof was damaged. The Germans had gutted it. They had taken away its furniture as booty. (What they intended to do with furniture out of a perfectly mediocre farm-house, hundreds of miles from home, it is difficult to imagine.) Articles which it did not suit them to carry off they destroyed. Wine-casks of which they could not drink the wine, they stove in. ... And then they retreated.

This farm-house was somebody's house, just as your home is yours, and mine mine. To some woman or other every object in it was familiar. She glanced at the canister on the mantelpiece and said to herself: "I really must clean that canister to-morrow." There the house stood, with holes in its roof, empty. And if there are half a million similarly tragic houses in Europe to-day, as probably there are, such frequency does not in the slightest degree diminish the forlorn tragedy of that particular house which I have beheld.

At last Barcy came into view--the pierced remains of its church tower over the brow of a rise in the plain. Barcy is our driver's show-place. Barcy was in the middle of things. The fighting round Barcy lasted a night and a day, and Barcy was taken and retaken twice.

"You see the new red roofs," said the driver as we approached. "By those new red roofs you are in a state to judge a little what the damage was."

Some of the newly made roofs, however, were of tarred paper.

The street by which we entered had a small-pox of shrapnel and bullet-marks. The post office had particularly suffered: its bones were laid bare. It had not been restored, but it was ready to do any business that fell to be done, though closed on that afternoon. We turned a corner, and came upon the church. The work on the church was well up to the reported Teutonic average. Of its roof only the rafters were left. The windows were all smashed, and their lead fantastically twisted. The west door was entirely gone; a rough grille of strips of wood served in its stead. Through this grille one could see the nave and altar, in a miraculous and horrible confusion. It was as if house-breakers had spent days in doing their best to produce a professional effect. The oak pews were almost unharmed. Immediately behind the grille lay a great bronze bell, about three feet high, covered with beautifully incised inscriptions; it was unhurt.

Apparently nothing had been accomplished, in ten months, towards the restoration of the church. But something was contemplated, perhaps already started. A polished steel saw lay on one of the pews, but there was no workman attached to it.

While I was writing some notes in the porch three little boys came up and diligently stared at me.

"What dost thou want?" I said sharply to the tallest.

"Nothing," he replied.

Then three widows came up, one young, one young and beautiful, one middle-aged.

We got back into the carriage.

"The village seems very deserted," I said to the driver.

"What would you?" he answered. "Many went. They had no home. Few have returned."

All around were houses of which nothing remained but the stone walls.

The Germans had shown great prowess here, and the French still greater. It was a village upon which rival commanders could gaze with pride. It will remember the fourth and the fifth of September 1914.

We made towards Chambry. Chambry is a village which, like Meaux, lies below the plain. Chambry escaped glory; but between it

and Bancy, on the intervening slope through which a good road runs, a battle was fought. You know what kind of a battle it was by the tombs. These tombs were very like the others--an oblong of barbed wire, a white flag, a white cross, sometimes a name, more often only a number, rarely a wreath. You see first one, then another, then two, then a sprinkling; and gradually you perceive that the whole plain is dotted with gleams of white flags and white crosses, so that graves seem to extend right away to the horizon marked by lines of trees. Then you see a huge general grave. Much glory about that spot!

And then a tomb with a black cross. Very disconcerting, that black cross! It is different not only in colour, but in shape, from the other crosses. Sinister! You need not to be told that the body of a German lies beneath it. The whole devilishness of the Prussian ideal is expressed in that black cross. Then, as the road curves, you see more black crosses, many black crosses, very many. No flags, no names, no wreaths on these tombs. Just a white stencilled number in the centre of each cross. Women in Germany are still lying awake at nights and wondering what those tombs look like.

Watching over all the tombs, white and black without distinction, are notices: "Respect the Tombs." But the wheat and the oats are not respecting the tombs. Everywhere the crops have encroached on them, half-hiding them, smothering them, climbing right over them. In one place wheat is ripening out of the very body of a German soldier.

Such is the nearest battlefield to Paris. Corporate excursions to it are forbidden, and wisely. For the attraction of the place, were it given play, would completely demoralise Meaux and the entire district.

In half an hour we were back at an utterly matter-of-fact railway station, in whose cafe an utterly matter-of-fact and capable Frenchwoman gave us tea. And when we reached Paris we had the news that a Staff Captain of the French Army had been detailed to escort us to the front and to show us all that could safely be seen. Nevertheless, whatever I may experience, I shall not experience again the thrill which I had when the weak and melancholy old driver pointed out the first tomb. That which we had just seen was the front once.

---

# The Pretentious Young Ladies

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, by Moliere

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LA GRANGE, \  
    ) \_repulsed Lovers\_.  
DU CROISY, /

GORGIBUS, \_a good citizen\_.

[Footnote: Gorgibus was the name of certain characters in old comedies. The actor, L'Epy, who played this part, had a very loud voice; hence Molière gave him probably this name.]

THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE, \_valet to La Grange\_.

[Footnote: Mascarille was played by Molière, and has a personality quite distinct from the servant of the same name in the Blunderer and the Love-Tiff. The dress in which he acted this part, has not been mentioned in the inventory taken after his death, but in a pamphlet, published in 1660, he is described as wearing an enormous wig, a very small hat, a ruff like a morning gown, rolls in which children could play hide-and-seek, tassels like cornucopise, ribbons that covered his shoes, with heels half a foot in height.]

THE VISCOUNT JODELET, \_valet to Du Croisy\_.

ALMANZOR, \_footman to the pretentious ladies\_.

TWO CHAIMEN.

MUSICIANS.

MADELON, \_daughter to Gorgibus\_, \  
    ) \_The pretentious young ladies\_.  
CATHOS, \_niece to Gorgibus\_, /

MAROTTE, \_maid to the pretentious young ladies\_.

LUCILE. \  
    ) \_two female neighbours\_.  
CÉLIMÈNE. /

SCENE--GORGIBUS' HOUSE, PARIS.

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES. (LES PRÈCIEUSES RIDICULES.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.--LA GRANGE, DU CROISY.

DU. CR. Mr. La Grange.

LA. GR. What?

DU. CR. Look at me for a moment without laughing.

LA. GR. Well?

DU. CR. What do you say of our visit? Are you quite pleased with it?

LA. GR. Do you think either of us has any reason to be so?

DU. CR. Not at all, to say the truth.

LA. GR. As for me, I must acknowledge I was quite shocked at it. Pray now, did ever anybody see a couple of country wenches giving themselves more ridiculous airs, or two men treated with more contempt than we were? They could hardly make up their mind to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering as there was between them; such yawning, such rubbing of the eyes, and asking so often what o'clock it was. Did they answer anything else but "yes," or "no," to what we said to them? In short, do you not agree with me that if we had been the meanest persons in the world, we could not have been treated worse?

DU. CR. You seem to take it greatly to heart.

LA. GR. No doubt I do; so much so, that I am resolved to be revenged on them for their impertinence. I know well enough why they despise us. Affectation has not alone infected Paris, but has also spread into the country, and our ridiculous damsels have sucked in their share of it. In a word, they are a strange medley of coquetry and affectation. I plainly see what kind of persons will be well received by them; if you will take my advice, we will play them such a trick as shall show them their folly, and teach them to distinguish a little better the people they have to deal with.

DU. CR. How can you do this?

LA. GR. I have a certain valet, named Mascarille, who, in the opinion of many people, passes for a kind of wit; for nothing now-a-days is easier than to acquire such a reputation. He is an extraordinary fellow, who has taken it into his head to ape a person of quality. He usually prides himself on his gallantry and his poetry, and despises so much the other servants that he calls them brutes.

DU. CR. Well, what do you mean to do with him?

LA. GR. What do I mean to do with him? He must ... but first, let us be gone.

SCENE II.--GORGIBUS, DU CROISY, LA GRANGE.

GORG. Well, gentlemen, you have seen my niece and my daughter. How are matters going on? What is the result of your visit?

LA. GR. They will tell you this better than we can. All we say is that we thank you for the favour you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

DU. CR. Your most humble servants.

GORG. (Alone). Hoity-toity! Methinks they go away dissatisfied. What can be the meaning of this? I must find it out. Within there!

SCENE III.--GORGIBUS, MAROTTE.

MAR. Did you call, sir?

GORG. Where are your mistresses?

MAR. In their room.

GORG. What are they doing there?

MAR. Making lip salve.

GORG. There is no end of their salves. Bid them come down. (Alone). These hussies with their salves have, I think, a mind to ruin me.

Everywhere in the house I see nothing but whites of eggs, lac virginal, and a thousand other fooleries I am not acquainted with. Since we have been here they have employed the lard of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live every day on the sheep's trotters they use.

SCENE IV.--MADELON, CATHOS, GORGIBUS.

GORG. Truly there is great need to spend so much money to grease your faces. Pray tell me, what have you done to those gentlemen, that I saw them go away with so much coldness. Did I not order you to receive them as persons whom I intended for your husbands?

MAD. Dear father, what consideration do you wish us to entertain for the irregular behaviour of these people?

CAT. How can a woman of ever so little understanding, uncle, reconcile herself to such individuals?

GORG. What fault have you to find with them?

MAD. Their's is fine gallantry, indeed. Would you believe it? they began with proposing marriage to us.

GORG. What would you have them begin with--with a proposal to keep you as mistresses? Is not their proposal a compliment to both of you, as well as to me? Can anything be more polite than this? And do they not prove the honesty of their intentions by wishing to enter these holy bonds?

MAD. O, father! Nothing can be more vulgar than what you have just said. I am ashamed to hear you talk in such a manner; you should take some lessons in the elegant way of looking at things.

GORG. I care neither for elegant ways nor songs. I tell you marriage is a holy and sacred affair; to begin with that is to act like honest people.

[Footnote: The original has a play on words. Madelon says, in addressing her father, \_vous devriez un pen vous faire apprendre le bel air des choses\_, upon which he answers, \_je n'ai que faire ni d'air ni de chanson\_. Air means tune as well as look, appearance.]

MAD. Good Heavens! If everybody was like you a love-story would soon be over. What a fine thing it would have been if Cyrus had immediately espoused Mandane, and if Aronce had been married all at once to Clélie.

[Footnote: *Cyrus* and *Mandane* are the two principal characters of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's novel *Artamene, on the Grand Cyrus*; *Aronce* and *Clémie* of the novel *Clémie*, by the same author.]

GORG. What is she jabbering about?

MAD. Here is my cousin, father, who will tell as well as I that matrimony ought never to happen till after other adventures. A lover, to be agreeable, must understand how to utter fine sentiments, to breathe soft, tender, and passionate vows; his courtship must be according to the rules. In the first place, he should behold the fair one of whom he becomes enamoured either at a place of worship, [Footnote: See note 15, page 33.] or when out walking, or at some public ceremony; or else he should be introduced to her by a relative or a friend, as if by chance, and when he leaves her he should appear in a pensive and melancholy mood. For some time he should conceal his passion from the object of his love, but pay her several visits, in every one of which he ought to introduce some gallant subject to exercise the wits of all the company. When the day comes to make his declarations--which generally should be contrived in some shady garden-walk while the company is at a distance--it should be quickly followed by anger, which is shown by our blushing, and which, for a while, banishes the lover from our presence. He finds afterwards means to pacify us, to accustom us gradually to hear him depict his passion, and to draw from us that confession which causes us so much pain. After that come the adventures, the rivals who thwart mutual inclination, the persecutions of fathers, the jealousies arising without any foundation, complaints, despair, running away with, and its consequences. Thus things are carried on in fashionable life, and veritable gallantry cannot dispense with these forms. But to come out point-blank with a proposal of marriage,--to make no love but with a marriage-contract, and begin a novel at the wrong end! Once more, father, nothing can be more tradesmanlike, and the mere thought of it makes me sick at heart.

GORG. What deuced nonsense is all this? That is highflown language with a vengeance!

CAT. Indeed, uncle, my cousin hits the nail on the head. How can we receive kindly those who are so awkward in gallantry. I could lay a wager they have not even seen a map of the country of *Tenderness*, and that *Love-letters*, *Trifling attentions*, *Polite epistles*, and *Sprightly verses*, are regions to them unknown.

[Footnote: The map of the country of Tenderness (*la carte de Tendre*) is found in the first part of *Clémie* (see note 2, page 146); Love-letter (*Billetdoux*); Polite epistle (*Billet galant*); Trifling attentions (*Petit Soins*); Sprightly verses (*Jolts vers*), are the names of villages to be found in the map, which is a curiosity in its way.]

Do you not see that the whole person shews it, and that their external appearance is not such as to give at first sight a good opinion of them. To come and pay a visit to the object of their love with a leg without any ornaments, a hat without any feathers, a head with its locks not artistically arranged, and a coat that suffers from a paucity of ribbons. Heavens! what lovers are these! what stinginess in dress! what barrenness of conversation! It is not to be allowed; it is not to be borne. I also observed that their ruffs

[Footnote: The ruff (*\_rabat\_*) was at first only the shirt-collar pulled out and worn outside the coat. Later ruffs were worn, which were not fastened to the shirt, sometimes adorned with lace, and tied in front with two strings with tassels. The *\_rabat\_* was very fashionable during the youthful years of Louis XIV.]

were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their breeches were not big enough by more than half-a-foot.

GORG. I think they are both mad, nor can I understand anything of this gibberish. Cathos, and you Madelon...

MAD. Pray, father, do not use those strange names, and call us by some other.

GORG. What do you mean by those strange names? Are they not the names your godfathers and godmothers gave you?

MAD. Good Heavens! how vulgar you are! I confess I wonder you could possibly be the father of such an intelligent girl as I am. Did ever anybody in genteel style talk of Cathos or of Madelon? And must you not admit that either of these names would be sufficient to disgrace the finest novel in the world?

CAT. It is true, uncle, an ear rather delicate suffers extremely at hearing these words pronounced, and the name of Polixena, which my cousin has chosen, and that of Amintha, which I took, possesses a charm, which you must needs acknowledge.

[Footnote: The *\_precieuses\_* often changed their names into more poetical and romantic appellations. The Marquise de Rambouillet, whose real name was Catherine, was known under the anagram of Arthenice.]

GORG. Hearken; one word will suffice. I do not allow you to take any other names than those that were given you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for those gentlemen we are speaking about, I know their families and fortunes, and am determined they shall be your husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands. Looking after a couple of girls is rather too weighty a charge for a man of my years.

CAT. As for me, uncle, all I can say is, that I think marriage a very

shocking business. How can one endure the thought of lying by the side of a man, who is really naked?

MAD. Give us leave to take breath for a short time among the fashionable world of Paris, where we are but just arrived. Allow us to prepare at our leisure the groundwork of our novel, and do not hurry on the conclusion too abruptly.

GORG. (*Aside*). I cannot doubt it any longer; they are completely mad. (*Aloud*). Once more, I tell you, I understand nothing of all this gibberish; I will be master, and to cut short all kinds of arguments, either you shall both be married shortly, or, upon my word, you shall be nuns; that I swear.

[Footnote: This scene is the mere outline of the well known quarrel between Chrysale, Philaminte, and Belinda in the "*Femmes Savantes*" (see vol. iii.) but a husband trembling before his wife, and only daring to show his temper to his sister, is a much more tempting subject for a dramatic writer than a man addressing in a firm tone his daughter and niece.]

#### SCENE VI.--CATHOS, MADELON.

CAT. Good Heavens, my dear, how deeply is your father still immersed in material things! how dense is his understanding, and what gloom overcasts his soul!

MAD. What can I do, my dear? I am ashamed of him. I can hardly persuade myself I am indeed his daughter; I believe that an accident, some time or other, will discover me to be of a more illustrious descent.

CAT. I believe it; really, it is very likely; as for me, when I consider myself...

#### SCENE VII.--CATHOS, MADELON, MAROTTE.

MAR. Here is a footman asks if you are at home, and says his master is coming to see you.

MAD. Learn, you dunce, to express yourself a little less vulgarly. Say, here is a necessary evil inquiring if it is commodious for you to become visible.

[Footnote: All these and similar sentences were really employed by the \_precieuses\_.]

MAR. I do not understand Latin, and have not learned philosophy out of Cyrus, as you have done.

[Footnote: *\_Artamene, ou le Grand Cyrus\_*, (1649-1653) a novel in ten volumes by Madle. de Scudery.]

MAD. Impertinent creature! How can this be borne! And who is this footman's master?

MAR. He told me it was the Marquis de Mascarille.

MAD. Ah, my dear! A marquis! a marquis! Well, go and tell him we are visible. This is certainly some wit who has heard of us.

CAT. Undoubtedly, my dear.

MAD. We had better receive him here in this parlour than in our room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and maintain our reputation. Come in quickly, and reach us the Counsellor of the Graces.

MAR. Upon my word, I do not know what sort of a beast that is; you must speak like a Christian if you would have me know your meaning.

CAT. Bring us the looking-glass, you blockhead! and take care not to contaminate its brightness by the communication of your image.

#### SCENE VIII.--MASCARILLE, TWO CHAIRMEN.

MASC. Stop, chairman, stop. Easy does it! Easy, easy! I think these boobies intend to break me to pieces by bumping me against the walls and the pavement.

1 CHAIR. Ay, marry, because the gate is narrow and you would make us bring you in here.

MASC. To be sure, you rascals! Would you have me expose the fulness of my plumes to the inclemency of the rainy season, and let the mud receive the impression of my shoes? Begone; take away your chair.

2 CHAIR. Then please to pay us, sir.

MASC. What?

2 CHAIR. Sir, please to give us our money, I say.

MASC. (Giving him a box on the ear). What, scoundrel, to ask money from a person of my rank!

2 CHAIR. Is this the way poor people are to be paid? Will your rank get us a dinner?

MASC. Ha, ha! I shall teach you to keep your right place. Those low fellows dare to make fun of me!

1 CHAIR. (Taking up one of the poles of his chair). Come, pay us quickly.

MASC. What?

1 CHAIR. I mean to have my money at once.

MASC. That is a sensible fellow.

1 CHAIR. Make haste, then.

MASC. Ay, you speak properly, but the other is a scoundrel, who does not know what he says. There, are you satisfied?

1 CHAIR. No, I am not satisfied; you boxed my friend's ears, and ... (holding up his pole).

MASC. Gently; there is something for the box on the ear. People may get anything from me when they go about it in the right way. Go now, but come and fetch me by and by to carry me to the Louvre to the petit coucher.

[Footnote: Louis XIV. and several other Kings of France, received their courtiers when rising or going to bed. This was called lever and coucher. The lever as well as the coucher was divided into petit and grand. All persons received at court had a right to come to the grand lever and coucher, but only certain noblemen of high rank and the princes of the royal blood could remain at the petit lever and coucher, which was the time between the king putting on either a day or night shirt, and the time he went to bed or was fully dressed. The highest person of rank always claimed the right of handing to the king his shirt.]

SCENE IX.--MAROTTE, MASCARILLE.

MAR. Sir, my mistresses will come immediately.

MASC. Let them not hurry themselves; I am very comfortable here, and can wait.

MAR. Here they come.

SCENE X.--MADELON, CATHOS, MASCARILLE, ALMANZOR.

MASC. (After having bowed to them). Ladies, no doubt you will be surprised at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation has drawn this disagreeable affair upon you; merit has for me such potent charms, that I run everywhere after it.

MAD. If you pursue merit you should not come to us.

CAT. If you find merit amongst us, you must have brought it hither yourself.

MASC. Ah! I protest against these words. When fame mentioned your deserts it spoke the truth, and you are going to make pic\_, repic\_, and capot\_ all the gallants from Paris.

[Footnote: Dryden, in his Sir Martin Mar-all (Act i. sc. i), makes Sir Martin say: "If I go to picquet...he will picque and repique, and capot me twenty times together" I believe that these terms in Molière's and Dryden's times had a different meaning from what they have now.]

MAD. Your complaisance goes a little too far in the liberality of its praises, and my cousin and I must take care not to give too much credit to your sweet adulation.

CAT. My dear, we should call for chairs.

MAD. Almanzor!

ALM. Madam.

MAD. Convey to us hither, instantly, the conveniences of conversation.

MASC. But am I safe here? (Exit Almanzor.)

CAT. What is it you fear?

MASC. Some larceny of my heart; some massacre of liberty. I behold here

a pair of eyes that seem to be very naughty boys, that insult liberty, and use a heart most barbarously. Why the deuce do they put themselves on their guard, in order to kill any one who comes near them? Upon my word! I mistrust them; I shall either scamper away, or expect very good security that they do me no mischief.

MAD. My dear, what a charming facetiousness he has!

CAT. I see, indeed, he is an Amilcar.

[Footnote: Amilcar is one of the heroes of the novel *Clélie*, who wishes to be thought sprightly.]

MAD. Fear nothing, our eyes have no wicked designs, and your heart may rest in peace, fully assured of their innocence.

CAT. But, pray, Sir, be not inexorable to the easy chair, which, for this last quarter of an hour, has held out its arms towards you; yield to its desire of embracing you.

MASC. (*After having combed himself, and, adjusted the rolls of his stockings*). Well, ladies, and what do you think of Paris?

[Footnote: It was at that time the custom for men of rank to comb their hair or periwigs in public.]

[Footnote: The rolls (*canons*) were large round pieces of linen, often adorned with lace or ribbons, and which were fastened below the breeches, just under the knee.]

MAD. Alas! what can we think of it? It would be the very antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the grand cabinet of marvels, the centre of good taste, wit, and gallantry.

MASC. As for me, I maintain that, out of Paris, there is no salvation for the polite world.

CAT. Most assuredly.

MASC. Paris is somewhat muddy; but then we have sedan chairs.

MAD. To be sure; a sedan chair is a wonderful protection against the insults of mud and bad weather.

MASC. I am sure you receive many visits. What great wit belongs to your company?

MAD. Alas! we are not yet known, but we are in the way of being so; for a lady of our acquaintance has promised us to bring all the gentlemen who have written for the *Miscellanies of Select Poetry*.

[Footnote: Molière probably alludes to a Miscellany of Select Poetry, published in 1653, by de Sercy, under the title of *Poésies choisies de M. M. Corneille Benserade, de Scudéry, Boisrobert, Sarrazin, Desmarests, Baraud, Saint-Laurent, Colletet, Lamesnardiere, Montreuil, Viguier, Chevreau, Malleville, Tristan, Testu, Maucroy, de Prade, Girard et de L'Age*. A great number of such miscellanies appeared in France, and in England also, about that time.]

CAT. And certain others, whom, we have been told, are likewise the sovereign arbiters of all that is handsome.

MASC. I can manage this for you better than any one; they all visit me; and I may say that I never rise without having half-a-dozen wits at my levee.

MAD. Good Heavens! you will place us under the greatest obligation if you will do us the kindness; for, in short, we must make the acquaintance of all those gentlemen if we wish to belong to the fashion. They are the persons who can make or unmake a reputation at Paris; you know that there are some, whose visits alone are sufficient to start the report that you are a *Connaisseuse*, though there should be no other reason for it. As for me, what I value particularly is, that by means of these ingenious visits, we learn a hundred things which we ought necessarily to know, and which are the quintessence of wit. Through them we hear the scandal of the day, or whatever niceties are going on in prose or verse. We know, at the right time, that Mr. So-and-so has written the finest piece in the world on such a subject; that Mrs. So-and-so has adapted words to such a tune; that a certain gentleman has written a madrigal upon a favour shown to him; another stanzas upon a fair one who betrayed him; Mr. Such-a-one wrote a couplet of six lines yesterday evening to Miss Such-a-one, to which she returned him an answer this morning at eight o'clock; such an author is engaged on such a subject; this writer is busy with the third volume of his novel; that one is putting his works to press. Those things procure you consideration in every society, and if people are ignorant of them, I would not give one pinch of snuff for all the wit they may have.

CAT. Indeed, I think it the height of ridicule for any one who possesses the slightest claim to be called clever not to know even the smallest couplet that is made every day; as for me, I should be very much ashamed if any one should ask me my opinion about something new, and I had not seen it.

MASC. It is really a shame not to know from the very first all that is going on; but do not give yourself any farther trouble, I will establish an academy of wits at your house, and I give you my word that not a single line of poetry shall be written in Paris, but what you shall be able to say by heart before anybody else. As for me, such as you see me, I amuse myself in that way when I am in the humour, and you may find

handed about in the fashionable assemblies

[Footnote: In the original French the word is *ruelle*, which means literally "a small street," "a lane," hence any narrow passage, hence the narrow opening between the wall and the bed. The *Précieuses* at that time received their visitors lying dressed in a bed, which was placed in an alcove and upon a raised platform. Their fashionable friends (*alcovistes*) took their places between the bed and the wall, and thus the name *ruelle* came to be given to all fashionable assemblies. In Dr. John Ash's New and Complete Dictionary of the English Language, published in London 1755, I still find *ruelle* defined: "a little street, a circle, an assembly at a private house."]

of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals all made by me, without counting riddles and portraits.

[Footnote: This kind of literature, in which one attempted to write a portrait of one's self or of others, was then very much in fashion. La Bruyere and de Saint-Simon in France, as well as Dryden and Pope in England, have shown what a literary portrait may become in the hands of men of talent.]

MAD. I must acknowledge that I dote upon portraits; I think there is nothing more gallant.

MASC. Portraits are difficult, and call for great wit; you shall see some of mine that will not displease you.

CAT. As for me, I am awfully fond of riddles.

MASC. They exercise the intelligence; I have already written four of them this morning, which I will give you to guess.

MAD. Madrigals are pretty enough when they are neatly turned.

MASC. That is my special talent; I am at present engaged in turning the whole Roman history into madrigals.

[Footnote: Seventeen years after this play was performed, Benserade published *les Métamorphoses d' Ovide mises en rondeaux.*]

MAD. Goodness gracious! that will certainly be superlatively fine; I should like to have one copy at least, if you think of publishing it.

MASC. I promise you each a copy, bound in the handsomest manner. It does not become a man of my rank to scribble, but I do it only to serve the publishers, who are always bothering me.

MAD. I fancy it must be a delightful thing to see one's self in print.

MASC. Undoubtedly; but, by the by, I must repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a certain duchess, an acquaintance of mine. I am deuced clever at extempore verses.

CAT. Extempore verses are certainly the very touch-stone of genius.

MASC. Listen then.

MAD. We are all ears.

MASC.

\_Oh! oh! quite without heed was I,  
As harmless you I chanced to spy,  
Slyly your eyes  
My heart surprise,  
Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief I cry!\_

CAT. Good Heavens! this is carried to the utmost pitch of gallantry.

MASC. Everything I do shows it is done by a gentleman; there is nothing of the pedant about my effusions.

MAD. They are more than two thousand miles removed from that.

MASC. Did you observe the beginning, \_oh! oh?\_ there is something original in that \_oh! oh!\_ like a man who all of a sudden thinks about something, \_oh! oh!\_ Taken by surprise as it were, \_oh! oh!\_

MAD. Yes, I think that \_oh! oh!\_ admirable.

MASC. It seems a mere nothing.

CAT. Good Heavens! How can you say so? It is one of these things that are perfectly invaluable.

MAD. No doubt on it; I would rather have written that \_oh! oh!\_ than an epic poem.

MASC. Egad, you have good taste.

MAD. Tolerably; none of the worst, I believe.

MASC. But do you not also admire \_quite without heed was I? quite without heed was I\_, that is, I did not pay attention to anything; a natural way of speaking, \_quite without heed was I, of no harm thinking\_, that is, as I was going along, innocently, without malice, like a poor sheep, \_you I chanced to spy\_, that is to say, I amused myself with looking at you, with observing you, with contemplating you.

\_Slily your eyes\_. ... What do you think of that word \_slily--is it not well chosen?

CAT. Extremely so.

MASC. \_Slily, stealthily; just like a cat watching a mouse--\_slily..

MAD. Nothing can be better.

MASC. My heart surprise, that is, carries it away from me, robs me of it. \_Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief! Would you not think a man were shouting and running after a thief to catch him? \_Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!

[Footnote: The scene of Mascarille reading his extempore verses is something like Trissotin in \_Les Femmes savantes\_ (see vol. III.) reading his sonnet for the Princess Uranie. But Mascarille comments on the beauties of his verses with the insolent vanity of a man who does not pretend to have even one atom of modesty; Trissotin, a professional wit, listens in silence, but with secret pride, to the ridiculous exclamations of the admirers of his genius.]

MAD. I must admit the turn is witty and sprightly.

MASC. I will sing you the tune I made to it.

CAT. Have you learned music?

MASC. I? Not at all.

CAT. How can you make a tune then?

MASC. People of rank know everything without ever having learned anything.

MAD. His lordship is quite in the right, my dear.

MASC. Listen if you like the tune: \_hem, hem, la, la.\_ The inclemency of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice but no matter, it is in a free and easy way. (\_He sings\_). \_Oh! Oh! quite without heed was I\_, etc.

CAT. What a passion there breathes in this music. It is enough to make one die away with delight!

MAD. There is something plaintive in it.

MASC. Do you not think that the air perfectly well expresses the sentiment, \_stop thief, stop thief?\_ And then as if some one cried out very loud, \_stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief!\_ Then all at once

like a person out of breath, \_Stop thief!\_

MAD. This is to understand the perfection of things, the grand perfection, the perfection of perfections. I declare it is altogether a wonderful performance. I am quite enchanted with the air and the words.

CAT. I never yet met with anything so excellent.

MASC. All that I do comes naturally to me; it is without study.

MAD. Nature has treated you like a very fond mother; you are her darling child.

MASC. How do you pass away the time, ladies?

CAT. With nothing at all.

MAD. Until now we have lived in a terrible dearth of amusements.

MASC. I am at your service to attend you to the play, one of those days, if you will permit me. Indeed, a new comedy is to be acted which I should be very glad we might see together.

MAD. There is no refusing you anything.

MASC. But I beg of you to applaud it well, when we shall be there; for I have promised to give a helping hand to the piece. The author called upon me this very morning to beg me so to do. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to people of rank, that they may induce us to approve of them and give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dares contradict us. As for me, I am very punctual in these things, and when I have made a promise to a poet, I always cry out "Bravo" before the candles are lighted.

MAD. Do not say another word; Paris is an admirable place. A hundred things happen every day which people in the country, however clever they may be, have no idea of.

CAT. Since you have told us, we shall consider it our duty to cry up lustily every word that is said.

MASC. I do not know whether I am deceived, but you look as if you had written some play yourself.

MAD. Eh! there may be something in what you say.

MASC. Ah! upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have written one which I intend to have brought out.

CAT. Ay! to what company do you mean to give it?

MASC. That is a very nice question, indeed. To the actors of the hôtel de Bourgogne; they alone can bring things into good repute; the rest are ignorant creatures who recite their parts just as people speak in every-day life; they do not understand to mouth the verses, or to pause at a beautiful passage; how can it be known where the fine lines are, if an actor does not stop at them, and thereby tell you to applaud heartily?

[Footnote: The company of actors at the hotel de Bourgogne were rivals to the troop of Molière; it appears, however, from contemporary authors, that the accusations brought by our author against them were well-founded.]

CAT. Indeed! that is one way of making an audience feel the beauties of any work; things are only prized when they are well set off.

MASC. What do you think of my top-knot, sword-knot, and rosettes? Do you find them harmonize with my coat?

[Footnote: In the original *\_petite oie\_*; this was first, the name given to the giblets of a goose, *\_oie\_*; next it came to mean all the accessories of dress, ribbons, laces, feathers, and other small ornaments. In one of the old translations of Molière *\_petite oie\_* is rendered by "muff," and *\_Perdrigeon\_* (see next note), I suppose, with a faint idea of *\_perdrix\_*, a partridge, by "bird of paradise feathers!!"]

CAT. Perfectly.

MASC. Do you think the ribbon well chosen?

MAD. Furiously well. It is real Perdrigeon.

[Footnote: Perdrigeon was the name of a fashionable linen-draper in Paris at that time.]

MASC. What do you say of my rolls?

[Footnote: According to Ash's Dictionary, 1775, *\_canons\_*, are "cannions, a kind of boot hose, an ancient dress for the legs."]

MAD. They look very fashionable.

MASC, I may at least boast that they are a quarter of a yard wider than any that have been made.

MAD. I must own I never saw the elegance of dress carried farther.

MASC. Please to fasten the reflection of your smelling faculty upon these gloves.

MAD. They smell awfully fine.

CAT. I never inhaled a more delicious perfume.

MASC. And this? (He gives them his powdered wig to smell).

MAD. It has the true quality odour; it titillates the nerves of the upper region most deliciously.

MASC. You say nothing of my feathers. How do you like them?

CAT. They are frightfully beautiful.

MASC. Do you know that every single one of them cost me a Louis-d'or? But it is my hobby to have generally everything of the very best.

MAD. I assure you that you and I sympathize. I am furiously particular in everything I wear; I cannot endure even stockings, unless they are bought at a fashionable shop.

[Footnote: Without going into details about the phraseology of the *précieuses*, of which the ridiculousness has appeared sufficiently in this scene, it will be observed that they used adverbs, as "furiously, terribly, awfully, extraordinarily, horribly, greatly," and many more, in such a way that they often appear absurd, as, "I love you horribly," or, "he was greatly small." Such a way of speaking is not unknown even at the present time in England; we sometimes hear, "I like it awfully," "it is awfully jolly."]

MASC. (Crying out suddenly). O! O! O! gently. Damme, ladies, you use me very ill; I have reason to complain of your behaviour; it is not fair.

[Footnote: I employ here the words "to have reason," because that verb, in the sense of "to have a right, to be right," seems to have been a courtly expression in Dryden's time. Old Moody answers to Sir Martin Marall (Act iii., Scene 3), "You have reason, sir. There he is again, too; the town phrase; a great compliment I wise! you have reason, sir; that is, you are no beast, sir." ]

CAT. What is the matter with you?

MASC. What! two at once against my heart! to attack me thus right and left! Ha! This is contrary to the law of nations, the combat is too unequal, and I must cry out, "Murder!"

CAT. Well, he does say things in a peculiar way.

MAD. He is a consummate wit.

CAT. You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is even wounded.

MASC. The devil it does! it is wounded all over from head to foot.

SCENE XI.--CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE.

MAR. Madam, somebody asks to see you.

MAD. Who!

MAR. The Viscount de Jodelet.

MASC. The Viscount de Jodelet?

MAR. Yes, sir.

CAT. Do you know him?

MASC. He is my most intimate friend.

MAD. Shew him in immediately.

MASC. We have not seen each other for some time; I am delighted to meet him.

CAT. Here he comes.

SCENE XII.--CATHOS, MADELON, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR.

MASC. Ah, Viscount!

JOD. Ah, Marquis! (Embracing each other).

MASC. How glad I am to meet you!

JOD. How happy I am to see you here.

MASC. Embrace me once more, I pray you.

[Footnote: It was then the fashion for young courtiers to embrace each

other repeatedly with exaggerated gestures, uttering all the while loud exclamations. The Viscount de Jodelet is the caricature of a courtier of a former reign; he is very old, very pale, dressed in sombre colours, speaks slowly and through the nose. Geoffrin, the actor, who played this part, was at least seventy years old.]

MAD. (*To Cathos*). My dearest, we begin to be known; people of fashion find the way to our house.

MASC. Ladies, allow me to introduce this gentleman to you. Upon my word, he deserves the honour of your acquaintance.

JOD. It is but just we should come and pay you what we owe; your charms demand their lordly rights from all sorts of people.

MAD. You carry your civilities to the utmost confines of flattery.

CAT. This day ought to be marked in our diary as a red-letter day.

MAD. (*To Almanser*). Come, boy, must you always be told things over and over again? Do you not observe there must be an additional chair?

MASC. You must not be astonished to see the Viscount thus; he has but just recovered from an illness, which, as you perceive, has made him so pale.

[Footnote: Molière here alludes to the complexion of the actor Geoffrin.]

JOD. The consequence of continual attendance at court and the fatigues of war.

MASC. Do you know, ladies, that in the Viscount you behold one of the heroes of the age. He is a very valiant man.

[Footnote: In the original *un brave à trois poils*, literally, "a brave man with three hairs." This is an allusion to the moustache and pointed beard on the chin, then called *royale*. We have seen the fashion revived in our days by the late emperor of the French, Napoleon III. and his courtiers; of course, the *royale* was then called *impériale*.]

JOB. Marquis, you are not inferior to me; we also know what you can do.

MASC. It is true we have seen one another at work when there was need for it.

JOD. And in places where it was hot.

MASC. (*Looking at Cathos and Madelon*). Ay, but not so hot as here. Ha, ha, ha!

JOD. We became acquainted in the army; the first time we saw each other he commanded a regiment of horse aboard the galleys of Malta.

MASC. True, but for all that you were in the service before me; I remember that I was but a young officer when you commanded two thousand horse.

JOD. War is a fine thing; but, upon my word, the court does not properly reward men of merit like us.

MASC. That is the reason I intend to hang up my sword.

CAT. As for me, I have a tremendous liking for gentlemen of the army.

[Footnote: Cathos, who only repeats what her cousin says, and has observed that Mascarille admires Madelon, is resolved to worship more particularly the Viscount de Jodelet.]

MAD. I love them, too; but I like bravery seasoned with wit.

MASC. Do you remember, Viscount, our taking that half-moon from the enemy at the siege of Arras?

[Footnote: Turenne compelled the Prince de Condé and the Spanish army to raise the siege of Arras in 1654.]

JOD. What do you mean by a half-moon? It was a complete full moon.

MASC. I believe you are right.

JOD. Upon my word, I ought to remember it very well. I was wounded in the leg by a hand-grenade, of which I still carry the marks. Pray, feel it, you can perceive what sort of a wound it was.

CAT. (\_Putting her hand to the place\_). The scar is really large.

MASC. Give me your hand for a moment, and feel this; there, just at the back of my head. Do you feel it?

MAD. Ay, I feel something.

MASC. A musket shot which I received the last campaign I served in.

JOD. (\_Unbuttoning his breast\_). Here is a wound which went quite through me at the attack of Gravelines.

[Footnote: In 1658, the Marshal de la Ferte took this town from the Spaniards.]

MASC. (Putting his hand upon the button of his breeches). I am going to show you a tremendous wound.

MAD. There is no occasion for it, we believe it without seeing it.

MASC They are honour's marks, that show what a man is made of.

CAT. We have not the least doubt of the valour of you both.

MASC. Viscount, is your coach in waiting?

JOD. Why?

MASC. We shall give these ladies an airing, and offer them a collation.

MAD. We cannot go out to-day.

MASC. Let us send for musicians then, and have a dance.

JOD. Upon my word, that is a happy thought.

MAD. With all our hearts, but we must have some additional company.

MASC. So ho! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verdure, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette. I wish the deuce took all these footmen! I do not think there is a gentleman in France worse served than I am! These rascals are always out of the way.

[Footnote: These names, with the exception of Cascaret, La Verdure and La Violette are those of natives of different provinces, and were often given to footmen, according to the place where they were born. \_Cascaret\_ is of Spanish origin, and not seldom used as a name for servants; \_La Verdure\_ means, verdure; \_La Violette\_, violet.]

MAD. Almanzor, tell the servants of my lord marquis to go and fetch the musicians, and ask some of the gentlemen and ladies hereabouts to come and people the solitude of our ball. (Exit Almanzor).

MASC. Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

JOD. Why, Marquess, what do you think of them yourself?

MASC. I? I say that our liberty will have much difficulty to get away from here scot free. At least mine has suffered most violent attacks; my heart hangs by a single thread.

MAD. How natural is all he says! he gives to things a most agreeable turn.

CAT. He must really spend a tremendous deal of wit.

MASC. To show you that I am in earnest, I shall make some extempore verses upon my passion. (Seems to think).

CAT. O! I beseech you by all that I hold sacred, let us hear something made upon us.

JOD. I should be glad to do so too, but the quantity of blood that has been taken from me lately, has greatly exhausted my poetic vein.

MASC. Deuce take it! I always make the first verse well, but I find the others more difficult. Upon my word, this is too short a time; but I will make you some extempore verses at my leisure, which you shall think the finest in the world.

JOD. He is devilish witty.

MAD. He--his wit is so gallant and well expressed.

MASC. Viscount, tell me, when did you see the Countess last?

JOD. I have not paid her a visit these three weeks.

MASC. Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning; he would fain have taken me into the country to hunt a stag with him?

MAD. Here come our friends.

SCENE XIII.--LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, CATHOS, MADELON, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR, AND MUSICIANS.

MAD. Lawk! my dears, we beg your pardon. These gentlemen had a fancy to put life into our heels; we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

LUC. We are certainly much obliged to you for doing so.

MASC. This is a kind of extempore ball, ladies, but one of these days we shall give you one in form. Have the musicians come?

ALM. Yes, sir, they are here.

CAT. Come then, my dears, take your places.

MASC. (Dancing by himself and singing). La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

MAD. What a very elegant shape he has.

CAT. He looks as if he were a first-rate dancer.

MASC. (Taking out Madelon to dance). My freedom will dance a Couranto as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians, in time. O what ignorant wretches! There is no dancing with them. The devil take you all, can you not play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la? Steady, you country-scrappers!

[Footnote: A Couranto was a very grave, Spanish dance, or rather march, but in which the feet did not rise from the ground.]

JOD. (Dancing also). Hold, do not play so fast. I have but just recovered from an illness.

SCENE XIV.--DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, JODELET; MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

LA GR. (With a stick in his hand). Ah! ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours. (He beats Mascarille).

MASC. Oh! oh! oh! you did not tell me that blows should be dealt about.

JOD. (Who is also beaten). Oh! oh! oh!

LA GR. It becomes you well, you rascal, to pretend to be a man of rank.

DU CR. This will teach you to know yourself.

SCENE XV.--CATHOS, MADELON, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

MAD. What is the meaning of this?

JOD. It is a wager.

CAT. What, allow yourselves to be beaten thus?

MASC. Good Heavens! I did not wish to appear to take any notice of it;

because I am naturally very violent, and should have flown into a passion.

MAD. To suffer an insult like this in our presence!

MASC. It is nothing. Let us not leave off. We have known one another for a long time, and among friends one ought not to be so quickly offended for such a trifle.

SCENE XVI.--DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, MADELON, CATHOS, LUCILE, CÉLIMÈNE, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE, AND MUSICIANS.

LA GR. Upon my word, rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I promise you. Come in, you there. (Three or four men enter).

MAD. What means this impudence to come and disturb us in our own house?

DU CR. What, ladies, shall we allow our footmen to be received better than ourselves? Shall they come to make love to you at our expense, and even give a ball in your honour?

MAD. Your footmen?

LA GR. Yes, our footmen; and you must give me leave to say that it is not acting either handsome or honest to spoil them for us, as you do.

MAD. O Heaven! what insolence!

LA GR. But they shall not have the advantage of our clothes to dazzle your eyes. Upon my word, if you are resolved to like them, it shall be for their handsome looks only. Quick, let them be stripped immediately.

JOD. Farewell, a long farewell to all our fine clothes.

[Footnote: The original has braverle; brave, and bravery, had formerly also the meaning of showy, gaudy, rich, in English. Fuller in The Holy State, bk. ii., c. 18, says: "If he (the good yeoman) chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery."]

MASC. The marquisate and viscountship are at an end.

DU. CR. Ah! ah! you knaves, you have the impudence to become our rivals. I assure you, you must go somewhere else to borrow finery to make yourselves agreeable to your mistresses.

LA GR. It is too much to supplant us, and that with our own clothes.

MASC. O fortune, how fickle you are!

DU CR. Quick, pull off everything from them.

LA GR. Make haste and take away all these clothes. Now, ladies, in their present condition you may continue your amours with them as long as you please; we leave you perfectly free; this gentleman and I declare solemnly that we shall not be in the least degree jealous.

SCENE XVII.--MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, AND MUSICIANS.

CAT. What a confusion!

MAD. I am nearly bursting with vexation.

1 MUS. (To Mascarille). What is the meaning of this? Who is to pay us?

MASC. Ask my lord the viscount.

1 MUS. (To Jodelet). Who is to give us our money?

JOD. Ask my lord the marquis.

SCENE XVIII.--GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, AND MUSICIANS.

GORG. Ah! you hussies, you have put us in a nice pickle, by what I can see; I have heard about your fine goings on from those two gentlemen who just left.

MAD. Ah, father! they have played us a cruel trick.

GORG. Yes, it is a cruel trick, but you may thank your own impertinence for it, you jades. They have revenged themselves for the way you treated them; and yet, unhappy man that I am, I must put up with the affront.

MAD. Ah! I swear we will be revenged, or I shall die in the attempt. And you, rascals, dare you remain here after your insolence?

MASC. Do you treat a marquis in this manner? This is the way of the

world; the least misfortune causes us to be slighted by those who before caressed us. Come along, brother, let us go and seek our fortune somewhere else; I perceive they love nothing here but outward show, and have no regard for worth unadorned. (They both leave).

#### SCENE XIX.--GORGIBUS, MADELON, CATHOS, AND MUSICIANS.

I MUS. Sir, as they have not paid us, we expect you to do so, for it was in this house we played.

GORG. (Beating them). Yes, yes, I shall satisfy you; this is the coin I will pay you in. As for you, you sluts, I do not know why I should not serve you in the same way; we shall become the common talk and laughing-stock of everybody; this is what you have brought upon yourselves by your fooleries. Out of my sight and hide yourselves, you jades; go and hide yourselves forever. {Alone}. And you, that are the cause of their folly, you stupid trash, mischievous amusements for idle minds, you novels, verses, songs, sonnets, and sonatas, the devil take you all.

---

## POLLONY UNDIVERTED

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Pollony Undiverted*, by Sydney Van Scyoc

By SYDNEY VAN SCYOC

[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from Galaxy Science Fiction February 1963.  
Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]

With the whole world at her doorstep, what  
she wanted was completely out of reach!

Pollony's dream formed around a glare of light, a tang of men's lotion. Then she was awake to Brendel poking her.

"I'm hungry."

She struggled to burrow back into sleep.

"I'm starving, kid. I can't sleep."

She bleared at the timespot. It was three a.m. "Go 'way."

"Aw, gimme an omelette." Brendel ate a lot lately. His features were coarsening from it; his body was plumping.

She argued and protested and whined, and he hit her. But it didn't make her feel good any more when he hit her.

Kitchen Central was inop for the night. She punched Storage. Dried ingredients materialized on the cookgrid, a flat metal sheet set into the countertop.

Later, as she took the omelette up, she heard Brendel setting the opera tapes. She scowled. But when opera shattered their live she dropped the skillet and cried, "Oh! Do we have to listen to that trash?" Her voice was more weary than shrill. The opera routine was getting old.

"What you calling trash?" He twitched his plump shoulders.

"It makes me sick!"

He spat profanity.

It wasn't a good fight. He knew something was wrong and he hit her too hard. She slugged back, hurt her hand, cursed, ran and locked herself into the sleep.

She was asleep when he came pounding. She woke and pointed the lock open. She glared.

He said nothing. He ordered his smaller collections--his miniature horses, his ballpoint pens and his old-time cereal box missiles--on to his storeself before mounting his sleepshelf and pointing out the light.

She could hear him not sleeping.

Finally he muttered, "Too damn much cheese but it was okay."

She said nothing. She didn't almost cry as she might have a month before.

\* \* \* \*

Brendel had appeared on their grid a year before, a dark, pugnacious young man, jittering and nervous. "Clare Webster around?"

"Mother isn't here." Her mother collected men. She met them at drinking clubs or collector meets. She gave them her grid card and took theirs, making them promise to come see her. If a man came, she tacked his card on her bulletin board. If he came twice or three times, she marked his card with colored pencil.

Brendel twitched his shoulders. "I got the evening. Wanta have dinner, kid?"

She was seventeen and tired of collecting china roosters and peach-can labels. She was tired of seeing the same stupid people every day. Somewhere there was someone handsome and perfect, and she had to find him and become perfect too. She couldn't waste all her life being stupid like her mother.

It took her two hours to see that Brendel was the perfect person. He was handsome, aggressive, easy to be with. He quarreled all the time and he even had a full-time job.

She married him. She dropped her little-girl collections and diversions. She was no longer a formless adolescent. She was very solid, very adult.

But the solidness had gone. She had found that Brendel's aggressiveness masked fear; his quarrelsomeness masked insecurity. Worst, he had no imagination. He plodded.

It had begun two weeks before. Brendel had come home from work tight and tense. He tried eating, he tried opera and quarreling, he tried exercises. Finally he said, "I'm gonna go see Latsker Smith. Wanta come?"

"Who the hell's Latsker Smith?" Already she was sick of the opera routine--and a little sick of Brendel.

"Drives a car. From Boston. Fella at the plant told me he's in centercity."

\* \* \* \*

Minutes later they gridded out of the suburban maze. They materialized on a corner grid in centercity. There was no one on the dusty street. There was no car near the gaunt brick building where Latsker Smith was staying. They plopped on the doorstep.

Brendel fidgeted and talked. Latsker Smith was the son of a rich industrialist. His father wouldn't support him unless he worked, and Latsker wouldn't work. So he had to live on government non-employment allowance. His pre-grid automobile and airplane were his only

diversions. Since he couldn't leave Boston by automobile, Boston being walled up like any city by the streetless suburbs, he saved his allowance until he could commercial-grid his car to another city. There he raced and squealed and spun through the deserted streets of centercity until he had saved enough to commercial-grid the car elsewhere.

A throbbing split the air. A red splinter of car hurtled around the corner and squealed to the curb. A tall, lank man unfolded, ignoring them.

Brendel sprang to overwhelm him. He pulled him to the steps to make introductions. But Latsker Smith peered absently at Pollony and she was embarrassed that Brendel acted like an eager child confronting some heroic figure from a dream.

"Latsker's pop got money." Brendel launched into his story again.

When the story fizzled she said, "Why couldn't you get a job?"

Smith held his head tilted. "Don't want a job."

"If you had a job you wouldn't have to stay one place so long."

"No use being anyplace if I have to leave my car."

She pursed her lips. Inside the car she could see seats, straps, a wheel. It was incomprehensible that he strapped himself in and hurtled through the streets. "It's a stupid thing to do," she said. "You'll get killed."

"No," he said.

"If you hit something you will. I've heard those atrocity stories. There were more people killed in automobiles from--"

"Nothing to hit," he said.

She flung out her arms. "Buildings! Poles!" His lack of response offended her.

"No need to hit them."

"I've seen the films!" She had seen the crumpled metal, the severed limbs, the spreading blood.

"Driver error. No drivers left. Too expensive on government allowance."

"No one stupid enough left, you mean!" But it was stupid to glare when he wouldn't frown. "Okay, what's it feel like?" she demanded.

He lifted his shoulders and dropped them.

"It must feel some way." She peered down into the machine, trying to imagine herself hurtling in it. "You fly an airplane too," she accused.

He nodded.

"I bet it feels just like gridding. And it takes longer."

"Gridding." He snorted, mildly. "There's no sensation at all to gridding."

"Then how does it feel to fly?" she prodded.

Brendel moved restlessly, bored. "Let's get going."

"We just got here, stupid," she protested.

He was already pulling her to the corner grid. "I'm getting hungry."

She tried to jerk her arm free but couldn't. "How long will you be here?" she called back, swatting Brendel's arm.

He lifted his shoulders and dropped them.

"If I come--" But Brendel had given their number. They were outside their own door, and she hadn't felt a thing. Today she resented not feeling a thing.

"These weird-o's, they talk too much. I'm hungry."

She resented punching his food and didn't even want to quarrel.

\* \* \* \*

She drowsed back into sleep, remembering. Everything was empty. She ate, she slept, she quarreled, she gridded around seeing friends. What else was there? She couldn't get a job; there weren't that many jobs. And with the government allowance for not working, who needed a job? Who needed anything? A time of plenty, her school machine had called it. You just gridded around collecting and arguing to make it interesting. There were so many people moving so fast that you had to quarrel and push or you'd get stepped on.

It was all stupid. Brendel didn't help a bit. He was stupid too.

She tried to imagine Latsker Smith echoing through the empty streets in his scarlet splinter of car. Latsker Smith couldn't be stupid.

She slept three hours before the gridbell rang.

Elka, her cousin, stood on the grid, loose-haired, big-toothed. She swung a hatbox. "I didn't get you up?"

"No," Pollony said hopelessly.

"I'm gridding to NYC hatting and--"

"It's not even seven."

"Poll, I'm contritest but you weren't sleeping and--"

"I don't need hats."

"You haven't seen the darling I got in Paris. I gridded over with Sella Kyle and, honestly, there was a shop that--"

She convinced Elka that she was not going hatting. Elka took her toll in coffee and gridded after her Paris hat. Pollony barely admired it and Elka left.

Before she could dial Brendel's breakfast her mother was on the grid, fluffy, fleecy, thrusting a wad of bills at her.

"Just on my way to Mexico, toodle. Punch me some coffee?" Breathless moments later she was gone.

"What took so long?" Brendel demanded when she woke him.

"Momma stopped." She hated him like this, his face creased and puffy from sleep. She had never thought he would get fat.

He gulped his breakfast and left. Sometimes she hated him for just being.

The gridbell rang. It was a salesman. He insinuated she didn't have the money to buy his product. She said his merchandise stank. He left grinning but she didn't feel better.

The bell rang. A young man muttered, "Mis-grid," and disappeared.

She had gotten to the dress when she heard the door open. She eyed the hall reflector and saw Ferren, her mother's brother, slip into the cook. She dressed hastily. Ferren would order breakfast and keep the silver to turn in from his own grid for the deposit.

\* \* \* \*

He was plumped up to the counter, a wooly haired man, attacking a stack

of eggcakes.

"Let me have them."

He purred, taking spoon and knife from a pocket. "The government allowance is hardly sufficient for a man of my tastes. Shielded by your father's fortune as you are--"

"You could get a job." She punched coffee. She wished he would go away. He was always watching, smiling, spinning together soft words.

"And add to the work shortage?" He wagged his wooly head.

"Then don't complain. There should be a syrup pitcher too."

He produced it, purring.

The gridbell rang. Two pig-faced men in black Gridco uniforms blocked the doorway. "You got Ferren Carmichaels inside, lady."

"No." You always lied to Gridco collectors.

"We traced him here from Dallas."

"Well, he isn't here now."

"How come we heard him talking?"

"He isn't here." Gridco could not remove a grid even though the subscriber refused to pay his quarterly bill. The grid was held by law to be essential to human existence in the twisting, walled alleys of suburbia. Gridco could only send collectors to follow until their quarry fell or was pushed into their hands. And a man who had once fallen into Gridco hands paid eagerly forever after.

"We can pull another trace."

"Do that!" She slammed the door.

She had time for a quick swallow of coffee before the bell rang.

"He didn't go no farther."

She sighed. "Well, he won't come out. I can't make him."

"He'll come sometime." They leaned back against nothing, waiting.

"You're blocking my grid."

Dutifully they stepped into the narrow corridor.

She slammed the door. "They are going to stand there until you go out."

Ferren drained his coffee cup. "I'll settle here, then."

"If you--"

He tutted. "Thank you for the lunch invitation."

"I--" She bit her tongue. She would not get mad.

He wagged his head. "I'll peruse Brendel's books. Fine collection for a young man, books."

Gritting her teeth, she hurtled back to the dress.

\* \* \* \*

The collectors rang every five minutes after that. They kept ringing until she went and told them Ferren would not come out.

It wasn't the way she had imagined it would be when she was married. What with punching Brendel's meals, sending out his clothes, going collecting with him and quarreling, she hardly had a minute. And the same stupid people, Elka, Ferren, her mother and father, were always there.

The bell rang. Her father scowled, seeing Ferren on Brendel's best sitshelf. "Where?" he said grimly.

"Mexico," she said.

"Pottery," he said, going.

The bell rang. A heavy-jawed youth said, "Miss Webster gave me--"

"My mother has gone to Mexico." She slammed the door.

Minutes later Sella Kyle gridded in, crisp, prim, blonde. "I haven't seen you in such a time, Poll. Coffee?"

She entertained Sella and wished she would go and knew Ferren knew she wanted Sella to go and found it amusing.

Every five minutes the collectors rang.

She had just talked Sella out the door when Lukia Collins gridded in. Lukia had never been Pollony's close friend in school. But now Lukia was always near, pushing, prodding at Pollony, smiling too brightly at Brendel.

"You two are coming to lunch with me."

"I've already asked Ferren to lunch."

"Silly, he can punch his own."

"Oh, no," Pollony said.

"I take the silver." Ferren smiled comfortably.

Lukia flipped her hand at him. "Atrocious man. Now, Pollony--"

It ended with Lukia inviting herself to come back to lunch. She had hardly vacated the grid when Elka appeared.

She unwrapped her purchases, smirking at Ferren. "You'd be surprised the number of hats a girl needs." She stayed half an hour.

Another young man came for her mother. Two salesman, a traveling circular and a friend came. Then Brendel was on the grid.

"Who these lugs for?"

"Uncle Ferren," she said shortly.

He lifted a lip at them, then bounced inside. "Forget your bill, Ferry? Hey, kid, punch drinks."

"I refused to honor it," Ferren said.

Brendel was already fishing in his pocket. "Drinks, kid."

She went to punch. She hated his trying to give money to everyone who came along.

"No, no, it is a matter of principle," Ferren insisted. But the money changed hands. "And there were certain other obligations."

"How much you need?" Brendel fished into his pocket again, grinning.

\* \* \* \*

The bell rang. It was Lukia. "All these ravenous people waiting on me?" She had changed into a fire-red daysuit. "Dibble, you should have fed the beasts." She snapped her fingers. "Up, beasts. I'll help you punch, dob."

Glowing, Pollony moved toward the cook. Brendel followed, chattering and arguing with Lukia.

Pollony was beginning to think again of a swiftly accelerating car, of her body encased beside that of Latsker Smith and hurtled through dusty streets.

Brendel said, "How many for opera?"

She whirled and glared.

"Pollony's a bug on opera. Tell them how you like opera, kid."

She glared. The last time Lukia and Ferren had been here he had done this, and the time before. Didn't he have any imagination?

"Tell them, kid."

Fool! Didn't he know they were laughing at him?

She wanted to tear loose from her whole life. It was trivial. It was everyday. It was gossip and collections and stupid people. She had to tear loose or she would go on and on, all her life, being nothing but--herself.

She was too good for that.

She was too good for Brendel. He had tricked her and turned into a fattening fool. It was stupid to stay with him.

"Aw, come on, kid."

She drew herself up very straight and imagined she must look imposing. "I'll ask you all to leave," she said calmly.

Gone were the smiles.

"I'm closing my grid to public access. I'll ask you to leave immediately." The words came out stiffly and precisely. She imagined she must already be more than just herself.

"What the hell!"

"Brendel, you may come back when I am gone. I shall not return." She smiled, remotely. "I'm tired of punching your food and going collecting and quarreling and being hit around."

"I never hit you hard!" he said indignantly.

Lukia stared at him. "Dibble!"

"Well, she made me do it. What'm I supposed to do?"

"Dobble, you're perfectly justified!" But Lukia's eyes remained on Brendel, bright and greedy.

Pollony glared. She would not stay and fight Lukia for Brendel.

\* \* \* \*

She flung the door open. The two collectors snapped alert. "I want to be alone," she intoned.

Brendel eyed her balefully. But he had already noticed Lukia's interest. "Where we gonna go?"

"We can go to my live," Lukia said. "I think Dobble deserves her little whim."

Brendel could not believe she was not going to fight. "You, kid! You're acting like a kid."

Ferren took Brendel's arm. "Don't stoop to conventional pettiness, Brendel."

Brendel flushed. "I'm coming back. You're not rooking me out of my collections." He turned abruptly and stepped on the grid. Giving a three-passenger order, he disappeared. Lukia followed. Ferren stepped on, tossed bills to the collectors, and disappeared.

Pollony closed the door. She leaned against it, breathing the silence.

Then she hurried through the live, setting it in order. She straightened the books Ferren had been examining and found two missing.

Even as Lukia was punching dinner and saying all the things designed to make Brendel want Pollony back only briefly, as a point of pride, Pollony was whisking into a brisk trousersuit and wondering how much had piled up in the account where she kept her parents' gifts.

Even as Brendel was feeling Lukia's face with his eyes, letting her excitement speak to his own, Pollony was at the bank having her balance marked into her deposit clip.

Even as Ferren was smiling and wondering how much the two books would bring, Pollony was rapping at the door of the apartment house in centercity and being told that, yes, Mr. Smith still lived there.

Presently Latsker Smith roared around the corner and braked his car. He unfolded from the cockpit. He nodded.

"Have you got money to go to Boston yet?" She held herself very

straight.

He shook his head.

"I have money," she said.

The pale eyes clung to her.

"My parents give me an allowance, and I could get jobs wherever we were. I just want to ride with you. I wouldn't even talk unless you wanted me to." She had to be with him. She had to sit and stand beside him, as relaxed and withdrawn as he was. She had to freeze people with her words and with her unrespondingness. She had to make an end of stupidness.

He took a deposit clip from a pocket. He pointed to a figure. "Match that?"

She withdrew her own clip and showed him a figure that exceeded his.

"How much allowance?"

She told him.

He nodded to the car. "Wait there. Take me five minutes to pack."

\* \* \* \*

Dreadingly, joyously, she folded into the car. She watched as he lanked up the steps. She settled back, holding her shoulders rigid and her head straight. She would sit and stand by him. She would chill people with her reserve. She would be very solid and very adult.

But minutes later she looked at her wrist and saw that he had been more than five minutes. She wished he wouldn't take so long.

When he came down the steps two at a time, she tried not to remember that she hated people who came down steps two at a time. She didn't like the way his hair flopped against his forehead either. And she almost got out of the car when she saw his trousersuit was much too short. It made him look off-balance.

He got into the car. "Don't touch this." He pointed to the starter button. He scowled. "Or this or this or this." He pointed to the pedals, to the gearshift lever. He reached out and heaved his suitcase into her lap. He said brusquely, "Don't let it bump the door panel." A corner dug into her stomach.

And then he turned his head and ignored her. Completely. And she forgot the steps, the hair and the trousersuit and knew she would not get out

of the car so long as he was in it.

---

## A PRAIRIE IDYL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Breath of Prairie and other stories*, by Will Lillibridge

A beautiful moonlight night early in September, the kind of night one remembers for years, when the air is not too cold to be pleasant, and yet has a suggestion of the frost that is to come. A kind of air that makes one think thoughts which cannot be put into words, that calls up sensations one cannot describe; an air which breeds restless energy; an air through which Mother Nature seems to speak, saying--"Hasten, children; life is short and you have much to do."

It was nearing ten o'clock, and a full moon lit up the rolling prairie country of South Dakota for miles, when the first team of a little train of six moved slowly out of the dark shadow blots thrown by the trees at the edge of the Big Sioux, advancing along a dim trail towards the main road. From the first wagon sounded the suggestive rattle of tin cooking-utensils, and the clatter of covers on an old cook stove. Next behind was a load piled high with a compound heap of tents, tennis nets, old carpets, hammocks, and the manifold unclassified paraphernalia which twenty young people will collect for a three weeks' outing.

These wagons told their own story. "Camp Eden," the fanciful name given to the quiet, shady spot where the low chain of hills met the river; the spot where the very waters seemed to lose themselves in their own cool depths, and depart sighing through the shallows beyond,--Camp Eden was deserted, and a score of very tired campers were reluctantly returning to home and work.

Last in the line and steadily losing ground, came a single trap carrying two people. One of them, a young man with the face of a dreamer, was speaking. The spell of the night was upon him.

"So this is the last of our good time--and now for work." He stopped the horse and stood up in the wagon. "Good-bye, little Camp Eden. Though I won't be here, yet whenever I see the moon a-shining so--and the air feeling frosty and warm and restless--and the corn stalks whitening, and the young prairie chickens calling--you'll come back to me, and I'll think of you--and of the Big Sioux--and of--" His eyes dropped to a smooth brown head, every coil of the walnut hair glistening.

It made him think of the many boat rides they two had taken together in the past two weeks, when he had watched the moonlight shimmering on rippling, running water, and compared the play of light upon it and upon that same brown head--and had forgotten all else in the comparison. He forgot all else now. He sat down, and the horse started. The noisy wagons ahead had passed out of hearing. The pair were alone.

He was silent a moment, looking sideways at the girl. The moonlight fell full upon her face, drawing clear the line of cheek and chin; bringing out the curve of the drooping mouth and the shadow from the long lashes. She seemed to the sensitive lad more than human. He had loved her for years, with the pure silent love known only to such a nature as his--and never had he loved her so wildly as now.

He was the sport of a multitude of passions; love and ambition were the strongest, and they were fighting a death struggle with each other. How could he leave her for years--perhaps never see her again--and yet how could he ask her to be the wife of such as he was now--a mere laborer? And again, his college course, his cherished ambition for years--how could he give it up; and yet he felt--he knew she loved him, and trusted him.

He had been looking squarely at her. She turned, and their eyes met. Each knew the thought of the other, and each turned away. He hesitated no longer; he would tell her all, and she should judge. His voice trembled a little as he said: "I want to tell you a story, and ask you a question--may I?"

She looked at him quickly, then answered with a smile: "I'm always glad to hear stories--and at the worst one can always decline to answer questions."

He looked out over the prairie, and saw the lights of the little town--her home--in the distance.

"It isn't a short story, and I have only so long"--he pointed along the road ahead to the village beyond--"to tell it in." He settled back in the seat, and began speaking. His voice was low and soft, like the prairie night-wind.

"Part of the story you know; part of it I think you have guessed; a little of it will be new. For the sake of that little, I will tell all."

"Thirteen years ago, what is now a little prairie town--then a very little town indeed--gained a new citizen--a boy of nine. A party of farmers found him one day, sleeping in a pile of hay, in the market corner. He lay so they could see how his face was bruised--and how, though asleep, he tossed in pain. He awoke, and, getting up, walked

with a limp. Where he came from no one knew, and he would not tell; but his appearance told its own story. He had run away from somewhere. What had happened they could easily imagine.

"It was harvest-time and boys, even though minus a pedigree, were in demand; so he was promptly put on a farm. Though only a child, he had no one to care for him--and he was made to work ceaselessly.

"Years passed and brought a marked change in the boy. How he lived was a marvel. It was a country of large families, and no one cared to adopt him. Summers, he would work for his board and clothes, and in winter, by the irony of Nature, for his board only; yet, perhaps because it was the warmest place he knew, he managed to attend district school.

"When a lad of fifteen he began to receive wages--and life's horizon seemed to change. He dressed neatly, and in winter came to school in the little prairie town. He was put in the lower grades with boys of ten, and even here his blunders made him a laughing-stock; but not for long, for he worked--worked always--and next year was put in the high school.

"There he established a precedent--doing four years' work in two--and graduated at eighteen. How he did it no one but he himself knew--studying Sundays, holidays, and evenings, when he was so tired that he had to walk the floor to keep awake--but he did it."

The speaker stopped a moment to look at his companion. "Is this a bore? Somehow I can't help talking to-night."

"No, please go on," said the girl quickly.

"Well, the boy graduated--but not alone. For two years he had worked side by side with a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl. From the time he had first seen her she was his ideal--his divinity. And she had never spoken with him five minutes in her life. After graduation, the girl went away to a big university. Her parents were wealthy, and her every wish was gratified."

Again the speaker hesitated. When he went on his face was hard, his voice bitter.

"And the boy--he was poor and he went back to the farm. He was the best hand in the country; for the work he received good wages. If he had worked hard before, he worked now like a demon. He thought of the girl away at college, and tried at first to crowd her from his memory--but in vain. Then he worked in self-defence--and to forget.

"He saw years slipping by--and himself still a farmhand. The thought maddened him, because he knew he was worthy of something better.

"Gradually, his whole life centred upon one object--to save money for college. Other boys called him close and cold; but he did not care. He seldom went anywhere, so intent was he upon his one object. On hot summer nights, tired and drowsy he would read until Nature rebelled, and he would fall asleep to dream of a girl--a girl with brown eyes that made one forget--everything. In winter, he had more time--and the little lamp in his room became a sort of landmark: it burned for hours after every other light in the valley had ceased shining.

"Four years passed, and at last the boy had won. In a month he would pass from the prairie to university life. He had no home, few friends--who spoke; those who did not were safely packed at the bottom of his trunk. His going from the little town would excite no more comment than had his coming. He was all ready, and for the first time in his life set apart a month--the last--as a vacation. He felt positively gay. He had fought a hard fight--and had won. He saw the dawning of a great light--saw the future as a battle-ground where he would fight; not as he was then, but fully equipped for the struggle.... But no matter what air-castles he built; they were such as young men will build to the end of time."

The speaker's voice lowered--stopped. He looked straight out over the prairie, his eyes glistening.

"If so far the boy's life had been an inferno, he was to be repaid. The girl--she of the brown eyes--was home once more, and they met again as members of a camping party." He half-turned in his seat to look at her, but she sat with face averted, so quiet, so motionless, that he wondered if she heard.

"Are you listening?" he asked.

"Listening!" Her voice carried conviction, so the lad continued.

"For a fortnight he lived a dream--and that dream was Paradise. He forgot the past, ignored the future, and lived solely for the moment--with the joy of Nature's own child. It was the pure love of the idealist and the dreamer--it was divine.

"Then came the reaction. One day he awoke--saw things as they were--saw again the satire of Fate. At the very time he left for college, she returned--a graduate. She was young, beautiful, accomplished. He was a mere farmhand, without money or education, homeless, obscure. The thought was maddening, and one day he suddenly disappeared from camp. He didn't say good-bye to any one; he felt he had no apology that he could offer. But he had to go, for he felt the necessity for work, longed for it, as a drunkard longs for liquor."

"Oh!" The exclamation came from the lips of the girl beside him.

"I--we--all wondered why--."

"Well, that was why.

"He fell in with a threshing-crew, and asked to work for his board. They thought him queer, but accepted his offer. For two days he stayed with them, doing the work of two men. It seemed as if he couldn't do enough--he couldn't become tired. He wanted to think it all out, and he couldn't with the fever in his blood.

"At night he couldn't sleep--Nature was pitiless. He would walk the road for miles until morning.

"With the third day came relief. All at once he felt fearfully tired, and fell asleep where he stood. Several of the crew carried him to a darkened room, and there he slept as a dumb animal sleeps. When he awoke, he was himself again; his mind was clear and cool. He looked the future squarely in the face, now, and clearly, as if a finger pointed, he saw the path that was marked for him. He must go his way--and she must go hers. Perhaps, after four years or more--but the future was God's."

The boy paused. The lights of the town were nearing, now; but he still looked out over the moon-kissed prairie.

"The rest you know. The dreamer returned. The party scarcely knew him, for he seemed years older. There were but a few days more of camp life, and he spent most of the time with the girl. Like a malefactor out on bail, he was painting a picture for the future. He thought he had conquered himself--but he hadn't. It was the same old struggle. Was not love more than ambition or wealth? Had he not earned the right to speak? But something held him back. If justice to himself, was it justice to the girl? Conscience said 'No.' It was hard--no one knows how hard--but he said nothing."

Once more he turned to his companion, in his voice the tenderness of a life-long passion.

"This is the story: did the boy do right?" A life's work--greater than a life itself, hung on the answer to that question.

The girl understood it all. She had always known that she liked him; but now--now--As he had told his story, she had felt, first, pity, and then something else; something incomparably sweeter; something that made her heart beat wildly, that seemed almost to choke her with its ecstasy.

He loved her--had loved her all these years! He belonged to her--and his future lay in her hands.

His future! The thought fell upon her new-found happiness with the suddenness of a blow. She could keep him, but had she the right to do so? She saw in him something that he did not suspect--and that something was genius. She knew he had the ability to make for himself a name that would stand among the great names of the earth.

Then, did his life really belong to her? Did it not rather belong to himself and to the world?

She experienced a struggle, fierce as he himself had fought. And the boy sat silent, tense, waiting for her answer.

Yes, she must give him up; she would be brave. She started to speak, but the words would not come. Suddenly she buried her face in her hands, while the glistening brown head trembled with her sobs.

It was the last drop to the cup overflowing. A second, and then, his arms were around her. The touch was electrifying--it was oblivion--it was heaven--it was--but only a young lover knows what.

"You have answered," said the boy. "God forgive me--but I can't go away now."

Thus Fate sported with two lives.

---

## A Good Prince

The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Works of Max Beerbohm

I first saw him one morning of last summer, in the Green Park. Though short, even insignificant, in stature and with an obvious tendency to be obese, he had that unruffled, Olympian air, which is so sure a sign of the Blood Royal. In a suit of white linen he looked serenely cool, despite the heat. Perhaps I should have thought him, had I not been versed in the Almanach de Gotha, a trifle older than he is. He did not raise his hat in answer to my salute, but smiled most graciously and made as though he would extend his hand to me, mistaking me, I doubt not, for one of his friends. Forthwith, a member of his suite said something to him in an undertone, whereat he smiled again and took no further notice of me.

I do not wonder the people idolise him. His almost blameless life has been passed among them, nothing in it hidden from their knowledge. When they look upon his dear presentment in the photographer's window--the shrewd, kindly eyes under the high forehead, the sparse locks so carefully distributed--words of loyalty only and of admiration rise to

their lips. For of all princes in modern days he seems to fulfil most perfectly the obligation of princely rank. Népios he might have been called in the heroic age, when princes were judged according to their mastery of the sword or of the bow, or have seemed, to those mediaeval eyes that loved to see a scholar's pate under the crown, an ignoramus. We are less exigent now. We do but ask of our princes that they should live among us, be often manifest to our eyes, set a perpetual example of a right life. We bid them be the ornaments of our State. Too often they do not attain to our ideal. They give, it may be, a half-hearted devotion to soldiering, or pursue pleasure merely--tales of their frivolity raising now and again the anger of a public swift to envy them their temptations. But against this admirable Prince no such charges can be made. Never (as yet, at least) has he cared to 'play at soldiers.' By no means has he shocked the Puritans. Though it is no secret that he prefers the society of ladies, not one breath of scandal has ever tinged his name. Of how many English princes could this be said, in days when Figaro, quill in hand, inclines his ear to every key-hole?

Upon the one action that were well obliterated from his record I need not long insist. It seems that the wife of an aged ex-Premier came to have an audience and pay her respects. Hardly had she spoken when the Prince, in a fit of unreasoning displeasure, struck her a violent blow with his clenched fist. Had His Royal Highness not always stood so far aloof from political contention, it had been easier to find a motive for this unmannerly blow. The incident is deplorable, but it belongs, after all, to an earlier period of his life; and, were it not that no appreciation must rest upon the suppression of any scandal, I should not have referred to it. For the rest, I find no stain, soever faint, upon his life. The simplicity of his tastes is the more admirable for that he is known to care not at all for what may be reported in the newspapers. He has never touched a card, never entered a play-house. In no stud of racers has he indulged, preferring to the finest blood-horse ever bred a certain white and woolly lamb with a blue riband to its neck. This he is never tired of fondling. It is with him, like the roebuck of Henri Quatre, wherever he goes.

Suave and simple his life is! Narrow in range, it may be, but with every royal appurtenance of delight, for to him Lovés happy favours are given and the tribute of glad homage, always, here and there and every other where. Round the flower-garden at Sandringham runs an old wall of red brick, streaked with ivy and topped infrequently with balls of stone. By its iron gates, that open to a vista of flowers, stand two kind policemen, guarding the Princés procedure along that bright vista. As his perambulator rolls out of the gate of St. James's Palace, he stretches out his tiny hands to the scarlet sentinels. An obsequious retinue follows him over the lawns of the White Lodge, cooing and laughing, blowing kisses and praising him. Yet do not imagine his life has been all gaiety! The afflictions that befall royal personages always touch very poignantly the heart of the people, and it is not too much to say that all England watched by the cradle-side of Prince Edward in that

dolorous hour, when first the little battlements rose about the rose-red roof of his mouth. I am glad to think that not one querulous word did His Royal Highness, in his great agony, utter. They only say that his loud, incessant cries bore testimony to the perfect lungs for which the House of Hanover is most justly famed. Irreiterate be the horror of that epoch!

As yet, when we know not even what his first words will be, it is too early to predict what verdict posterity will pass upon him. Already he has won the hearts of the people; but, in the years which, it is to be hoped, still await him, he may accomplish more. Attendons! He stands alone among European princes--but, as yet, only with the aid of a chair.

London, 1895.

---

## How the Pigeon Became a Tame Bird

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Fairy Tales from Brazil*, by Elsie Spicer Eells

Once upon a time there was a father with three sons who had reached the age when they must go out into the world to earn their own living. When the time for parting came he gave to each of them a large melon with the advice that they open the melons only at a place where there was water nearby.

The three brothers set out from their father's house, each taking a different path. As soon as the eldest son was out of sight of the house he opened his melon. A beautiful maiden sprang out of the melon saying, "Give me water or give me milk." There was no water nearby and neither did the young man have any milk to give her. She fell down dead.

The second son left his father's house by a path which led over a steep hill. The large melon was heavy to carry and in a little while he became very tired and thirsty. He saw no water nearby and feared that there was no possibility of finding any soon, so he thought he would open the melon and use it to quench his thirst. Accordingly he opened his melon. To his great surprise, a beautiful maiden sprang forth saying, "Give me water or give me milk." Of course he had neither to give her and she fell down dead.

The third son also travelled by a path which led over a steep hill. He, too, became very tired and thirsty and he often thought how much he would like to open his melon. However, he remembered his father's advice to open it only where there was water nearby. So he travelled on and on hoping to find a spring of water on the hillside. He did not

have the good fortune to pass near a spring either going up the hill or coming down on the opposite side. At the foot of the hill there was a town and in the centre of the town there was a fountain. The young man hurried straight to the fountain and took a long refreshing drink. Then he opened his melon. A beautiful maiden sprang forth saying, "Give me water or give me milk." The young man gave her a drink of water. Then he helped her to a hiding place among the thick branches of the tree which grew beside the fountain and went away in search of food.

Soon a little black servant girl came to the fountain to fill a big water jar which she carried on her head. The maiden in the tree above the fountain peeped out through the branches. When the little black servant girl bent over the water to fill her jar she saw the reflection of a charming face in the water. "How beautiful I have become," she said to herself. "How ridiculous that any one as beautiful as I am should carry water on her head." She threw her water jar upon the ground in disdain and it broke into a thousand pieces.

When the little maid reached home with neither water nor water jar her mistress punished her severely and sent her again to the fountain with a new water jar to fill. This time the maiden in the tree gave a little silvery laugh when the black servant girl bent over the water. The little maid looked up and spied her in the tree. "O, it is you, is it, who are responsible for my beating?" she said. She pulled a pin out of her camisa and, reaching up, she stuck it savagely into the beautiful maiden in the tree. Then a strange thing happened. There was no longer any beautiful maiden in the tree. There was just a pigeon there.

At that moment the young man came back to the tree with the food he had procured. When the little black maid heard his footsteps she was frightened nearly to death. She hid herself quickly among the thick branches of the tree. The young man was very much surprised to find a little black maid in the tree in the place of the beautiful maiden he had left there. "What has happened to you during my absence" he asked in horror as soon as he saw her. "The sun has burned my complexion. That is all. It is nothing. I shall be myself again when I get away from this hot place," the little maid replied.

The young man married the little black maid and took her away out of sunny places hoping that she would soon be again the beautiful maiden she was when he left her by the fountain in search of food. But she always remained black.

Years passed and the young man became very rich. He lived in a beautiful mansion. All around the house there was a wonderful garden full of lovely flowers and splendid trees where birds loved to sing sweet songs and build their nests. In spite of his beautiful home the young man was not very happy. It was a great trial to have a wife who

was so black. He often walked up and down the paths in his garden at the close of the day and thought about how beautiful his wife had been the first time he ever saw her. As he walked in the garden there was always a pigeon which followed him about. It flew about his head in a way that annoyed him, so one day when his wife was sick and asked for a pigeon to be roasted for her dinner he commanded that this particular pigeon should be killed.

When the cook was preparing the pigeon for her mistress to eat for dinner she noticed a black speck on the pigeon's breast. She thought that it was a speck of dirt and tried to brush it away. To her surprise she could not brush it off easily because it was a pin firmly embedded in the pigeon's breast. She pulled and pulled but could not pull it out so she sent for her master to come and see what he could do to remove it. He at once pulled out the pin and then a wonderful thing happened. The pigeon was transformed into a beautiful maiden. He at once recognised her as the same lovely maiden who had sprung forth from his melon by the fountain and whom he had left hidden in the tree.

When the young man's black wife learned that her husband had found the beautiful maiden again after all these years she confessed her deceit and soon died. The young man married the beautiful maiden who was still just as beautiful as she was the first time he saw her. They were very happy together but the wife never forgot about the time she had been a pigeon.

Up to that time pigeons had been wild birds who built their nests in the deep forest. The wife often wished that they would build their nests in her beautiful garden so she had little bird houses built and set up there.

One day a pigeon, bolder than the rest, flew through the garden and spied the little bird houses. He moved his family there at once and told the other pigeons that there were other houses there for them too. The other pigeons were timid and so they waited to see what terrible calamity might happen to the bold pigeon and his family, but not a single unpleasant thing occurred. They were just as happy as happy could be in their new home.

After a while other pigeon families moved into the garden and were happy too. Thus it came about that after years and years the pigeons no longer build their nests in the deep forest, but they always make their homes near the homes of men. The pigeons, themselves, do not know how it all came about, but the beautiful woman who was once a pigeon, when she had children of her own, told them about it, and they told their children. Thus it happens that the mothers in Brazil tell their children this story about the pigeon.

---

---

Random PD Encyclopedia – P is a Creative Commons Non-Commercial copyrighted project  
by Matt Pierard, 2020